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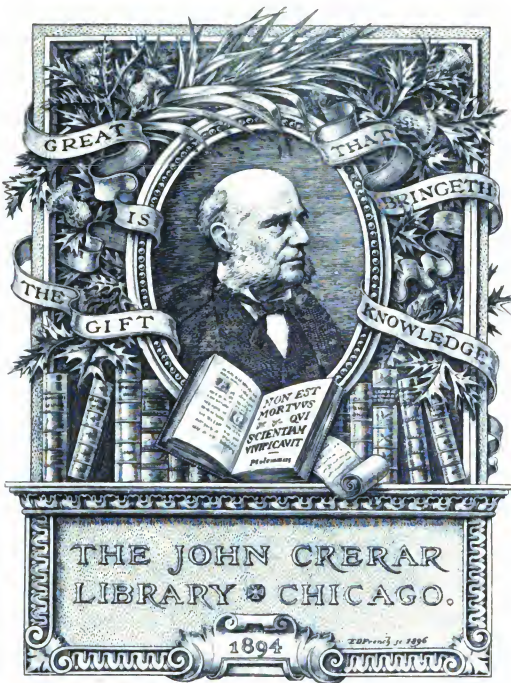
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THE ONE DOG and the OTHERS

Studies in
CANINE
Character
By
FRANCES
SLUGHTER





**“THE ONE” DOG
AND “THE OTHERS”**

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NO. 7

THE
"THE ONE" DOG LIBRARY
AND
"THE OTHERS"

A Study of Canine Character

BY
FRANCES SLAUGHTER



ILLUSTRATIONS BY
AUGUSTA GUEST AND G. VERNON STOKES
AND FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.

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TO THE MEMORY
OF
"THE ONE"

A LIFE so close to ours, and yet apart
By all the wide and unsailed seas of race,
But yet a faithful soul, a loving heart
Can send a voice o'er that unbounded space.
We knew thy wants, thy soft eyes told thy love,
Thy joys and sorrows were to us as clear
As though winged words were given thee from above,
Nor any human soul could be more dear.
No man more pure and single in his life,
Thou lov'dst one only and to her wast true.
Thy love was firm, thou seekedst naught that's new,
Affection's chain kept out the rule of strife.
So close thy little life twined round the heart,
That of our life thou art henceforth a part.

FOREWORD

“MY dog is perfection in character and disposition, and in intelligence he cannot be beaten.”

These words give the attitude of mind of the large body of dog lovers, whether in England or America, or in whatever remote corner of the earth they may be found. For is not every human convinced in the inner recesses of his mind of the immense superiority of his own canine favourite to all others of his race? Yet some there are who only cherish this delusion in the sanctity of their unspoken thoughts, while with the unfettered license of a fine freedom they look out on the world of dogs with what appears, at least to themselves, to be an unbiassed and independent judgment. Thus while in confidential parley with ourselves we play with our unshaken faith in the gifts and performances of our own special dog friend, we present a bold front of open-minded justice when we are asked to listen to the deeds of other dogs.

Such an attitude is all that I can hope for from those who read these simple studies of dog life. The interest of the unvarnished anecdotes, that have been collected at first hand, will be intensified by the thought of the

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very superior cleverness of "The One" dog in similar circumstances, as against "The Others," whose gifts must always seem quite painfully mediocre in comparison.

But to all our dog friends we have duties in proportion to the response they make to the influences of mind and affection we bring to bear on them. While we cherish "The One," may we never forget that every instinct of humanity demands from us a careful discrimination of the rights of "The Others" in the battle of life.

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INTRODUCTION

“THAT creature’s best that comes most near to man” may in truth be spoken of the dog. Nearest to man in the daily experiences of domestic life, he shares the joys and disappointments that are the lot of his owner. Under man’s influence the dog’s intelligence has been trained to meet the requirements of the environment that is now his. In what a wonderful way he responds to the demands of the civilised conditions of his life, those know who bring the light of their higher intelligence to bear on the study of his character. The more we study the dog, the better we shall understand his kinship to us in the realms of mental and moral feeling, and the more clearly we shall appreciate the barriers that cut him off from the experiences of our own higher life.

In the Life Histories of five dogs I have gathered facts that give the distinctive characteristics that marked each one off from his fellows. With these dogs I have had exceptional advantages of learning from their owners the special marks of character that distinguished them. The results of this study I have made the groundwork of my book. The anecdotes of many other dogs, that are given to illustrate more fully individual traits of character, have all been collected at first hand, and, so far as I know, have never before appeared in print.

The only exceptions are those I have taken from Miss Serrell's book "With Hound and Terrier in the Field." As editor of this book I am able to vouch for the truth of the many and charming stories that are scattered broadcast through it, and with the author's permission I have given a few that bear on the subject of my own work. Two other stories, one of which is taken from the delightful study of the first Earl of Lytton, written by his daughter, Lady Betty Balfour, and a quotation from Mrs. Draycott's interesting Sketches of Himalayan Folk Lore, are the only ones that have been already given to the public.

We know that long ages of companionship with man have made the dog our fellow in sympathy and intelligence in a way that is impossible to any other member of the brute creation. Yet even he has not lost the marks of the old wild life that was once his. But it is a long step back from the inmate of our twentieth century home, where the surroundings given by advancing civilisation and moral development have the marks of ages of progress, to the primeval conditions of the life of our favourite's ancestors. Far be it from me to dogmatise as to what those old conditions of life were. They are lost in the obscurity of the past, and we listen with respect when men of science tell us of the conditions that obtained in bygone ages, though not always with entire acceptance of the inferences they draw.

Few, however, will dispute the probability that the ancestor of the dog — wolf, jackal, or of whatever type he may have been — lived in a pack and thus had the aids of community life to train his intelligence and fit him for the struggle of existence among his fellows. It is

only the question of his mental development that concerns us here, and we have authority for saying that a higher development of intelligence obtains among the members of a community than among those who in solitary freedom meet the dangers and fight the difficulties of life without such help from others of their kind.

In the study of jackals, of wolves and of hounds that hunt in packs, we see the clearest traces of the old life lived in the forests and the plains, where man had not as yet entered into a struggle with nature on his own account. We find now, as in the past, evidence of the sympathy that is at the root of all social instincts, governing the life of the community. Without the loyalty to a recognised code of conduct and morals, that may be said to be the foundation of social life, no body of animals living a common life could survive. Where there is community of interests there must be a common working for the general good, or the band will be scattered and fall a prey to its enemies. But the sympathy that is quick to warn of coming trouble and give assistance when misfortune has fallen, to help the weak and to encourage the wavering, links the members of a society together in the strongest possible bonds. It is this that will strengthen them collectively to withstand attacks against which individually they will have no chance. Such a tie must have enabled the ancestors of our domestic dogs to preserve life and to hand on a position in the tribal company to their offspring.

The training the dog had received as a member of the pack, when man rough and uncivilised as he then was, became his companion in the struggle for life, was the source of his value to the human. In hunting, in the

guarding of his master's property, the dog found his place in the life of his owner, and since those early days of association in the wilds, the rise and progress of the human race has marked the gradual amelioration of the condition of the dog. It is sounding a high note, perhaps, to say that the history of the development of canine intelligence has advanced step by step with the history of the civilisation of the human race. Yet I venture to think that the facts bear out the statement.

In the rude life of our forbears the dog was primarily valuable in the daily quest for food, and as the conditions of life were rough and uncertain for his master, so also were they for him. Yet the dog had reached another stage of life from the days when in the primeval pack he had roved the forests untouched by the influence of man. Obedience to the customs of the canine clan had given place to the service and companionship of the human master, and from this point his history is closely woven with the fortunes of the human race.

Not only were his speed and scenting powers made use of in the chase, but his courage and fidelity were recognised and valued in the protection of his master's home. A step further in the course of the domestication of the dog, and we find that his mental development is subject to varying influences as his powers are used primarily as a guardian or as a hunter. The sheep dog and the guardian of the house are brought more directly under the influence of their owner's home life, while the dog used chiefly for hunting remains more under the conditions of his primeval state. Yet the hunting dogs, of which the hounds of to-day are the representatives, were also subject to the will and to a certain extent

followed the rise in fortune of their masters. It is among these members of the canine race that we must look for the community life that is the modern rendering of their old tribal conditions.

With the spread of civilisation, and above all with the rise of Christianity, the dog came gradually to be recognised as having claims, not only on his master's forbearance, but as possessing rights of his own in the common life of master and servant. The faithful creature who showed such wonderful aptitude in guarding his master's flock in the field, and was such a sympathetic and intelligent companion in his home, had a claim to be treated with the kindness and consideration that was due from his owner to all—whether man or beast—who gave him faithful service.

We have only to compare the position of the dog among Mohammedans or Hindoos in the present day with the conditions of his life in England and America to see what Christianity has done for him indirectly. He is saved from needless suffering, tended in sickness, and housed and fed so that his physical and mental powers can reach their highest point of development. He thus attains a far higher level in the life history of his race than is possible to his half-starved, cowed, and miserable brothers in Eastern lands.

To the Mohammedan he is an unclean creature, and by him is treated with a disregard of the amenities of intercourse between man and beast that goes far to make him the outcast in mind and manners that he is in the conditions of his outward life. The tumultuous troop of pariahs that rush out from an Indian village, to the discomfort of the English rider enjoying his

morning gallop, show in appearance and disposition marks of the neglect in which their life from its earliest day is passed. With the Hindoo the dog is safe from active ill treatment, and while in health and strength may share the conditions of his master's life. But when sickness, or accident, or old age overtakes him, not a hand will be lifted in his service. Though some simple, timely aid might save the poor brute nameless suffering, and even give him years in which to serve his master in the future as he has done in the past, his Hindoo owner will show the fatalistic indifference to his sufferings that is one of the marks of the followers of his strange creed. The dog's time has come, and the man who will vex his soul if inadvertently he crush the life from the tiniest of creeping insects, will show a perfect disregard of the claims of the animal who has served him with all the love and fidelity of his heart and the strength of the best years of his life.

But in Western lands where Christian ethics have put the finishing touch to the gentler influences of a progressive state of civilisation, the dog's rights as a living, sentient being are regarded as they never have been in the course of the world's history. True, there are bright spots in the past as there are direful blemishes in the present, that on the one hand bring discredit on the vaunted progress of human development, and on the other throw the glamour of a strange acceptance of moral responsibility to the dumb creation on the men of far-off days, but these are the exceptions that go to prove the truth of the general statement.

As man advances in civilisation and grows more restrained in the habits and manners of his life, his mind

develops, and one of the first signs of his progress is his respect for life as such. The dog, as his constant companion, feels most, in the realm of animal life, the change in his master's outlook. He is treated with ever increasing gentleness and comprehension. For as one sign of a mind of low type, or of a low order of development is an incapacity for sympathy with an intelligence either lower or higher than its own, so with the expanding powers of man's mind he is able more and more to enter into the workings of his dog's mind. As his own powers of sympathy and insight grow larger and deeper, he awakens an ever increasing response from the answering echoes in the dog's mind. Here then we may bear in mind that if the dog had not the inherent capacity to respond, there could be no channel of communication with the larger outlook of the human mind as developed in man.

But if the development of human and canine intelligence has each in its degree and order followed the same line, the mental characteristics of the two races must be akin. It is only, indeed, from the starting-point of reading our own processes of mind into the mind of our humble friend that we can form the slightest conception of the meaning of his actions, which in their expression so closely resemble our own under the same conditions. Surprise, anger, joy, grief, resentment, and the emotions that go to make up the round of our own daily experience, find their counterparts in the dog. It is from analogy with the states of mind that in our own case evoke these expressions that we reason of the feelings and impulses that stir the mind of the dog and give rise to similar manifestations of feeling. On no

other ground can we even attempt to fathom the workings of his mind.

If then the dog be our kinsman in the realm of mind, though his standing be on a lower level than our own, are we not bound, in return for the unwavering devotion he shows us, to give him the best guardianship and care that our own higher powers give us the means of using for his benefit? It is to the realisation of this truth that I hope my studies of the dog may help.

Having thus stated the views with which I approach the study of the dog's mind and character, I must turn for a moment to the sources from which I have drawn the anecdotes that have given me the materials on which I have worked.

Of the five Life Stories that form the First Book, "The Child of the House" was my own devoted companion for over twelve years. Of the other dogs that I have selected for fuller notice, Bruce, "The Diplomatist," was the property of Mr. T. F. Dale, whose writings on animals and sport are well known both in England and America. Bandy, "The Professor," belonged to Mr. H. Richardson, who was senior master at Marlborough School, where Bandy's merry little life, though not untouched by tragedy, was passed. Jack, "The Soldier of Fortune," was owned by Miss Serrell, whose lifelong love of dogs and horses is shown in her book "With Hound and Terrier in the Field." Miss Helen Dale was the mistress of Jet, "The Artistic Thief," one of a long line of fascinating little spaniels that have been among her home friends.

When I come to the subject of the many shorter anecdotes that have been given me so freely, not only

by my personal friends, but by many whom I have never had the pleasure of meeting, I can only say that my gratitude is very great for the kindly help afforded me from all sides. Without the numberless stories told me by Miss Serrell, I could never have hoped to collect enough for the purposes of the book. To her and to Miss Helen Dale I also owe special thanks for reading the proofs for me and making many valuable suggestions.

Miss Dale has also given me many shorter stories, and her brother, Mr. T. F. Dale, has done the same. Others who have contributed to my little store, and have most kindly lent me photographs of many of the dogs mentioned, are Mrs. Arthur Dugdale, Miss Rose Southey, Mrs. Bruce Steer, and Miss Edith Gilbertson, and through these friends I would convey my thanks to the strangers who have helped me at their request.

FRANCES SLAUGHTER.

MARCH, 1907.

BOOK I
LIFE HISTORIES

THE "ONE DOG" AND "THE OTHERS"

THE CHILD OF THE HOUSE

*"I have lost many a friend, but never one
So patient, steadfast, and sincere as he —
So unforgetful in his constancy."*

"THE One" of all dogs for me was a long, low Skye of the old-fashioned drop-eared kind. In breed and build he was just what I had always said I would *not* have as a house dog, yet I never regretted the weakness that forbade me to send the forlorn little stranger away. He had no eventful history, and though I am persuaded that no other of his kind was ever quite so intelligently sympathetic and altogether lovable as he, I have nothing to relate of him that "The Others" will not outdo at every turn. Yet for me he is the one apart, and his memory has all the fragrance of richest perfumes from friendship's garden.

It is in his life, and in those of my friends' dogs, whose life histories I have written, that I have found the data for such thoughts and fancies concerning our relations with the dog, and of the various pleasures, pains, and obligations that result therefrom, which I hope my readers may share with me.

4 THE CHILD OF THE HOUSE

The summer in which Mr. Gubbins came to me, I had a lady staying with me, who was also a great lover of dogs. A brother of this friend it was, who brought the little aristocrat with the strangely incongruous name to ask a temporary shelter, while his owner looked out for a suitable home for him. This man, another keen dog-lover, had seen and admired the beautiful young Skye at a country house where he was staying. He made friends with the timid, shy animal, who belonged to no one in particular in the house, and when the visitor left, the terrier was offered to him. He could not find it in his heart to refuse, so he brought it to his sister to take care of. I may say that at the time I had a Basset hound and a bulldog, both of which slept in my room at night.

When this friend came into my study, where his sister and I were sitting, my astonishment was great to see a long, grey, hairy creature, of which nothing could be distinguished but his magnificent coat, slip in at the door behind the visitor. After a short pause, during which the bright eyes hidden behind a cloud of hair were doubtless taking in the bearings of the situation, the terrier made straight for the long, low chair at the further end of the room, where I was sitting, and curled himself up behind it. My other dogs were in the garden, and there was no one to dispute the refuge with him. He submitted quietly to caresses, but was evidently so frightened that he was soon left in peace, while the reason of his advent was explained.

He had gone as a puppy to his late owners, from his



THE CHILD OF THE HOUSE
GUBBINS

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breeder Mr. Pratt, whose long-haired Skyes were at one time well known in Hyde Park, where their master took them for their daily exercise. These dogs were bred with the nicest care, and the strain that came from Lady Aberdeen's kennels had been preserved. Pratt, who was a butler, living with a family on the Bayswater side of the Park, was devoted to his dogs, but as he could not keep a great number of them, and doubtless looked to making his hobby a profitable investment, the puppies were sold at a remunerative price.

In the case of my own favourite, he had gone early to his country home, and, not having been trained to the house, he was put in the charge of a gamekeeper to have his education completed. This man, whose very name I do not know, had little idea of the gentleness required for successful training. He was harsh and ill-tempered, and the shy, wild little creature, who all his life long was one of the most sensitive of his kind, was years before he recovered from the experiences of those early months. He was cowed and frightened, and, not having the bright merry little ways of puppyhood, he won no favour from any member of the family when he was sent up to the house with his first hard experience of life behind him. He crawled about the grounds by himself, and only asked to be left alone and unnoticed, so that he might escape the rough usage that he associated with intercourse with the superior being. The long grey form was creeping over a wide expanse of lawn, looking a dejected enough specimen of his race, when the visitor saw him from his bed-

6 THE CHILD OF THE HOUSE

room window, and was struck by his great beauty. When Gubbins left with his new owner he accepted the experiences of the journey by road and rail with the dejected submission that only gradually gave place to a real joy in living as he began to forget what harsh words and blows, and the chilling guardianship of kindly but unloving owners, were like.

For the first weeks he was regarded as my visitor's property, and for a few nights he slept in her room. But in spite of this, and of the constant presence of my own dogs with me, he attached himself to me from the first. He spent long hours curled up behind my study chair, or, if he could gain entrance to my bedroom, he would lie contentedly under the bed. I took very little notice of him, as I did not wish to become fond of him, and was only anxious that he should find a good home before my visitor left me. But very soon Gubbins would follow the other dogs when they rushed up or downstairs in front of me, and he and the Basset being of unusual length of body and shortness of limb, my friend always used to call the procession, "dog by the yard." Gubbins was so quiet and harmless that the others from the first seemed to accept him as not worth disputing with. When I was busy in my study I soon got into the habit of putting down my hand to pat the little hairy ball that was sure to be within reach, for the garden gambols of the other dogs had as yet no attraction for him. Then one night he got into my room, and was so reluctant to be taken off to his usual quarters that he was allowed to stay, and

from that time to almost the end of his long life he never slept away from me when I was at home.

By the time my friend's visit came to an end I had begun to wonder if I could ever give him up. As no suitable home offered, and the weeks passed, Gubbins carried the citadel by assault by reason of an illness he had at the very time I had a friend seriously ill in the house. Between my duties in the sick-room I made hurried visits to the suffering dog, who spent his time by the now deserted chair in my study. He would eat nothing but what I gave him, and by his touching trust in, and affection, for me he fairly won my heart.

It was not long after this that Gubbins had his first and only taste of show life. I had been asked to support a dog show in the neighbourhood, and consequently entered him and another of my dogs, Gubbins at that time being about three years old. On the morning of the show, he was taken and delivered over to the authorities, as I was not able to go myself till later in the day. When I entered the show ground I made my way at once to the place where the Skyes were benched, but could see nothing of my dog. The attendants could give me no tidings of him, and it was a kindly stranger who, overhearing my inquiries, at last told me he had seen a Skye in the pet dog section of the show, and he added, "the sooner he was taken away he thought the better." I hastened to act on the suggestion, and to my great annoyance found my poor Gubbins, looking the picture of misery,

8 THE CHILD OF THE HOUSE

benched in a place only large enough for a dog half his length and size. He was, indeed, so stiff and cramped when I took him out that he could hardly stand. The man in charge of the benches was quite deaf to my assertion that it was cruelty to put a dog in a place so obviously unfit for him, and in spite of the absurd mistake that had been made he tried to refuse to allow me to move him. To this, not unnaturally, I paid no heed, but taking Gubbins with me I told the man I would see the secretary about the matter. When I found this functionary, a much harassed individual, who seemed far from being at home at his duties, I was told curtly that he supposed the mistake was mine in entering the dog for a wrong class! In any case it was against the rules of the show for a dog to be taken from the benches until the judging was over. Nevertheless Gubbins did not return to his martyrdom, and it took him many days to recover from the effects of the combined foolish treatment, and the terror he had suffered at finding himself among strangers. I decided that any honours he might win would be dearly bought, as it was clear his early experiences had made him unfit for show life, and I always refused to let him try his fortune again.

My other dogs were sent to new homes when I gave up my house, but Gubbins became a great traveller, and accompanied me everywhere in the wanderings of the next few years. At first he was quiet as a mouse when taken by carriage or train, and I had no anxiety as to his ever wandering from me, even in the most crowded

thoroughfares. But as his nature recovered its tone, and a bright, joyous, and independent outlook on life became habitual to him, he grew wilful and over confident that my protection was sufficient to rescue him from any trouble. Yet he was three months in my house before he lost the habit of keeping himself hidden from view, and was, as I have said, always concealed behind or under some article of furniture. The slightest accidental touch of a foot, even the gentlest, was enough to make him flee in terror, and for hours afterwards he would not come out from his shelter, or respond to any caresses. Almost to the end of his life, until sight and hearing were impaired, he always rushed into the most secluded corner he could find whenever strangers came into the room, and no blandishments would draw him out while they remained.

I thought at first that his spirit had been so utterly broken that he would never recover, but would always need the care lavished on a semi-invalid. But gradually and surely he began to show the natural fearlessness of his disposition and the bright playfulness that afterwards distinguished him. Little by little he gained courage, and secured his place as first favourite in the house. I do not think, however, that he was ever quite happy while the other dogs remained, though he thoroughly enjoyed his daily scamper with them.

After his first illness he would never feed in the outhouse where the dogs' dinner was made ready for them. Daily complaints came to me that Gubbins would not touch his food, and though if I went out

and petted and encouraged him he would begin to eat heartily, the instant I turned away he stopped, and no one could induce him to take another mouthful. I said sternly that he must be left till natural hunger forced him to give up the fancy, and it was only when I found how thin and weak he was getting that one day I ordered his previously rejected food to be brought into the dining room. The bowl was put down on a newspaper, spread out for a tablecloth. Gubbins watched the proceedings with interest, and then with much tail wagging, fell on the food with a will and quickly disposed of it. Never after this did he attempt to go near the other dogs when they were feeding, but at breakfast time curled himself up near the spot where his bowl had been placed, and waited till it was brought to him. That I do not shine as a disciplinarian with my pets must, I fear, after this be conceded, for there are drawbacks to feeding a long-haired dog on your dining-room carpet. It only needed a day or two to show Gubbins that manners in the house were not quite on a level with those of the dogs' feeding-place. As soon as the last mouthful of food was disposed of, a kennel duster was brought into play to remove the remains of the meal from the long hair about the mouth and at the tips of the beautiful ears. After the first time or two he showed his appreciation of the new régime by standing quietly with his head over the dish where he had just finished eating, and if he was not attended to immediately he would look round to see the cause of the delay.

His enormously thick coat required the most careful daily grooming, and the time spent on this was not an unmixed pleasure to Gubbins. For some time he submitted quietly, as he did to everything else that was asked of him, but by the time he had won his place in the dining room, and the kitchen regions had become unknown ground to him, he sometimes showed resentment at the treatment his tangled locks entailed on him.

The first serious difference of opinion I had with him came over his refusing a piece of toast he had asked for at breakfast. As he had asked for it, he must be made to eat it. But each time the usually coveted dainty was put before him his tongue came out, and with a contemptuous flick sent it rolling over the floor. He was told it must be eaten, and a mutinous determination not to obey was shown in the pose of his head, for one can hardly speak of expression where the face, even to the eyes, was entirely covered with thick, falling hair. But the whole contour of his form expressed a great refusal, and it was felt that a lesson of obedience must be given.

When the meal came to an end the toast was again offered and rejected, and before I left the room Gubbins was fastened to the leg of the table, and I told him the toast must be eaten before he would be released. While the maid was clearing away the breakfast things Gubbins lay perfectly quiet, but as soon as he found himself shut in alone he began to call and struggle. I went in more than once to see if the dispute was at an end, but no, there lay the rejected morsel, and Gubbins would have none of it. When the hour arrived for the daily

walk great sounds of unrest came from the room, and once more looking in I found, to my astonishment, the dog had actually succeeded in dragging the fairly large dining table quite out of its place, in the direction of the door. A chorus of angry barks showed his displeasure, but there still lay the uneaten toast. At this moment, while the door was standing open, the other dogs came into the hall on their way out. "Is Gubbins to come with us?" asked their guardian. "No," I answered. "If he will not eat the toast he must be left at home."

Behind the bundle of hair I could just see two bright eyes fixed on my face. The front door opened, and the other dogs rushed out. Gubbins sat up, listening intently, and when he found the others were actually going without him he looked round for the object of contention, flung himself upon it, swallowed it, and then rushed barking to the end of his tether, demanding to be set free. Needless to say this was done, but the excited, quivering dog turned for one second to give my hand a dainty, propitiatory lick before he rushed off wildly in pursuit of the others.

The lesson was remembered, but all through life, from this point, a wilful determination to have his own way was one of his characteristics. This I attribute to the reaction from the harsh treatment of his early days, and though it is probable that with firmer discipline it might have been overcome, I found it impossible to resort to harsh measures when he was only just coming out from the shell of nervous dread that had seemed to wrap him round from all the enjoyments of life. I fear I

hailed the first exhibitions of will as an indication of his recovery to a normal state. A sharp word from me, if given at a sufficiently early stage, would always restrain him, but to others he was not so obedient, and I fear soon learned to trade on the fact that under no circumstances would he be beaten. A flick of a handkerchief he took with stoicism from others, but from my hands it had all the effect of a stronger punishment. He would crawl away, and lie, a picture of dejection, for an hour or more. He was left to feel himself in disgrace, until he would presently come creeping to my feet for the pat of forgiveness that restored him to life and animation.

His devotion to me never wavered, and after each of his severe illnesses I thought I saw a closer attachment show itself in many ways. What, perhaps, was the greatest proof of his unwavering loyalty was that during the last six months of his life, when he was sixteen years of age, nearly blind and partially deaf, and in a state that required him to be carried up and downstairs, and otherwise attended to, I was not able to have him in my room at night, and his care passed greatly into the hands of others. To his guardians he was very affectionate, and especially to the friend who watched over him with the most devoted care, and to whom Gubbins looked for the greatest enjoyment of his life — his daily walk. But there could be no doubt in the mind of any one who was him, that no one was likely to displace his mistress from the warmest corner of his heart.

He always showed the nicest appreciation of the capacity and duties of those who took care of him. When

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he was already so feeble that he was generally carried from one room to another, I was astounded to find he realised that I was not strong enough to do this. His knowledge was all the more extraordinary because when in stronger health, I had been in the habit of lifting and carrying him on occasions. But one night when the maid who always carried him into the dining room, and for whom he waited as a matter of course if she was not there when I went to dinner, was absent, Gubbins came out of his basket as soon as I moved and crawled into the other room after me. The following night his attendant was at home, so Gubbins stayed quietly in his basket as usual till she came to fetch him. Often afterwards the same thing happened, and during the whole of the time after his powers had failed he never once appealed to me to lift him. He would make the most determined efforts to mount the garden steps if I was with him, though he never attempted to do so if he was with any one else, but would lie down and wait to be fetched if he was not lifted at once.

At one time when I had him in lodgings, the maid who attended on him was with me, and always carried him up and down the two flights of stairs that led to my bedroom. When the maid was going home for a month's holiday I wondered what I should do with him. I did not think he could get up by himself, and did not want to call a strange maid to my assistance. At bedtime I went to the stairs as if I expected him to follow me, and the little thing worked his way up with a sideways motion after me, stopping on the landing for a rest,

and then finishing the journey. In the morning he followed me down, though this was really a dangerous proceeding, and I had to prevent his taking a roll to the bottom by holding him up with his lead fastened to his collar. This performance was repeated as a matter of course every night and morning for the month, and when the maid returned I told her that Gubbins had learned to go upstairs by himself, and that while he could do so I preferred him not to be carried. When she came to fetch him, therefore, for the night, she told him to follow her, and he went out of the room after her obediently. At the foot of the stairs, however, he laid down, and turning a deaf ear to her calls he quietly waited for her to come back and pick him up.

That under any circumstances Gubbins could refuse his walk I did not believe, till one day I found him lying on the front door-step, and refusing to move at the entreaties of his prospective companion, the reason being that he had discovered I was about to leave the house. This was when he had been with me about a year, for up to that period he had shown himself equally willing to go out with me or any other of his friends. After this he would never go until he was sure that I was not going out, and many a time he insisted on being let into my study to see if I was there, before he would leave the house. If nothing in my dress suggested a walk he would go off and immediately give himself up to the joys of the coming expedition. When at one time I used to go out in the early morning before breakfast, at a certain stage in my dressing operations Gubbins would

always come up to investigate what boots and skirt I had on. If his sensitive little nose told him those were in use that he connected with a walk, he began to bark and jump round me, as if wild with joy, for he knew that he would go too. But if he recognised the skirt in which I usually cycled he crept away dejectedly, for on these occasions I always left him at home. Although his speed would have enabled him to keep up easily with the bicycle, I have always thought it mistaken kindness to allow a dog to go at the stretch of his powers while he keeps in touch with carriage or bicycle, as the prolonged tension is likely to injure the natural action of heart and lungs.

One day, when there was illness in the house, the volley of barks and wild gambols with which Gubbins showed his joy at an approaching walk could not be allowed. I felt a little doubtful if the exuberance of his joy could be kept within due limits, and in any case I knew I was the only person likely to be able to restrain him. When the moment arrived for putting this to the test I knelt down by him, and turning his little head up I put my finger on my lips and in a low, hushed voice told him he must be quiet. He saw I was dressed for walking and knew what was in store. He was, however, evidently impressed, and opening the room door quickly I cautioned him again, and to my great relief only one little half strangled bark escaped before we were safely outside the hall door. Yet he tore down the stairs in his usual headlong manner when excited, and was quivering with eagerness for the coming joy.

After this I was always able to make him go out quietly by the same means, and in a house where he stayed with me for some weeks he learned that under no circumstances was barking allowed indoors. He consequently won golden opinions from the old lady whose feelings he thus spared. But that he felt the long restraint irksome, he would show by a petulant twist of his head from under my hand, when I made one of my many appeals to him to remember the caution. His self control happily lasted to the end of the visit, though I never felt inclined to put it to the same test again.

It was one of the most interesting studies I have ever had, to watch the gradual unfolding of Gubbins's mind as he threw off the terrors of the past. His strong affection was, as I have said, the first point that showed itself. Then his intelligent appreciation of the ways of the household, and his own place in it, was little by little made plain, and with it came the manifest determination to stand on his rights. It was not, however, till he had been with me for some four years that he began the system of signs and sounds that stood to him in the place of language.

There were certain biscuits kept for Gubbins as a treat when he had behaved with decorum in the dining room, where he used to lie in a corner during meals. These biscuits were known in the household as "Peter Burrs," owing to the correction given me in the matter of pronunciation by a worthy country grocer, when I stated my wish for "Petits Beurres." The tin containing these dainties was generally taken from the sideboard by

one of ourselves, just before we left the table. Gubbins was always all attention, and at the movement to fetch the tin, he would come out of his corner and bark rapturously. But one day a friend brought me the wrong tin by mistake, and Gubbins, who had been all eagerness as usual to watch for its advent, sat down quietly and did not attempt to come up for the usual offering. It was this conduct that led me to notice the mistake that had been made, for the tins were almost alike in size, though different in colour. The dog's appreciation of the mistake before we had recognised it, caused such amusement that while this friend was staying with me she often tested Gubbins's discernment by bringing out the wrong tin purposely. Never was he deceived, though one day he rushed up and barked once before he noticed the tin, but as soon as he saw it he sat down and waited for the mistake to be rectified.

It was when he stole to my side during luncheon, and made his presence known by a delicious little low sound of entreaty, that his language sounds began. I was so delighted with the effort that I took to making him say it before he had one of his much loved biscuits given to him. "Ask, Gubbins," he was told, and the little entreating sound came as a preliminary to business. Very soon he learned to use the signal to draw attention to any want, such as the need for water, or the opening of a door. Whenever his water dish was empty Gubbins would first call attention to the fact by lying full length in front of it, with his head touching the dish. If this

did not succeed he would look round to see why he was not being attended to, and if I was — or pretended to be — wholly immersed at my writing table he would cry quietly to himself, — a little complaining noise that could not be overlooked in its gentle persistence. Once or twice I tested him further to see what would happen, and when Gubbins found that my denseness was not to be pierced by any ordinary means he came up to me and, resting his head against me, “asked.” Then he walked back to his water dish and lay down as before. That here there was a very intelligent adaptation of means to end is evident.

The daily bone thrown to Gubbins was of course a great delight, and once I tried the same experiment that Mr. Herbert Spencer made with his Skye, and with the same result. A string was fastened to the bone and Gubbins had his usual play with it, a necessary part of which was for him to stand growling over it and dare any of his friends to take it from him. This nearly always brought some one on to the lawn to play the part of robber. It was enough for one of his friends to advance gently towards him saying, “Is that for me, Gubbins?” for the little thing to seize it in his mouth and run to a distant part of the lawn, where the performance was repeated. If his friends did not go on playing the game I have known Gubbins to leave his bone and come to ask them to see it out, and only when his spirits had exhausted themselves would he settle down to the enjoyment of the dainty, secure in the knowledge that no one would be allowed to interfere

with business. But to return to the experiment. Gubbins was just settling down to the serious part of the performance when I pulled the string and drew the bone gently away. Gubbins gave a startled look at it as it receded slowly, then as it lay still he approached with every sign of caution and stretched out one fat paw. Still there was no movement, and relief and confidence were now expressed in his bearing. Then I jerked the bone to some distance. Gubbins fairly turned tail and fled to me for protection. The sense of the unknown, conditions of which he had no previous experience, terrified him, as did the growling of thunder or the presence of strangers in his own home.

In matters where Gubbins was on known ground his courage was beyond dispute and often brought him into peril. No dog was too large or too strong to call forth hostile demonstrations, if he happened to excite his ire. I well remember the horror with which, on hearing the well-known rush and growl that signalled Gubbins's dislike of another dog, I turned to see the ridiculous little creature hanging on to the nose of a huge St. Bernard. With one angry toss of his mighty head the larger dog could have broken the spine of his tormentor. Happily the monster seemed too astonished at the onslaught of the hairy mass to do anything beyond give a very gentle swaying motion of the head, which swung Gubbins's long body from side to side; for even hanging as the latter was at full length, his hind limbs were well off the ground, and he must have made one of his marvellous springs to fasten on the

head as he did. Presently his teeth loosened and he dropped from his perilous perch, and he certainly owed his life to the remarkable gentleness of his victim.

Before Gubbins had walked off his excess of spirits in exercise he often gave these mad rushes, sometimes, I grieve to say, at humans. Any unsavoury specimen of the genus tramp always roused his mischief, and so, alas! did any gentle, fragile looking old lady or gentleman who could be depended on to receive his onslaught with a sufficient display of terror to make it worth while. Many were the scrapes from which he was not always rescued with the honours of war, and countless were the apologies made on his behalf. But after his maddest exploit the absurd little bundle of hair would come meekly to my feet, and generally by his very appearance disarm the sufferers. At such a moment caresses from the stranger's hand were suffered with deceptive meekness, and were evidently taken as the necessary consequence of the previous joy. That the loud bark which would have fitted a dog ten times his size, and the sudden rush at the heels of a passing stranger, were sufficiently alarming, is clear, and a leather lead was soon fastened promptly to his collar whenever a human approached who long experience had taught me was one likely to be singled out by Gubbins as a vent for his excitement. His teeth never came into play, and this showed it was simply the fun of the thing that appealed to him, and not the hostile feeling that often prompted his attacks on fellow dogs.

Gubbins was the most humanly intelligent of all the

dogs I have ever owned, and so far as his powers of mind went they appealed perfectly to the same level of expression of our own. While his trust and love were unwavering, his sympathy with anything in the shape of suffering or sorrow was undoubted. He would never leave me of his own free will, if he knew I was in trouble, though it could only have been by the tone of my voice that he discovered there was anything amiss. In the case of physical illness it was the same, and he would lie for hours on the foot of my bed, to which on these occasions he always "asked" to be permitted to jump.

The highest exercise of intelligence he ever showed was prompted by his love, and the amount of reasoning power that led to the successful carrying out of his stratagem shows what a narrow boundary there is between the highest efforts of the animal mind and those where human intelligence begins. I was suffering at the time from malaria, a legacy from a fairly long sojourn in India, and it was decreed by the friend who had taken charge of my sick-room that Gubbins was not to be allowed to disturb me. This lady, who was herself one of Gubbins's most faithful friends, and was regarded by him with the warmest affection, told him after breakfast that he was not to come to me. That he fully understood what she said he showed by the dejected way in which he turned from her and crawled into his basket. The dining-room door was then shut on him, the back stairs were cut off by two heavy doors, and the passage from the top of the front stairs led past my friend's bedroom before my own could be reached.

From her bedroom, where the visitor sat writing with her door open, she could hear if any of the household should go into the dining room and set Gubbins at liberty. Besides, the flop, flop with which he always jumped from step to step of the stairs was clearly audible over all that part of the house, and this gave her confidence that he could not, in any case, get up without her hearing him.

But the dining-room door had not been fastened securely, and though it was a heavy oak door Gubbins managed to work it open. He then crept upstairs without a sound, and therefore in a very different way to that in which he usually mounted, stole past the open bedroom door, without betraying his presence, and putting his head close to the crack of my door gave one of his tiniest "asks." So low was it that the watcher in the adjoining room heard nothing. At first I did not realise what had happened, and thought the voice reached me from a distance. But when a repetition came, the peculiar guarded sound of the faint call struck me, and at the third time I knew that by some means Gubbins had found his way to me. Entering into the spirit of the enterprise I opened the door softly and let him in. Without any of the usual manifestations of joy with which he was wont to greet me, he slipped past, and without waiting for the permission he always asked he sprang on the bed and curled himself round with a sigh of content. Then the drowsiness of fever overcame me, and I dozed for some hours, Gubbins also sleeping peacefully at my feet.

When at last my friend appeared, her relief at the sight of the hairy bundle on the bed was great. She told me that a search had been made for him all over the place, both indoors and out, as soon as it was discovered that he had escaped from the dining room. My room had not been thought of, as she felt certain he could not have come upstairs without being heard by her.

The amount of thought and caution exercised by the dog in carrying out his plan was remarkable. After making use of the great muscular strength of his sturdy forepaws in getting open the door of his prison, he had to get upstairs in a way that would not betray his presence. How he managed this we could not understand at the time, but years afterwards I saw him, when still weak from a severe illness, crawl up with a sideways, crab-like motion that explained what he had done to attain his ends in the heyday of his youth and strength. Placing his forepaws on the step above him he hitched his hind quarters up sideways, as his length could only thus be supported on the step, the depth of the stairs not being more than half his length. In this way there was no noise, but he still had to pass the watcher's open door and convey the fact of his presence to me without letting her know. This accomplished successfully, he did not forget the need for caution when he had made good his entrance, but with a silent caress to my feet, and much wagging of the tail he left his usual mode of welcome severely alone, and, secure of my understanding and abetting, even took possession of one of his most

prized rewards, only rarely accorded, by jumping on to the bed without the preliminaries of permission asked and granted that were always insisted on.

Here he showed a clear appreciation of the difficulties of carrying out his plan, and who shall say what was passing in his brain as he stole softly upstairs, passed his friend's open door without disclosing his presence, and then, with all the precautions a human could have used, succeeded in communicating with me? Not less remarkably did he show his appreciation of the dangers so far conquered, when he exercised needful self-restraint in the expression of his greeting, and sank down at last with a sigh of content as he realised that all was well.

We are told by an eminent writer on the psychology of animals that the feeling of shame stands very high in the development of the emotional powers. In Gubbins its manifestation was very apparent. A flick of the handkerchief or a sharp word from me changed his whole aspect in a second, unless, indeed, the excitement of some forbidden pleasure had taken him in too firm a grip, and the enterprise on which he had started had to be carried out at all costs. But once the excitement passed, shame for his misdeed followed, and was shown in the same way a child will do in the same circumstances, up to the verge of speech. On one occasion, when I was from home all day, the maid in whose charge he had been left neglected to attend to him. The shamefaced little dog that met me on my return, and who put his head in my hand and cried softly, told me that some trouble had happened for which he was not to blame. In the same

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way when he was suffering from illness that caused occasional attacks of sickness, if by chance he was shut in a room when misfortune overtook him, although he knew he would not be punished for what was not his fault, he could not have shown more shame at the occurrence if he had dreaded chastisement.

Gubbins was a little gentleman in all his ways and feelings, his one lapse from propriety of manners being the rushes by which he helped to work off the excitement of his walks. He could always be depended on to preserve a neutral attitude towards any stranger staying in the house, if I performed a sort of introduction by putting my hand on my visitor's arm and telling Gubbins that he or she was my friend. The same course had to be adopted with a new maid, and if a fearless pat was then given him by the new comer, I knew that as long as that person was in the house there would be no trouble. But if, on the other hand, the slightest fear of him was shown, it behoved me to be careful, for if that maid came in his way when he was under the influence of any excitement such as that of his daily walk, there would be the same attempts to upset her equanimity by which he distinguished himself out of doors. No use of the teeth, but just the communication of his own excitement to one who his instincts told him could be relied on to respond. To secure the clatter of a fallen tray, or the headlong rush of a frightened maid downstairs, while he stood growling and barking at the top, as if ready to tear her in pieces, gave him, I grieve to say, under such circumstances, the liveliest enjoyment. But

when he was shut up to reflect on his misdemeanours, by whatever process these were brought home to him, an unmistakable feeling of shame was displayed as soon as he had recovered his normal state.

The abject depression with which he crept from view one very wet autumn, the first time his long coat was clipped about his legs and the under part of the body, took a long time to recover from. For days a remark on his appearance, or a laugh at his expense by any visitor, would cover him again with shame. His self-respect had been wounded, and the same feeling was shown when he was taken out for a walk the first time after a severe illness. The poor weak dog could only totter along for a very short distance. But on the way he met another dog, and as soon as Gubbins saw him approaching, the change in his demeanour was instantaneous. With head and tail erect, and a general air of alertness and strength, he passed his rival, walking on the tips of his toes, as he was wont to do in better times. A few steps carried him triumphantly past, and then, the excitement over, the poor little invalid collapsed as suddenly as he had pulled himself together, and rolled over helpless in the dust. Could any animal without a sense of the ego, the personal I, show such a keen sense of the respect due to himself?

A quite marvellous knowledge of time was shown by my favourite. I am not speaking of the hours of feeding, for such knowledge is doubtless due to the promptings of the natural appetite. But how for some months he always knew when the clock pointed to half-past nine I

have never been able to ascertain. A lady who was living with me as my secretary at the time was a warm friend of Gubbins, and was accepted by him as such. This lady was not in good health, and used to retire to bed before the rest of the party. In about a week Gubbins constituted himself the guardian of her health in this respect. If she did not move promptly at the half hour he roused himself, came out of his basket, and, sitting at her feet, barked until she got up and said good-night. The performance was so much appreciated that after this Gubbins's reminder was waited for, and though there was no clock within hearing that struck the half hour, nor so far as we knew any sound that could tell the time, Gubbins was never more than a few minutes either before or after. He would go and sit close at the lady's feet, lift his head and fix his brown eyes on her face, and bark his signal for her to go. There seemed no reason for him to wish her to leave, as no sooner had she gone from the room, than he went back to his basket and curled himself up to wait for the dispersal of the other members of the family. With no one else did he ever do anything of the same kind.

At one time when I was living in the country, the same inscrutable knowledge of the hour of seven in the evening was shown by him. Once or twice he was taken for a run across the valley below the house to the post, just before the dinner hour at seven-thirty. After that he was always on the look out at seven o'clock, and as soon as he associated the little expedition with one member of the household, he found him out and kept close

to him as soon as the hour arrived. Once, when the dinner hour had been advanced, the letters were taken earlier, and Gubbins had not come in from his rambles in the garden and could not be found. He was watching, however, when the messenger returned, and showed that he understood what had happened by taking up his position in good time the following day on a point in the drive where the two ways from the house met, and without passing which no one could leave the place. Often after this he would sit there watching, instead of coming into the house, as he clearly understood that from that spot he had a full command of the situation.

As the gradual unfolding of Gubbins's mind had been an unflinching source of interest, so was the preservation of his natural characteristics when his powers began to fail. He enjoyed his life almost to the end, and through the last long day of suffering found comfort in the care and affection that were lavished on him. Although for some time his eyesight had almost gone and his hearing was impaired, and other disabilities of old age were upon him, he still went nearly mad with joy at the prospect of a walk, still took a certain modified, though always mischievous, pleasure in making others share his excitement, and made his sense of smell serve for the loss of his other faculties in a quite marvellous way. He always recognised his old friends, and it was a characteristic of his throughout life that he never forgot a single person whom he had once accepted as a friend. It might be months or even years before he saw them again, but he never failed to recognise them.

Various were the names bestowed on him by his many friends at different times. From the absurd "Mr. Gubbins," he was called by the still more unsuitable title of "Scrub." This led to a mild joke of a friend of mine, who always inquired after him by the formula, "And how is Ammonia?" A very dear old lady, the mother of the friend through whom Gubbins came to me, spoke of him as "The caterpillar," moved thereto by the sight of the long dark form that used to steal across her drawing room to find a hidden corner, when he was staying with me in her house. In the inner circle of his home he became "The Hairy Angel" or "The Fascinating Fiend," according to the nature of his disposition at the moment.

But these names belong to the time of his youth and strength; his beauty he kept to a surprising degree up to the very day of his death. It was touching to see him in his later years, and especially during the last six months when he was all but blind, finding his way about the house by the help of his nose. I have often watched him come into my study when he was looking for me. The room is a double one, and he used to feel for the side of the arch that forms the division, then feel about for the couch that stands on one side of the inner room. From there he touched my bureau, and thence worked about till he found my chair, which was often at some little distance. No sooner did his nose touch the chair than he hurried to the front of it to see if I was sitting there, and feeling the full helplessness of continuing his search if I was not in my usual place, he would curl him-

self up beside it and cry quietly. I have watched him do this while I stood by the bookshelves in the back room, though I had to be careful he did not find me out, as he came in by the door in that room.

To the last the watchful little head would come up in his basket, and a warning growl give notice of the presence of a stranger, and in his feeble way he guarded his beloved mistress to the end. When the little life went out from the suffering body it left a blank that for those who loved him best can never be filled, but —

“ When at last my long day’s work is done,
Shall I not find him waiting as of yore,
Eager, expectant, glad, to meet me at the door? ”

THE DIPLOMATIST

" Ung Roy, ung Loy, ung Chien "

BRUCE, a beautiful black and tan collie, had the appearance of a gentleman and the finished manners of one accustomed to the usages of society. In the days of his prime he won many honours in the showing, though his points were not those required by modern fashion. His head was too broad for present-day judges, but this gave space for the brains that made Bruce the most charming of companions. He was light in build, strong, and full of grace and activity, and his beauty he retained almost to the end of his life. His colour, as I have said, was black and tan, the latter a bright golden hue, that was very striking. His eyes were clear and brown, and wonderfully expressive, and over each was a bright tan spot. His ears were half prick, the points of which almost met over his forehead, when he stood to attention. His ruff was magnificent, and had it had the ring of white decreed by fashion Bruce would have carried all before him on the show bench. As it was, the only touch of white about his coat was at the tip of his grand brush, for to speak of it as a tail seems almost an indignity.

But it was the high-bred finish of his manners that won Bruce his many friends. In his home circle he was



**THE DIPLOMATIST
BRUCE**

always gentle and affectionate, though he had the finest grades of distinction in his regard. Any member of the family had a general place in his affections, but that underneath this was a subtle difference in his feelings was shown by his behaviour towards them. To the servants of the house he was always polite, and to the older ones who were admitted to the confidence and respect of their employers, he was even affectionate. But he never gave them the outbursts of unrestrained affection that in moments of excitement he would shower on his special friends in the family circle. Being a great favourite with the servants, he was always something of a tyrant with them, and clearly thought that one of their chief duties in life was to wait on him.

His politeness to visitors was invariable. If he saw strangers coming to the house he would accompany them to the drawing room, and as soon as they were seated would gravely offer a beautiful silky paw. In the same way he would be ready, when they took their leave, to escort them to the front gate, and there once again offer a paw in farewell. This was always a very taking performance of his, and if the departing visitor, after duly accepting the offered salute, said to him, "That is a very cold good-bye, Bruce," he would instantly offer the other paw in token of good-will. The strangest thing about his attention to visitors was that no one had instructed him, and it was not till Bruce's hand-shaking was talked of as quite a feature of a call at the house that his master taught him to offer the right paw in salutation. This he learnt as quickly as

any other lesson, and with its accomplishment the last touch of polish had been given to Bruce's society manners.

Bruce came from a large kennel when he was two years old. His pedigree and former history were unknown, and Bruce started in life with only his good looks, his intelligence, and his perfect manners to depend on. When he came to his new home he responded instantly to individual affection and attention, and showed a very strong sense of his personal rights. His master at that time owned another collie, also a house dog, who answered to the name of Lassie. From the day of Bruce's advent the two dogs took it in turns to pass the night in their master's bed-room. Bruce always respected the arrangement, and on the nights when it was not his turn to have the place of honour he would curl himself up contentedly on the mat put ready for him in the hall; but Lassie would often try to steal a march on him. She would lay her plans in advance, and creep upstairs before her master retired, and trust to possession to bring her through. As soon as Bruce discovered her tactics he would rush up after her, and do his best to pull her downstairs. Ejected with ignominy from the bedroom, Lassie would still make a fight for it, and entrenching herself on the landing do her best to stand her ground. The commotion of course attracted their master, who would take Lassie by the collar and lead her in disgrace down to her allotted sleeping place in the hall. Bruce would sit smiling at the top of the stairs and watch her down, wagging his

tail and giving every sign of complacent satisfaction at having won the day.

It was in his dealings with humans that Bruce showed his talent in diplomacy. He often paid visits with his master, and never failed to bestow the cream of his attention on the most important person present. He singled out his host or hostess and made good his place with them before he took the slightest heed of any one else. His greatest triumph was during a visit to his master's grandmother. For some reason his owner felt obliged to take him, though the old lady was by no means an indiscriminate dog-lover, and was wont to declare that she "liked dogs in their proper place." Many were the talks held in the family before Bruce's departure as to what his reception was likely to be. Did he understand and take his measures accordingly? The result seemed to justify the supposition. In any case, on arriving at the house he settled the matter once for all. Without a word being said to him he went straight to his hostess's room, and arriving there before his master he sat down in front of the old lady, and, with a grace that instantly won her heart, offered first one silky paw and then the other for her acceptance. By the time his owner arrived Bruce was reaping the first fruits of his diplomacy in the petting and admiration of his new friend. Bruce's "proper place" after that was any spot he chose in the house, and he was given a warm invitation to repeat his visit when he left.

While he was still new to the show bench he exercised his tact, by getting a man he knew to stay by him,

as presumably he felt lonely among so many strange faces. The man was the village schoolmaster near Bruce's home, and so far had always been treated with polite indifference by him. As the schoolmaster was making a round of the benches he felt a touch on his arm, and there was Bruce with a most amiable expression of countenance holding out a paw to him. The man responded to the advances made to him, and Bruce, all anxiety to please, managed to make him stay by him till one of his own family arrived. The reason of his amiability was then apparent, for Bruce promptly relapsed into his former indifference, and his visitor was allowed to depart without any further notice being taken of him.

When Bruce was more used to the show bench he manifested the most lively appreciation of having been singled out for honours. If no card fell to him he curled himself up on his bench, put his brush over his head, and slept quietly till all was over. But when he had secured a card his demeanour was very different. He sat up with an alert and self-satisfied air, and though as a rule he did not make advances to strangers outside his home, he now seemed possessed with a universal benevolence. He always attracted attention, and to all who admired him he instantly offered to shake a paw in the most affable manner. He used indeed to hold a *levée*, and thoroughly enjoyed the unwonted importance of his position. So long as he was in the show grounds his general friendliness lasted, but once outside his show manner was dropped and he became chary of notice by strangers.

He never, however, resented advances being made to him unless he was startled. Being nervous and high strung, any sudden rough movement he disliked, and under such circumstances would give a snap to mark his displeasure. He never used his teeth, for he was by no means uncertain in his temper. To other dogs he was usually gentle, but a collie he would always go for. Many were the scrapes he got into in consequence, and when his master had cured him of the trick of making the attack, he would invariably pass a collie with such wanton provocation written in his bearing that the other dog, stirred out of his self-control, always made for him.

Bruce's enjoyment of practical jokes was great. When a walk was in prospect, his delight was to rush into the hall, and, snatching his collar and lead from their place on the hat-stand, hastily throw them into hiding. A glance at Bruce's smiling face was enough to tell his master what had happened. Intense enjoyment was displayed by the watching dog, while a search for the missing collar was made. But Bruce's paws were long, and the place he had selected was not always easy to find. Then his anxiety for the coming joy of the walk would carry all before it, and moving suddenly to the place of concealment he would seize the collar and fling it at his master's feet. The superior and slightly supercilious way in which he brought to light the hidden thing said as plainly as any speech, "If you are so stupid that you cannot find it, I suppose I must help you." In the summer he would sometimes change his tactics, and taking

the collar and lead in his mouth, would jump a fence or hedge, and lie just out of reach on the other side. If the moment for a joke was not well chosen, and there seemed any danger of his being left behind to enjoy it by himself, he was speedily at his companion's feet, asking, with an eloquence none the less to be understood because it was mute, to be forgiven and taken out.

His greatest joy was to have stick or umbrella confided to his care during the walk. Solemnly, and with a great show of appreciating the duties of his position, Bruce would walk decorously by the side of the owner of his trophy. But not for long. There would be a sudden flash, and Bruce would disappear over some obstacle where he could not be followed, and after a race round the orchard or field into which he had hurled himself, he would reappear with nothing in his mouth. With expectancy written all over him he waited for the order to "Go, seek." Obediently he flew the hedge and proceeded to hunt for the missing stick. But the result was always the same. He could not find it. Again and again the same process would be gone through, and no one could look more guileless than Bruce when he returned to tell of his want of success. Sometimes the only way to stop the game was to walk on and leave him to himself, on which he would go directly to the spot where the stick was lying hidden, take it up, and go on decorously as before, carrying it in his mouth.

Bruce acted as if the secrets of the family circle were an open book to him, or at any rate those that concerned himself. As he and Lassie, whatever their private dif-

ferences, would always unite against a common foe, their master found his walks disturbed by the frequent altercations that arose in the course of them. He announced, therefore, that for the future he would only take out one at a time, and as he was going that day to a town about a mile off, he gave orders that Bruce was to be shut up before he started. Bruce at the time was lying quietly on the hearthrug, and in a short time he got up and went to the door, and was let out into the garden. His master thought no more about him, and later in the day started for his walk, taking Lassie with him. When he had almost reached the town he was struck by the resemblance to Bruce of a dog sitting in the middle of a patch of grass, where three roads met. His own way lay past the spot, and he soon found that Bruce was waiting there for him too far from the house to be taken back, and thus securing his walk. One of his exploits seems almost beyond the realm of the possible, but I can vouch for the truth of the facts as I give them. His master was in the habit of going away on business, and leaving his home on one day, he nearly always returned on the next. On one occasion, however, he said that he should return the same night, and in order to do this he would come by another railway line and reach a station he very rarely used, at 10.30. Bruce as usual was with him when he talked of his plans. That evening when Bruce was let out for his evening run he disappeared, to the consternation of the other members of his family. He was searched for in all directions, but no tidings could be

heard of him, and great was the rejoicing when at eleven o'clock he returned. The household had been waiting up for the master, but he did not arrive. The next day he came back by the way he had intended to come the previous day, and he had no sooner alighted from the train than one of the porters who knew him came up and said, "Your dog was here looking for you last night, sir. He saw the train in and seemed to expect you, and when he found you were not here he went off. He would not let any of us touch him." On arriving at home his master heard of Bruce's absence the night before, and the chain of evidence seemed complete. Not so the explanation. Bruce's presence at the station was vouched for by a perfectly disinterested person, who could not have known any of the circumstances attending his master's journey. The dog's absence from home at the time was undoubted, so also was his presence when his master stated his plans, but how it was that Bruce was ready to welcome the expected traveller at the station I cannot pretend to explain. It is quite one of the most inexplicable efforts of a dog's intelligence that I have ever met with.

Though for fifteen years Bruce lived with his family, his life was not without vicissitudes. After a time his master took up an appointment in India, and Bruce had to be left behind. He passed into the care of his master's brother and sister, with whom he was already on affectionate terms. In his new home, however, he did not have the first place, as a very remarkable spaniel was already in possession. Bruce, with his usual ready tact,

though with chastened feelings, took the second place. The cook in his new home was an old servant, whom he had known in his first days of acquaintance with the family. She had indeed passed through various stages in the household, and from nursery maid in "the old house" had risen to be cook to the "young master and mistress." For Bruce, Harriet had simply a passion. He could never do wrong for her, and in return she was decidedly tyrannised over by him.

But in Nottingham, where Bruce's lot was now cast, the townspeople appreciate a good dog. So one day Bruce disappeared, and all inquiries about him were unavailing. His guardians gave him up, but Harriet never lost hope and always declared that he would come home. Every night this devoted woman sat up till the small hours of the morning, watching and listening, and with a saucepan of hot soup ready for the wanderer. On the third or fourth night, she heard a feeble call at the front door, and rushing up she found Bruce, with a fragment of dirty rope round his neck. The dog seemed at almost the last stage of exhaustion, and staggering in he was taken to the kitchen fire, and without moving from his place he lapped up a little warm soup, and slept the sleep of exhaustion for twenty-four hours.

Why he should have been so worn out was never explained, as from "information received" it turned out that he had spent his time in a street of small houses not a mile away from his home. His experiences, whatever they may have been, were never forgotten by him, and

from that time he showed a disposition to bite every ill-dressed man who approached him.

After five years' absence Bruce's master returned, and Bruce on hearing his voice looked at him attentively and then gave him the modified form of affectionate greeting that showed he recognised him as one of the family. The dog seemed puzzled, and the dim memories that stirred in the back of his mind led him to follow his old master to his bedroom at night. There he lay down quietly, and it was not till his master was in bed that the far-off echoes of past days became clear, and with a cry Bruce suddenly hurled himself on the bed and covered his astonished owner with caresses.

When the time came for another long parting Bruce took the matter of his future guardianship into his own hands by attaching himself so lovingly to his master's father that his decision was accepted without demur. Alas, Bruce never saw his master again, for old age and infirmities were upon him, and before another return from India the old dog had passed away.

It was characteristic of Bruce's sense of the fitness of things that when he was too old to run with the carriage he still kept up the fiction of doing so. He would not give in to the disabilities entailed by his failing strength. He always greeted the arrival of the carriage at the front door with his old joyous excitement. When it started he rushed off bounding and barking as he had always done, but at a certain point in the road, not far from the end of the carriage drive, Bruce was seen to slip quietly through the hedge and disappear. When

this point was reached on the return drive, out came Bruce, and trotted quietly home as if he had run with the carriage all the way.

Bruce's constant habit during this last period of his life was to accompany his guardian, who was a clergyman, to the door of the church where the latter went for a daily morning service. When he came out, Bruce was waiting for him and trotted home in his company to breakfast. At last one morning Bruce was so weak and feeble that his guardian put him by his study fire before he left the house, and told the dog to wait there for him. Did Bruce feel the end was coming? Who can say, but in all his weakness he managed to crawl to his usual place by the church door, and was ready with a feeble welcome when his friend appeared. Carried back to the study fire, Bruce did not move again, but in the course of a few hours gave up his life. We may hope that no regrets for the absent master clouded the last moments of his waning powers.

THE PROFESSOR

In Memoriam

Lugete o pueri et genus togatum
Et quaecumque canes amant puellae,
Ille emortuus est canis fidelis,
Huius deliciae scholae decusque,
Qui vix inferior domus magistro
Formabat pueros sagax Agelli.
Ast omnes studio pari ciebat
Praesens Marlburios favente cauda,
Qui propellere vel manu volantem
Vel saevis pedibus pilam studebant,
Exemplo aut tacito coarguebat
Si quem dedecuit piger veteranus
Nam raptas modo quattuor superbus
Mala continuit pilas minore,
Elatrans modo equum procax anhelum
Morsu callidior persequutus.
At liberrimus usque sic vagari
Per campum solitus viasque nostras,
Indignans Anatis tulisse vincla
Innexo laqueo miser peremptus
Aeterno dominum obruit dolore. ¹

M.

BANDY, the friend and hero of three generations of Marlborough boys, was of the spirit of the age in which he lived. With a decorous respect for the sober business of the classrooms, it was in the playing fields

¹ Lament, ye boys, and mourn, O Common Room,
Ye gentle ladies, weep for Bandy's doom
If dogs ye love; for he, alas! has died,

that his prowess was displayed. Cricket was for him the absorbing interest from the early days of his puppyhood to the closing hours of his life. Football and hockey had a lesser place in his affections, and the Racquet Court came in occasionally for patronage. Of the School Rifle Corps he was an enthusiastic and exemplary member, and even illness would not keep him from his place in the corps, when the delights of a Field Day were in prospect.

In private life Bandy was a Dandie Dinmont, who came into the possession of the master of Littlefield, one of the Marlborough boarding houses, when he was only a few weeks old. As there were some fifty

The darling of this College and its pride ;
He who with almost a House Master's might
Guided the boys of Littlefield aright.
But yet he loved not Littlefield alone,
All things Marlburian had he made his own ;
His kindly presence would encourage all
Who threw, or hit, or kicked the flying ball ;
Were they but keen and vigorous in their play
His wagging tail would urge them to the fray,
While his example was a mute reproof
To all whom sloth or slackness kept aloof.
Sometimes defiant, resolute, and bold,
In straining jaws four racquet balls he'd hold ;
Sometimes with sportive bark to greater speed
And wily nip he'd urge the panting steed.
So would he wander at his own sweet will
From Clump or Cricket Field to Granham Hill ;
But when confined by sickness and ill luck,
He could not brook th' unworthy bonds of Duck :
The twisted noose that brought to him relief
O'erwhelmed his master with unending grief

F. B. MALIN.

boys at Littlefield, and no other dog was kept in the house, Bandy was from the first thrown greatly into the society of humans, and throughout his life he always showed a preference for their companionship to that of those of his own kind.

Bandy made his first acquaintance with cricket in the summer term that followed his arrival at the school. His master, who used to coach at the cricket nets in the school playing field, was in the habit of taking the puppy with him and tying him up in full view of all that was going on. With growing interest Bandy watched the proceedings, and so well did he respond to his early training that the love of the game developed into a passion with him when he had come to years of discretion. He grew to be one of the most enthusiastic and untiring of fieldsmen, and for a long succession of summer terms he was seldom absent, morning or afternoon, from the Littlefield practice net. He generally stood in the long field, and would work himself to a state of complete exhaustion in retrieving the balls.

In this, his chosen work, Bandy showed a nice discrimination. He only worked for his own house. Balls hit from other nets might fly past him, or even roll to his feet, but of these he took no heed. His fielding was for those of his own house party, though he recognised the claims of the school nets reserved for the XI and XXII, and professional bowlers, and showed his recognition in a manner all his own. He himself was always up to time, and if his house contingent were late he would enter a protest against their slackness by taking



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BANDY

his services for that hour to the aristocrats of the cricket field. Yet here the nets had drawbacks from Bandy's point of view. Being longer and higher than the ordinary house nets, the ball was seldom hit outside them, and in consequence there was but little fielding to be done. But Bandy made the best of things. Taking no notice for the time being of his usual allies, he would stand behind the wicket of his chosen comrades, and leap at the balls, not yet past the bat, or as they struck the net. He would even venture inside and stand near in on the off, with eyes fixed, as a fieldsman's should be, not on the bowler but on the bat.

This habit nearly brought Bandy's career to an untimely end. The captain of the XI drove a ball low down on the off right, that came straight at him. Bandy watched its course without flinching, and met it full on his head. As he rolled over, the game was forgotten, and the players rushed to his assistance. As his master was coming on to the field he met the poor little sufferer being carried tenderly home. He was apparently dying. In a few hours, however, he rallied a little, and during the night so far recovered consciousness as to take some nourishment from the hands of a devoted nurse. He was still alive when his master went into school at 10 o'clock on the following morning, but it seemed scarcely possible that he could recover. Soon after twelve, when his owner went into the cricket field, an excited boy rushed up to him with the question, "Have you heard about Bandy, sir?" As there seemed only one possible reason for such a query, the master re-

sponded sadly with the one word, "Dead?" "Not a bit of it," was the astounding answer, "he's fielding inside the net."

After this, life without a ball for Bandy was incomplete. Though a cricket ball was his first love, it was not by any means the only one. Any ball not in play he regarded as fair game. In the cricket season, as he sometimes strolled with seeming innocence about the field, he would search the pockets of any coat that had been thrown on the ground in the hope of finding the thing he loved so well. Or from the Fives or Racquet Court, he would carry off any spare balls he might come across, and stoutly maintain his right to them. His master was not infrequently met with a request from one of the suffering owners, "Please, sir, would you speak to Bandy? He has bagged my Fives balls."

Sunday, a day that never appealed to Bandy, was that in which he often turned his attention to possible balls. In the summer he would spend hours quartering the fringe of long grass that surrounds the cricket grounds in which balls were often lost. If Bandy came across an old one, a useless "pudding," he would proceed to gnaw it to pieces then and there, but if he found a new one he would straightway carry it to his master's study, which he always regarded as his treasure-house.

That in the opinion of his Marlborough friends Bandy was "more than brute, if less than man," the following school story will show. In this case, I fear, I cannot go quite so far as those who knew him better and whose faith in his powers was boundless. While Bandy was an

interested spectator of a cricket match he would gradually get nearer and nearer to the scoring board, with the object, as his friends declared, of seeing how they had acquitted themselves. If when the numbers went up they showed that a boy had made a good innings, Bandy would sometimes walk down the steps from the pavilion to meet him, and accompany him back with applauding barks.

No wonder that with such belief in his powers Bandy was honoured by his friends in a way surely no little dog has ever been before. The Latin verse at the beginning of this chapter speaks for itself, it — and the translation — was written by Mr. F. B. Malin. From the pen of another friend, Mr. F. Bain, come the delightful lines :

IN MEMORY OF THE VALIANT LITTLE DOG,
BANDY

Alas ! and art thou really dead,
Quaint, semi-human quadruped ?
And dost thou sit on Pluto's coast,
A pallid little bandy ghost ;
Gone, little friend, away from us,
Compatriot now of Cerberus,
And shall we never see thee more
Barking about the Rifle Corps ?
And wilt thou never now explain
Thy base attack on Mr. Swain ?
Shall the old nag now munch his meals,
Nor feel thee biting at his heels ?
At football shalt thou ne'er be found,
Snuffing at every inch of ground
Along those touch-lines, where we know
Thou found'st a mouse long years ago ?
Never in court shall we now pass
Thy sturdy figure on the grass,

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Fives balls protruding from its jaws,
 And racquet balls between its paws.
 Never again shall we now meet
 Thee, Bandy, trotting down the street;
 See thee turn over on thy back,
 And, deep down in thy throat, alack!
 Behold, defended by thy grin,
 Our cricket ball, thou dog of sin!
 Who can forget the solemn way
 Thou mapped'st out thy every day?
 Thy daily round, thy common task,
 Furnished far more than most dogs ask.
 The cricket net, the football match,
 The racquet court, those hours thou'dst snatch,
 When masters are in cap and gown,
 To do thy duty by the town.
 Yet was there one day, Bandy, one day,
 When life was dull, and that was Sunday.
 No interest, poor dog, for thee,
 Had sermons or Divinity:
 Thou'dst no delight in Scripture facts,
 No joy in Gospels or in Acts:
 Thou setted'st small store by such things,
 As Apostolic journeyings.
 Ah! Bandy, if the Apostle Paul
 Had only been a cricket ball!
 Queer little dog, I see thee yet,
 Panting behind the cricket net:
 Thy every fibre quivering
 To touch that flying leathery thing,
 That sometimes lives, sometimes is dead,
 So wonderful and round and red!
 Those wistful little yellow eyes
 Glaring at balls that round them rise:
 Those bandy legs, those big, broad paws,
 Those smiling, comprehensive jaws:
 That lolling, red, protruding tongue,
 That plaintive yelp to heaven up-flung,

Attesting plain as human speech
 How fain thou art the ball to reach.
 Mid languid forms that lounge and sprawl,
 And hardly deign to stop the ball,
 A pattern fieldsman — sight to stir
 The heart of every cricketer.
 And down among the ghosts, who knows,
 May flit dim forms of ghostly Pros;
 (For such as throw on grass may well
 Be doomed to bowl on Asphodel,
 With Rhadamanthus standing there,
 To see that every ball is fair.)
 While ghosts of gentler birth strike at
 A ghostly ball with ghostly bat.
 If so, a little ghost has set
 Himself behind that ghostly net,
 And leaps into the air to clutch
 The thing he loved on earth so much.

F. BAIN.

Some of the allusions in the above will unfold their meaning in the later events of Bandy's life. A more charming appreciation of a dog's life has, I think, never been written, for Matthew Arnold's lines on Geist's Grave are conceived in a different vein.

On one occasion it seemed that Bandy must be absent from one of his beloved cricket matches. He was in hospital, suffering from what the veterinary surgeon said was eczema, — in an ordinary dog it might perhaps have been called mange — but in any case Bandy was *hors de combat* and in confinement. But Bandy throughout life had a well-grounded opinion that "stone walls do not a prison make," and his master's astonishment was great to see a dilapidated little figure strolling presently over the field to his accustomed place. His

owner called out to the medical attendant to know what Bandy's presence meant, and, to add to the quaintness of the incident, the reply came promptly in all good faith, "I don't know, sir. I never told him there was a match on."

When health and strength were his, Bandy showed himself a rigid disciplinarian. While a cricket match was in progress there were various minor games going on in different parts of the field. Bandy's attention was of course given exclusively to the major court, until a criminal proceeding on the part of a fox-terrier attracted him. A big hit from one of the lesser players carried the ball near the terrier, and before the out-field could get up the dog seized the ball between his teeth and bolted with it. None of the spectators within reach stopped him, but Bandy, who had seen the theft from his proud position on the eleven bank, dashed to the rescue. With a growl of mingled astonishment and indignation he flew after the culprit, whom he soon reached and pinned by the throat. He then stood sentry over the disgorged ball till the fieldsman came up and recovered it. Then Bandy, still bristling with disgust, slowly returned to his master's side.

Football and hockey matches Bandy seemed to attend more from a sense of duty, than from any interest he felt in the play itself. He did not watch the game but, satisfied that by his presence he had shown a becoming respect for the occasion, he turned his attention to more interesting matters. He generally spent the time in patrolling touch-lines cut in the turf, for here he had

once found and killed a mouse. Though the joy never came to him again in the same way, he lived in hope of further discoveries.

For the Racquet Court he had a modified affection, but for some time he made a regular appearance there. It was the habit of one of the masters who had retired, but still lived near at hand, to come to the school every Monday and Friday morning at twelve o'clock, to play racquets with the school pair. When he left his garden he always found Bandy waiting to walk back with him to the court. Such a nice perception of times and seasons had Bandy that he was never known to make a mistake either in the day or hour of the visit. From the gallery no play was visible for one of Bandy's size, but he would stand there the hour through, listening to the rattle of the balls he could not see, with every nerve on stretch. There was, too, always the chance of a "skied" ball, but the waiting was long, and from time to time he would give relief to his pent-up feelings by a yell of approval or despair.

One of the many ways in which Bandy showed his appreciation of his recognised position in the school life was by joining any party he thought worthy of his company when they were being photographed. His sense of loyalty to his house was shown in the selection he made, and outside any gathering of his house members, nothing below Common Room was good enough for him. But even then Bandy's sense of justice did not allow him to enjoy any honour that was refused to his friends. When the masters were forming up on the

Bowling Green to be photographed, some one of the party drew attention to the fact that Bandy was not present to complete their number. But it was the summer term, the hour between twelve and one, when Bandy was busy fielding. This he could not miss, and so it seemed that he had cut the photograph. But Bandy was equal to the occasion. Just as the last arrangements had been made, a movement was observed among the interested crowd that on these occasions surrounds the door at the head of the garden steps. A small form slipped through, and Bandy, still panting from his labours at the nets, dashed over the grass and took up the most conspicuous place in the group.

In accordance with custom, a second photograph was asked for, and while the photographer was making his preparations and regrouping his subjects, Bandy disappeared with the same speed that had characterised his advent. But this time the calls of friendship were in his mind, and when he returned he brought two curs of low degree to share his honours with him. But while Bandy was an honoured associate, it was felt that the dignity of Common Room would suffer if his friends were permitted to join the group. The curs were consequently chased away with ignominy, Bandy sitting up meanwhile and watching the treatment meted out to them. He seemed to be considering the situation, and at the moment the cap was taken off, he rose and moving rapidly down the line left a blur on the plate that testified to his feelings on the subject. He then walked off triumphantly to rejoin his rejected friends.

For the second time Bandy nearly met his death on the playing field. A harmless horse, whose business in life it was to pull rollers and mowing machines, spent his leisure hours in grazing at large in the field. Whether it was that his stolid demeanour, or the placid enjoyment that marked his performance, irritated Bandy, certain it is that from one of these or some other equally sound causes he gave the harmless quadruped no peace. His great delight was to dance about just out of range, with short, sharp, most aggravating barks. This he would keep up till the horse moved on, or if all else failed he would try a snap at his heels. Such outrageous conduct was very properly resented, and the day of reckoning came at last. With a thud that sounded far and wide, the victim caught his tormentor full on the head and fairly laid him out. Once more Bandy was carried home to die, and the horse had peace for *one whole day*.

The great problem of Bandy's life was how to carry three Fives balls in his mouth at once. One cricket ball, two Fives balls, or three racquet balls he could manage, but his ambition was to stow away three Fives balls. Over the successful carrying out of this he would spend hours when no more enticing occupation offered itself. As it was a serious business, in the accomplishment of which he must not run the risk of interruption, he would establish himself with his balls in a certain grass plot in the court, which Bandy knew well was out of bounds for all but him. Here his master has often watched him, with the three balls laid out before him.

He would begin by stowing away one ball in either cheek, but with all his efforts he could not get the third in between. Then he would eject them, and with the funniest air of careful thought, turn the matter over in his mind. Starting again, he would put the first ball well down his throat and make heroic efforts to accommodate the other two. A less conscientious dog might have substituted a smaller racquet ball for the third trophy, but such was not Bandy's way, and, alas, death overtook him before he found a solution to the puzzle.

Fond, however, as Bandy was of balls and games, he put duty first. It is almost a creed of Marlborough faith that Bandy never missed a turn out of the School Rifle Corps after he had enrolled himself in that body. As soon as the "Fall in" was sounded he would appear on the scene, and, taking up his position just out of reach of the heels and sword of the Commanding Officer, would do his best to emphasize each word of command. Whether this was quite popular with the C.O.'s is perhaps open to doubt, but here, as in all other details of school life, Bandy was a privileged person. As the corps passed out of court to the cricket field, he remained in attendance on the captain in case his services should be required. It was a red-letter day for Bandy when such an occasion presented itself.

As Bandy lived before the time of the South African War, more attention was paid to the march past than is usual now. It was seldom that a march past was not included in the afternoon's drill. Here Bandy was at his best. No sooner was the word given than he would

dash forward to the head of the band, and take up his post about ten paces in front. His important duty was to lead, and with head and tail up, and eyes front, he did it with becoming attention to details. When the band wheeled left, to take post and play the corps by, Bandy would wheel right, and, stationing himself in dignified manner at the feet of the Captain, would take the salute with him.

Here again Bandy showed his stern ideas of discipline. It was before the days of putties, and short leather gaiters were worn by the volunteers. Mr. Swain, the bandmaster, was apt to be forgetful of details, and one day as the corps, headed by the band, was marching into the field, the captain, from half-way along the column, called the attention of a sergeant to the fact that the bandmaster was without the regulation gaiters. Bandy, who was in his usual place by the captain's side, showed his sense of outraged propriety by springing to the head of the column and seizing Mr. Swain by the ankle, in the place where the gaiters should have been. Whether he was not pleased with the way in which his attentions were received, or did not consider the punishment equal to the offence, Bandy did not let the matter rest here.

The band practices, held in the gymnasium, were gatherings that did not appeal to Bandy, and he was never known to make one of them. But on the practice that followed his disciplinary effort on the parade ground, Bandy made his way to the gymnasium and demanded, and of course received, admission. Without

a second's hesitation he made straight for the astonished instructor, and repeated his warning against laxity. The sufferer suddenly developed an agility on the horizontal bars that no one had suspected him of possessing. The strangest thing perhaps about the incident was that it is the only case in which the dog ever attacked a human.

On the eve of one Field Day poor Bandy was in hospital. On the Monday afternoon he had a tumour removed from his throat, and the corps paraded early on Tuesday morning. One "turn out" then he was bound to miss. But the corps had just fallen in when, as the first word of command rang out, there was a gasp heard. The faithful soldier had managed to escape, and had just enough strength to crawl to his usual place. Is it wonder that such heroism was duly recorded in verse? "Exit Bandy" testifies to the place he held in the affections of his friends. These lines, like the others I have quoted, were written after the dog's death.

EXIT BANDY

A truce to all your games to-day,
 Put football, racquet-ball away,
 Not now the hour for sport and play,
 But sorrow sore instead.
 A friend has vanished from our view
 Whom all of our six hundred knew.
 O sad Six Hundred when to you
 The news came — "Bandy's dead."

Muffle your drums, O Volunteers ;
 Your shrill notes soften to our ears,
 O Fifers ; half a score of years
 He never missed a drill,

But ever as your captain spoke
"Fall in," a bark the courtyard woke
To tell to laggard human folk
 Their dog was punctual still.

He loved us all — would favour none —
The world his playmate; in the sun
Or in the rain to romp and run
 His sole, his whole delight;
Beneath his doleful brow was pent
Indomitable merriment,
To play with boy or man he meant
 All day with all his might.

Was ever cricketer more keen
On our field, or on any seen?
Though summer's labour made him lean
 To him 't was labour sweet;
You hit the ball, he watched its course,
And fast as any Manton horse
Outpaced it ere it spent its force
 And laid it at your feet.

His voice would echo sharp and short
From top tier of the Racquet Court
As if he criticised the sort
 Of stroke you made or missed;
So well he seemed to understand
The tricks of every round he scanned
You vowed him fit to take a hand
 (Or little paw) at whist.

In Hockey, Football less he found
Of dog's delight, though on the ground
He oft would watch with gaze profound
 The fortunes of the game.
And, maybe, mused, "My legs for kicks
Were not devised or holding sticks,
Else in the fray what fun to mix!
 This looking on is tame."

THE PROFESSOR

Self-constituted sentinel
 Our school domain he guarded well ;
 And woe to cur on whom he fell,
 Though twice his weight and size.
 Or, if too strong and big the brute,
 For timely aid of stone or boot,
 He begged us with petition mute,
 As due from sworn allies.

A blithe life — free from pain or ache
 Save when he made some quaint mistake ;
 Once heedless how a ball would break
 It half beat out his brains.
 And once a-hunting he would go,
 And sliced by ploughshare 'neath the snow
 Samaritans had work to sew
 His outside in again.

Well, every dog must have his day,
 Even you, whose gaiety made gay
 Two generations, passed away
 Ere ours, whom Marlborough bred :
 And when was dog so mourned as you ?
 Half sighs, half smiles, the wide world through
 Will blend in thousand-fold adieu
 When news comes — “ Bandy’s dead.”
A. H. BEESLY.

Anything of the nature of a spectacle always had attractions for Bandy. Sunday was, as I have said, a dull time to him, for he was never allowed to follow his friends when they went into chapel. One day, when there was to be a confirmation in the school chapel, the sight of visitors and an unusual stir about the place attracted his attention. Soberly, as befitted the occasion, Bandy watched the crowd slowly pass into the

chapel, and then retired to the Bradleian arches, to be ready for what might yet be in store. Scarcely had he settled down before there issued from the old house the Bishop and the Head Master, side by side, with crozier bearer in front. Bandy was instantly all attention. Was this a procession, within the meaning of the Act? Three was a small quorum, but then there were the robes. It *was* a procession, and with a yell of joy that to his master's ears told only too well what was happening outside, he flew to take part in it. A series of short, sharp barks that sounded like pistol shots in the quiet stillness of the chapel made the watchers inside sharers of the scene that disturbed the serenity of the embarrassed dignitaries. But one of the sufferers was a Bishop, and Bandy's master's diocesan, so we will draw a veil over the sequel.

It was on a Sunday that yet another great disaster nearly ended Bandy's life. To relieve the tedium of the dull hours he went off in the afternoon to do a little rapping on his own account. What followed can only be surmised, but that night Bandy did not return. The next morning a blood-stained track was found leading from a rick on Granham Hill, and on a harrow at the foot of the rick were blood and hair. Bandy must have leaped or fallen from the rick, though how he reached the top must ever be a mystery. That day two boys saw him making a desperate effort to reach home. He was in a terrible condition, and without assistance must have died before he could find his friends. The boys, however, did what they could for him. They took him

to a friendly saddler, who washed his wounds and sewed him up, and again he was carried home apparently in extremis. Once more he was tenderly nursed back to life, and within forty-eight hours he crept from his master's house to the school gates, where his owner found him waiting for him, too feeble to travel further.

Though Bandy was no fighter in the sense that he sought an encounter, he never refused a good offer. He returned sometimes from his little private excursions more than a trifle mauled, but he never made any fuss about his wounds. Rats were ever a joy to him, mice came in for a lesser share of his attentions, and he would spend hours in desperate efforts to dig out a rabbit. There was no mistaking the language with which he would resent any intervention, even from his best friends, at such times. On the other hand he was always ready to acknowledge a really well-timed service.

As the Downs round Marlborough abound in hares, they were ever an attraction to Bandy, and he lived in hope of some day accounting for one. He had a good nose, and would sometimes stick to a stale line till the hare jumped up within a few feet of him. Then away he would go again, always running by scent and not by view. When nearly beat he would sometimes start another hare. "Good," he seemed to say, "I knew I was getting up to her," and with desperate determination he would carry on the chase. His master was often obliged to ride up at last and call him off, "faint, yet pursuing."

Bandy once had a rude shock. He had gone out with one of her late Majesty's judges, to dig out a

badger in the Pewsey Vale, some seven miles off. The holt was in a sand-pit, and had two entrances or pipes. A dog was sent up one of them to mark the badger, and behind the dog a man worked with a short pick, passing the sand out behind him. At the same time another man was told off to crawl up the other pipe and report progress. It was a pouring wet day, and just as Bandy's master arrived on the scene the second man emerged backwards from his pipe. In a moment the judge's coat was off, and in spite of all remonstrances he insisted on taking his turn, and slowly disappeared. The whole proceedings were a mystery to Bandy, and he watched attentively. No sooner did the judge reappear from the bowels of the earth than Bandy dashed in to solve the mystery for himself. His curiosity was quickly satisfied. Instead of a rabbit he found a badger at bay, and in this case he decided that discretion was the better part of valour

It was only comparatively late in life that Bandy turned his thoughts seriously to education. Then for some time he attended his master's lessons regularly, and never was there a more attentive pupil. When the blackboard was being used he would come out and sit in full view of it, and never take his eyes off till the chalk was laid down. For two terms he took up science, but he had the sense to limit his range of study, and only attended a class that was held twice a week. He never mistook the day and hour, and always made a point of escorting the master who was to give the lesson from his rooms to the laboratory.

Occupied as he was, Bandy yet found time for social duties. For some years he always paid one visit every term with unfailing precision. The master who was thus honoured was not conscious of any special claim to such distinction. He lived in rooms at the top of two flights of uncarpeted stairs, and regularly once a term he would hear what sounded like a human step coming slowly up, so self-repressed was Bandy when occasion required. Then would come a tap low down on the door, and in would walk the courteous visitor. The call would pass with no more incident than other visits of ceremony, and after a stroll round the room and a lounge before the fire Bandy would rise, make his bow, and walk downstairs with the same dignified restraint that had marked his approach.

It is as a public character that Bandy's memory lives. The incidents of his private life were few. Though devoted to his master, and with a full sense of the claims of his house fellows upon his time and affections, he was not a demonstrative dog. The only times in which he was wont to display an exuberance of joy, was when his master returned home after the holidays. Then he would go nearly mad with joy, and testify to his delight with no thought for the restraining hand of decorum. If his master was laid aside by illness or accident, Bandy, who at other times did not frequent his bedroom, would always go up, and jumping on the bed, give the special mark of sympathy that the occasion demanded. But Bandy's powers did not lie in the direction of sick-room nursing. His was only a visit of condolence. He was

satisfied that others could look after his master better than he could, and he would go off to one of his many school duties, safe in the confidence that the invalid would be well cared for.

It seems almost sacrilege to speak of such a dog as Bandy being thrashed, but such ill luck has been the portion of other and greater lights of Marlborough, so I may take courage to say that twice such ignominy fell on Bandy. The first time his master felt called on to administer condign punishment was for the crime of chasing sheep on the Downs. The lesson was remembered, and the offence was never repeated.

On the second occasion Bandy resented the treatment meted out to him and took his means of retaliation. It was a prize day, and he wished to share in the unwonted stir and movement that promised untold joys. But his master decided otherwise, and sent him sternly home. From the order there was no appeal. Sadly Bandy turned from promised joys, and meditated vengeance in his heart. Going straight back to the dining room he forthwith jumped on the table, and finding there among other dainties a cold duck, he determined to relieve the tedium of his banishment by a feast. So he devoured the duck in comfort on the floor, and then waited on the doorstep for his master's return. When the latter came in Bandy led the way to the dining room, and conducted his master to the remains of his repast. It was not to be supposed that a free member of the school could be shut out from one of its great functions with impunity.

Bandy was always keenly sensitive to ridicule. It was

a favourite amusement of his to watch the matron dispense the various medicines to the boys. Curled up in her chair, he would follow the proceedings with interest. One of the boys in teasing mood came and stood in front of him, and laughed derisively. Bandy showed his sense of the insult offered him by immediately leaving the room and taking refuge in his master's study. Two years later this boy came down to see the senior master, and as soon as Bandy heard his step outside he made good his escape from the room. As soon as the boy entered, his master knew the cause of Bandy's hurried departure.

Once again Bandy was in hospital, and the very care his friends took of him proved his undoing. No one had mastered the secret of his former escapes from confinement, and to make all sure, Bandy was chained up and left for the night. Alas, the next morning, which by a strange coincidence was his master's birthday, a sad sight met the eyes of his guardians. Bandy, unable to support the indignity of loss of liberty, had strangled himself in mad efforts to escape. There lay his little lifeless form, and grief reigned in Marlborough for the loss of the good comrade and faithful friend, who for ten long years had been a privileged member of the school body.

Yet another friend was moved to verse in his sorrow for his loss.

BANDY

Bandy dead, and such a death!
Sure it makes the heart beat faster,
That he rather strove to die
Than be parted from his master.

THE PROFESSOR

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Countless risks to limb and life
(As I write my spirits falter)
He had weathered; and the end —
Self-destruction with a halter!

Bandy! When from lip to lip
Spread that dismal bit of knowledge,
More than grief for loss of brute
Dimmed the gladness of the college.

How shall we supply the place
Vacant by his sad disaster?
Self-appointed, Bandy long
Held the post of Extra Master.

See him watch behind the nets,
Cerberus-toothed, and Lynceus-sighted;
See him scampering o'er the grass,
Coach and fag in one united.

See him, close inspection o'er,
Column formed, and bugles blowing,
Head the Corps, and through the gates
Trot, the way to glory showing.

In the field, the court, the road,
Barking, bossing had you seen him,
Nil humani, you had said,
Was to Bandy *alienum*.

Never, rare in man! *de trop*,
Ever on occasion handy;
Boys and Masters courage take
From the energy of Bandy!

More than brute, if less than man,
Far beyond all canine measure,
Sharing, conscious of his worth,
Human business and pleasure.

THE PROFESSOR

Mystery strange of brutish soul !
 Beamed from out those doggy features;
More of sympathy for man
 Than his nearer fellow creatures.

Lived throughout that grizzly frame
 Iron purpose past our guiding;
Wisdom hoar that mocked our search
 Deep in those weird eyes abiding.

Where is Bandy's spirit fled ?
 What forbids this hope to cherish,
Wit so keen, and love so strong,
 Are not of the things that perish ?

X. A. M.

THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE

“Here’s fine sport, my masters!”

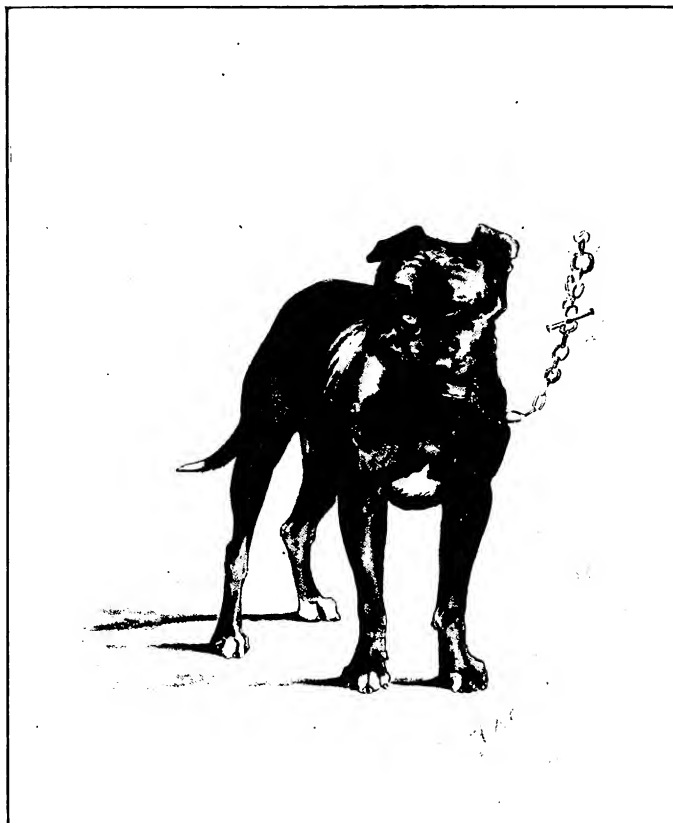
JACK, who belonged to the old breed of fighting dogs, had all the characteristics that marked the better class of those worthies of a bygone age who were known as soldiers of fortune. Brave as a lion, he would fight to the death, but he was gentle and courteous to those in distress, loyal to his friends, and an open enemy. It was strange, indeed, that with his early training he had not learned to love fighting for fighting’s sake. But as he never began an attack, and never lost his head even in the most heated moments of a deadly struggle, he had the advantage of a soldier trained to warfare over less well disciplined opponents. Jack’s enormous strength of jaw and his size — for in fighting condition he was said to weigh fifty pounds — made him a formidable antagonist. But in spite of this, and of his truly ferocious appearance, he was gentle and affectionate in disposition, was on the most friendly terms with every one in the house, where he found a home after the stormy days of his youth, and was never known to start a quarrel with one of his own kind.

His meeting with his future mistress was sufficiently dramatic. This lady was calling at a vicarage in the neighbourhood of her home when, as she reached the front door, she found herself confronted by a remark-

able looking object. Seated on the doorstep was a large, grey, brindled bull terrier, with the square massive head of the bulldog, and in general appearance resembling the pictures of Crib and Rosa and other old-world celebrities. To add to his attractions he had lost half an ear on one side of his face and half of his upper lip on the other. His head was covered with wounds not yet healed, and his neck had been severely mauled recently.

The visitor stood still in astonishment, while she examined him attentively, and Jack on his side kept his place in the middle of the doorway, and returned her gaze, while he slowly turned his head from side to side. Happily the lady does not know what fear is where a dog is concerned, and as soon as she had recovered from her surprise she spoke to the dog in a gentle voice. Jack then rose and came towards her, and after walking round her and sniffing at her skirt he looked up at her and allowed her to pat his head. From that moment his friendship with the stranger began, though there were still some vicissitudes of his strange career to be gone through before he came into her possession.

Inside the house the visitor heard something of his story. Jack had been brought home by the son of the house, who was an undergraduate of Cambridge, and he had become possessed of him under peculiar and, we may hope, unusual circumstances. A fellow undergraduate had purchased Jack from a man who had brought him down from the Staffordshire Potteries, where the bull terrier had a great reputation as a



THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE

JACK

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fighting dog. Many were the tales told of his prowess in deadly combats, in which he had come off with the honours of war. These brutal exhibitions though contrary to law are not yet done away with in mining districts, and that other parts of the country are not free from suspicion in this respect Jack's history will make clear. It would be well if the authorities showed more vigour in putting them down, as they are a disgrace to our boasted humanity and refinement of feeling. It is hard to see how the gruesome sight of dogs deliberately set to maul one another until the life of one is forfeited, lacks any of the brutal elements that have made cock fighting happily a thing of the past.

Unfortunately for poor Jack the hands into which he fell at Cambridge were no more humane than those of his former owners. At a "wine" his new master produced him, and challenged his friends present to find a dog that could "lick" him. Another wild spirit took up the challenge, declaring that his Newfoundland, an unusually large and strong specimen of his breed, could easily give the Staffordshire hero a licking. Bets were made freely, and the furniture was cleared, while the Newfoundland was being fetched. Then the wretched animals were set on, and for a time their struggle was watched by the inhuman men. But the fight grew so savage that the infuriated animals became a danger to the onlookers, and the party put the crowning point to their cowardly proceeding by clearing out of the room and shutting the door on the combatants. It was not till the sounds of fighting had died away that they ventured back to see

what had happened to their victims. The Newfoundland had been killed, and Jack was lying half dead beside him.

Fear of the consequences of their exploit to themselves now entered the young men's minds. If Jack was kept, the Dons would be sure to hear of the affair, and as one of the party was going down the following day, he was persuaded to take the dog with him. The suffering creature was consequently put into a basket and carried down to the Dorset Vicarage, where he was by no means a welcome guest. The Vicar not unnaturally thought that he was not a reputable addition to his household. But the dog could not be turned away till his wounds were healed, and Jack found a home in an outhouse, from which he had made his escape on the day of my friend's visit.

The lady had no sooner heard his history than she expressed a wish to have him. But the Vicar refused point blank to allow him to go to her, and his son told her privately that he meant to keep the dog. On returning from a short absence from home the would-be owner made inquiries about Jack, and what she then heard determined her to make every effort to get possession of the dog, and thus put an end to his fighting career.

Jack's presence at the Vicarage had not been pleasing to an old retriever, who was used to ruling supreme on the premises. Before long a fight ensued between the rivals, and the Vicar, hearing sounds of warfare, rushed out to find matters looking serious. Seizing

the retriever by the tail he called loudly for assistance. This brought Jack's master on the scene, and with considerable difficulty he succeeded in getting his dog by the collar and choking him off. From the fiat of banishment that now went forth there was no appeal, the somewhat undignified part played by the master of the house perhaps adding fuel to his wrath. Anyway, Jack was made over to a travelling pedlar, who passed through the village the following day.

This man had a large white bull terrier of his own, which, he said, he kept to guard his cart. With the same brutal instincts displayed by Jack's former owners the pedlar determined on a fight between the dogs. For the benefit of himself and his friends the entertainment was brought off in a back yard. So desperately did the dogs fight that to save their lives the men at last separated them. Too late, however, to save the life of the white dog, which died of its wounds, while Jack was in a dreadful condition, and it seemed doubtful if he would recover.

My friend found out where the dog was, and sent the Vicar's son, who had brought him into the neighbourhood, to buy the poor suffering creature for her. The embassy was successful, and Jack, the most miserable remnant of a dog that ever was seen, and with his neck in such a state that it was months before he could bear a collar, came to the home that sheltered him for the remainder of his days.

Jack's adventures were by no means over, but he was too intelligent ever to enter on a struggle lightly. He

knew what fighting meant, and did not run into danger needlessly. What to others was a mere incident in their quarrelsome lives was for him a matter in which the science of war and the risks of battle had to be considered. These fighting dogs are trained never to let go of their opponent till they have a firm grip of the head, and then, from the working of their terrible jaws, there is little hope for the victim. The dog that fastens on to the leg of his opponent is not accounted much good, as, though he may break the bone and cause terrible agony, he is not likely to succeed in killing the other. The brutalising effect of such contests as those in which Jack had taken part seems to be shown more clearly on the men who organise them than on the animals they train. This is, at least, as it should be, for it is man's superior intelligence that is perverted to provide the so-called sport, while the dogs are but the puppets made to dance at his orders.

Jack's appearance always remained sufficiently alarming to terrify weak nerves. In his new home he used to spend long hours lying on a mat in the front hall, and always did so of an afternoon unless he was out driving with his mistress. He was in his usual place when two ladies arrived to tea. One of the visitors stepped out of the carriage to ring the bell, and this, being almost over Jack's head, awoke him with a start. The dog sprang to his feet with a growl, and his unexpected appearance struck such terror into the heart of the visitor that she fled back to the brougham for protection. Her companion, an older lady, just then in the act of

stepping out, received her friend's onslaught with no hope of withstanding the shock. She was knocked backwards on to the floor of the brougham, where the fugitive tumbled on the top of her, Jack meanwhile watching the unwonted proceedings with interest, but without showing the least sign of wishing to join in the fray. When the visitors had been safely escorted into the house, and the elder lady understood the cause of her friend's fright, her anger was great. How could any one suppose that a dangerous dog would be allowed to lie at the front door? she inquired. But the other who could not be persuaded to allow Jack to come near her, or indeed to be in the same room with her, asserted that his look was enough to frighten any one, and if he came near her *she should do the same again.*

But Jack behaved with exemplary courtesy to all visitors to the house, and to his mistress he was devotedly attached. This love he only extended in anything like the same degree to one person, and that was his mistress's mother. He always had a special welcome for her when she made one of her occasional visits to the house, and constituted himself her guardian, seeming to understand perfectly that as she had nearly lost her sight she needed protection. Whenever his mistress was out, if Jack did not go with her, he would go straight up to her mother's room and sit by her side, and no one could induce him to move till his mistress returned. His affection and care were much appreciated, and Jack and the elder lady became the firmest friends. She was in the habit of taking a little stroll in the afternoon along

the carriage drive, and with Jack for a companion she said she felt perfectly safe. He always walked close by her side, and to give her warning when any one was coming, he would look up at her and give a little friendly growl.

To his mistress he was the most vigilant of guards, and his encounter with a tramp was talked of far and wide in the county. For some time the cottagers in the neighbourhood had been troubled by the visits of this man. It was his custom to watch the men off to work, and then go and bully the women until he got money from them. One spring morning, when Jack's owner was sitting in the drawing room with the window open, a shadow cast across her book caused her to look up. She saw a short, sturdily built man of the dirtiest possible appearance in the act of stepping into the room from the verandah. She realised at once that it was the tramp, from the descriptions she had heard from some of his former victims. She knew, too, that he must have watched the house and chosen his time as usual when the men were absent. Probably from the shelter of the shrubbery he had seen the two gentlemen of the household drive away in the dogcart, and had waited until the outside men had gone home for their dinner. The only man left about the place was the butler, who was on the far side of the house.

Starting from her chair the lady asked the intruder what he wanted. "I want some money," was the surly response. "I have nothing for you;" and as she spoke she made a step towards the bell. But the man was too

quick for her. Flinging himself before her, and thus cutting her off from the power of summoning assistance, he said threateningly, "I means to have some before I goes." His startled victim looked round hastily for a weapon of defence, as her doubtful visitor held a short thick stick in his hand, which he looked quite capable of making use of to achieve his object. Her eye fell upon Jack asleep under a chair in the back room. Clapping her hands to rouse him, she called, "Go for him, Jack," and the dog sprang to his feet, and with a savage growl made straight for the man. In an instant the intruder was back on the verandah, striking blindly at the dog with his stick. Jack was not to be caught, and cleverly dodging the blows aimed at him he danced round with every bristle up and his eyes glaring.

The man backed away along the verandah shouting at the top of his voice, Jack after him, and his mistress following and encouraging the dog. In this way the procession worked round the house till it reached the garden gate. Here the man turned and tried to bolt through, but Jack was on the watch, and instantly making his spring, he fastened on to the man's thigh and hung like grim death. Never was there a more abject picture of fright than the tramp presented. He roared with pain and fear combined, and throwing away his stick made frantic efforts to get his hand into his pocket. Seeing the movement, and fearing that a knife might be brought into play against Jack, his mistress caught the dog by the collar, exclaiming as she did so, "I will try and get him off, if you will be

quiet." This was no easy matter, for Jack's blood was up, but luckily there was a wrench, and with a piece of dirty, rotten cloth in his mouth the dog fell back. It was the work of a moment for the tramp to bang to the gate between him and his assailant. By the time the household came hurrying up to see what was the matter the man was making best pace down the drive, and was never heard of in that neighbourhood again.

It is to be noted that even in his angriest moments Jack never resented his mistress's efforts to check him. Neither now nor at any period of his life, however great the provocation, did he turn upon her. As he understood and was ready to respond to her call for aid, so he respected her restraining hand, even though, like an angry child, he could not give in to the restraint at once.

On one evening in the week my friend was in the habit of walking across the fields to the village in order to play the organ for the choir practice. Jack always accompanied her, and as long as it was light he followed close at her heels. Directly it grew dark Jack invariably changed his position and trotted along in front of her. He then gave notice of any one approaching by a warning growl, and if the passer by ceded the path to him all went well, and he took no further notice. If, however, the intruder kept to the path, things were not made so pleasant for him. One very dark night Jack's mistress heard the warning growl, and then a quick rush, and a man's voice raised in alarm. Hurrying to the rescue she saw, as well as the darkness would allow,

what appeared to be a man on the ground and a dog on the top of him. Seizing Jack by the collar she found it an unexpectedly easy task to pull him off, as whatever it was that he had firmly in his teeth came away with him. The man struggled to his feet and fled for dear life, and it then turned out that Jack's trophy was a large bundle done up in a red handkerchief, and with a stick through it, which the man had evidently been carrying over his shoulder. Holding Jack firmly his mistress called to the fugitive that he might come back safely and secure his property. But he would have none of it, and continued his headlong course, while Jack and his mistress reached home without further adventure.

Another of Jack's exploits was in saving her from the attack of a savage cow. A farmer in the parish had put a cow and her calf in a field, through which ran a path that led into the village. Through this field the Vicar's daughter had come one afternoon to see Jack's owner, bringing her old retriever with her. On her return she was charged by the cow, and in her efforts to escape fell into a deep ditch. The retriever meantime flew at the cow, but finding himself hard pressed, jumped after his mistress, who in her fright thought her infuriated assailant had come after her. She and her dog eventually managed to scramble through the hedge into the next field, and found their way home. Knowing that the lady on whom she had been calling would be coming down later to the practice, she sent a note to warn her of the danger. But the messenger wisely

preferred to go the longer way by the road, and he thus missed the lady, who with Jack had already started across the fields. On getting over a stile she found herself face to face with a large half-bred Hereford cow, which without the slightest warning rushed straight at her. Springing to one side she left the way open to Jack, who proved quite equal to the encounter. Jumping at the cow's head, he caught her firmly by the nose and there hung. It was now the cow's turn to try and get away, and she rushed round and round in a circle, swinging the clinging dog completely off the ground. All her efforts being of no avail, she sank at last on her knees and laid groaning on the ground. Just then the farmer appeared, and with his help the cow was released, and Jack was then hurried away. The cow recovered from her fright, and was none the worse for her adventure, but she was promptly removed to a quieter grazing ground.

One of Jack's pleasures was to accompany his mistress in her drives. He always ran under the dog-cart, and if pursued by other dogs would never take any notice of them for fear of losing the cart. His mistress therefore always drove on when any assailant appeared, as she knew Jack would not leave her. This proof of attachment sometimes cost him dear, as his enemies were wont to think that his flying figure meant fear, and that they could bully him as they pleased. This was specially the case with a large collie who lived in a neighbouring town to which Jack and his mistress often went. The collie had a habit of rushing after any

dog following a carriage, and his great speed generally allowing him to come up with them, he would then roll them over and, after shaking and biting them, run back to his master as if sure of approval. This was indeed more or less true, for the master, whenever he was remonstrated with on the behaviour of his dog, always replied that he meant no harm and only acted in play.

After a time the owner of the collie set up a second, a younger dog, who, of course, speedily followed in the steps of his elder. The two dogs once rushed on Jack, as he was passing in his usual place under the cart, and gave him a severe mauling. After that his mistress always took him up when they were likely to meet his enemies, and one day when she went into a shop she fastened a piece of string to Jack's collar and led him. She had just reached the shop door when she saw the older collie rushing towards them. Turning in hastily to avoid him, Jack lay down quietly beside her chair, but the collie rushed in and fell upon Jack, and with a snap of the string from the latter's collar, the two were fighting in the street. For the first few minutes the collie seemed to have the best of it, for he pinned Jack and was tearing at him with all his strength. The lady and gentleman, in whose charge the collie was at the time, seemed rather amused at the adventure, and did not offer to interfere, while Jack's mistress, knowing that his turn would come, and thinking the attacker deserved a lesson, remained passive.

Presently the collie, who thought he was going to have things entirely his own way, recklessly put his

foreleg across Jack's open mouth. The powerful jaws closed on it, and the collie, releasing his hold of Jack's throat, howled loudly, while he tried in vain to pull his leg away.

Jack, however, was no leg fighter, and struggling to his feet he released the leg, and, catching the collie by the side of the head, turned him over on his back. The collie's guardians now wished to interfere, the lady calling out to her companion to save her dog. The man raised his walking stick and was in the act of bringing it down on Jack's head, when the latter's mistress interfered. Fortunately she had brought a walking stick in her hand when she left the dogcart, and striking up the threatening stick of the other, she exclaimed, "He shall not be touched." But seeing that the collie would soon suffer the extreme penalty of the law unless rescued, she seized Jack by the collar and told him to leave go. His mistress always says she can never forget the look of reproach her dog turned on her. Lowering his bristles and wagging his tail Jack fixed his eyes on her face with an expression that was almost human. His look said as plainly as words, "What a shame to baulk me of my vengeance, now that I have at last got my chance." Nevertheless, he let go his hold, and the tattered collie was led away. After this the collie was always put on a lead when he was taken into the town. Jack once met him when he was being led, and the way in which he showed that a dog who was not free was not worthy of his notice was very funny. Jack raised his head and stared at the collie for a moment and then passed on with con-

tempt written in his bearing, while the other, with lowered tail and scared look, showed relief at getting by unnoticed.

At home Jack had a rival in the form of a black, curly coated retriever, named Bob. This dog showed his jealousy by falling on Jack whenever he found an opportunity, and their contests were endless. Bob, however, was not a fighting dog, and as soon as the struggle reached a certain point he stopped. Jack, who looked on Bob as an amateur unworthy of his serious attention, always stopped as soon as the other did, and never offered to renew the fight. The two dogs often went with their mistress when she was riding, as Bob had no time for quarrelling when he was following the horse. But when the rider was opening a gate on a river bank, in order to cross by the ford, the gate swung back on Jack, who always followed close at her horse's heels. While he was struggling to force his way through, Bob took the opportunity of falling on him. Their mistress jumped from her horse to separate them, and as they were now fighting on the top of the bank she rolled them over into the water. With a great splash they disappeared, but Bob, who was first to come to the surface, was none the worse for his ducking, and swimming a little way down stream soon found an easy landing place. Jack was not so fortunate, for being a much heavier dog he had a deeper fall, and when he came up he was covered with mud. He seemed, too, slightly dazed, and instead of following Bob's example he tried to scramble up the high bank close to him. Time after

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time he fell back, and his mistress, fearing lest he should be drowned, lay down on the bank and, reaching over, tried to get hold of his collar.

Bob, meantime, sat and watched the proceeding, and seeing his mistress's ineffectual efforts he jumped into the water and, seizing Jack by the collar, towed him down to the landing place and then, scrambling up backwards, tried to drag Jack after him. His owner rushed to his assistance, and by their united efforts Jack was pulled up, and in a few minutes the two dogs were trotting on amicably together.

Their last encounter was a bad one for their mistress. It was a hot summer day, and she had taken a book into the garden and settled herself under the shade of a tree with Jack by her side. After a time she fell asleep, and was awakened by a weight on her chest that threatened to suffocate her. A loud worrying saluted her ears, and to her horror she found that Bob and Jack were having a scrimmage on the top of her prostrate form. Struggling hard to release herself, she at last slipped from under them, and the dogs continued their combat on the ground. It was one of the worst fights they ever had, for Jack meant business, so that Bob was glad at last to be carried away. After this Bob found another home, but he neither forgot nor forgave his old enemy and was always ready for a row whenever they met.

One of Jack's great amusements was boxing with his mistress's brother. The latter, putting on his boxing gloves, used to go down on his knee, while Jack stood opposite him, all attention for the signal to begin.

Jack's aim was to get a hold of one of the gloves, while his opponent tried to keep him out by bowling him over. Jack was often rolled head over heels by a well directed blow, but in the end he always got a grip of one of the gloves, which he was allowed to carry off in triumph. Though he used to get wildly excited over the performance he was not savage. He wagged his tail the whole time as a sign of good fellowship, and quite understood that it was only a pastime, and not to be considered as one of the serious duties of life.

In his older days Jack was very fond of lying in front of the kitchen fire. This place he shared with a large white cat named Muff, and very funny it was to see the two strangely assorted creatures lying curled up side by side. Nothing would move Jack from his place. If the fire became too hot he would stay till his coat was actually scorched, only showing his discomfort by an angry growl. This always upset Muff, who on hearing the noise would fall on him, and was of course punished for his insolence, till the cook, whose pet he was, rushed to his rescue. In one of these scrimmages Muff got such a sharp squeeze from his powerful enemy that in terror he made a spring at a high window, trying to escape. Instead, however, of getting through he came against the blind which was partly down. To this he clung, and his weight being twelve pounds brought down the roller, which with the cat still clinging to his perch, fell with a clatter into the midst of plates and dishes, making a noise that raised the whole household. Jack and Muff being equally startled with the unexpected result

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of their conflict, fled for their lives, leaving the cook a sadder and a wiser woman.

It was in front of the kitchen fire that Jack's adventurous life came to an end. We may fancy what dreams of past exploits came to soothe the days of failing powers, when the worn-out warrior knew that his work was done. With the scars of many conflicts and the respectful sympathy of friend and foe alike, Jack found his last resting-place in the shrubbery of his home, facing the door near which he used to lie.

THE ARTISTIC THIEF

*“ They also know
And reason not contemptibly.”*

JET, in appearance and character, had a distinction all his own. That the latter was due to a subtle cleverness which frequently led him from the paths of virtue did not prevent his being in private life a dog of high moral character. He never condescended to petty thieving, but when an occasion presented itself that he felt was worthy of his powers, Jet threw himself into it with all the enthusiasm of a true artist.

He was a King Charles spaniel of a type now unknown, and was believed to be the last specimen of his kind. He was coal black from tip to tail, and had lovely blue-black eyes that completed the duskiness of his appearance. His head was not so short as the present fashion demands, though it was shorter than those painted by Landseer, or portrayed by the eighteenth-century artists.

As a puppy he was too leggy for perfect beauty, but there was no evidence of this when he thickened out, and had grown a silky coat that swept the ground, from the tip of his undocked feathery tail to his ears. The latter were of extraordinary length, and would tie easily over his mouth — in a bow his family declared, but certainly in a love knot. When he was six months old, he

came from his home in the Isle of Wight into the possession of one of the family, with some member of which he spent the remainder of his life.

While his master, who was a curate, was still living at home, Jet started on the career that made him famous. Belonging to another member of the family was a Blenheim puppy, of the kind now known as a Ruby. Both the mites were fond of Pearl biscuits, and these were bought for them in small quantities, as they did not come within the scope of the lawful housekeeping arrangements. The little fat Peter was more than once found busily engaged on the floor with a bag of his favourite dainties, though this had been put well out of his reach, and his size and shape forbade the idea of his having fetched it down. But one day when the dining-room door was standing half open, Jet was seen to jump on to the sideboard, shake and break the bag of biscuits, and, after securing what he wanted for himself, push the lightened bag down to the waiting Peter. At the first movement of the door Jet flew from his perch, and by the time the visitor was in the room he was sitting in a corner looking a model of innocence and ignorance. Peter, meanwhile, ate hard, while there was still time, but *his* lapses from virtue were explained.

Before long Jet accompanied his master to a Midland town, where the latter had rooms over a grocer's shop. He speedily made himself at home there, and was a favourite with every one in the house. A trick of his puppyhood, not yet got rid of, was the love of tearing books to pieces. Many times Jet was corrected for this

crime, but when a book lying on his master's writing-table disappeared bodily he was not even suspected. Not a sign of torn leaves pointed to his indulgence in a forbidden pleasure. It was not till his master left the rooms a year later that Jet's delinquency was made clear. When a heavy set of bookshelves was moved from its place, there, pushed carefully from view behind them, lay the remains of the missing book. Every leaf was torn, and it was evident that during some prolonged absence from home of his owner Jet had had a long day's enjoyment with them. That he had managed to clear away every sign of the fragments said not a little for the intelligence he had brought to bear on the matter. But this artistic finish to his work was what made Jet a leader in his line.

There was trouble for the mistress of the house soon after Jet took up his abode there. In her shop there were various trays of eggs, each with its appropriate label. Some were marked "Real Fresh Laid," and only those in the mistress's confidence knew that another place must be sought for eggs that actually deserved this title. But from the latter store one or more eggs disappeared daily. No one but those in the house could go with such unfailing certainty to the choicest store. Many were the conjectures, and suspicion at last fell on a maid-servant. But the mistress one day felt an obstruction under a door mat, and lifting the mat she saw a collection of egg-shells that gave her the clew to the thief. Jet was undoubtedly the culprit, though how he had managed to get at the contents of the egg-tray

remained a mystery. The maid's character was cleared of suspicion, though it was pointed out to her with some force that she had only her own slovenly habits of cleaning to thank for having been suspected.

Jet at this time was a very independent little dog, as he was left to his own devices while his master was engaged in the parish. Being of a friendly disposition, he made many acquaintances among his fellows, his chosen friend being a large spaniel, who lived in the yard of Jet's home. This spaniel was fastened up during the day to act as guardian to the shop, and it was not till business hours were over that he was let loose and allowed to rove at liberty. One day Jet had what might well have been a serious encounter in the streets with a large mongrel, and it was only the little thing's nimbleness that saved him from the chastisement the other was anxious to inflict. Jet's master was absent from home, so the dusky mite took refuge with his friend the spaniel, whose house he refused to leave for the remainder of the day.

What was it that passed between the two dogs in those long hours they spent together, before the time of relief for the larger one came? It is a case in which we feel we would give much to be able to pierce the unknown nature of their communications. As soon as the spaniel was unfastened, he and Jet were seen to start off at once on an expedition that looked like business. There was no aimless roving or barking. Jet led the way, and his big friend followed. After some search they came upon the mongrel, and without the

slightest sign of hesitation the spaniel made for him and proceeded to business. Jet meantime sat down quietly on the pavement and awaited developments. The spaniel's size was in his favour, and he managed in the end to drive the enemy off the field. As soon as this was done Jet joined him, and the two trotted quietly back together. That the story of the morning's adventures had by some means been conveyed by Jet to his friend, it seems scarcely possible to doubt in view of their subsequent action.

Jet's next change of residence took him back to the family house in town, where he met his future mistress. He attached himself to her from the first, and always remained devoted to her. Yet with this one exception Jet's greatest friend throughout life was himself. He showed his capacity for affection in the strong and deep attachment he displayed to his mistress, but outside this he was a self-centred little epicurean, to whom personal comfort and the good things of this life were of paramount importance. He showed a gentlemanly regard for all members of the family, and was very popular with the servants. The latter always spoke of him as "Little Master Jet," for the custom begun in jest soon grew into a habit. "Shall I take out little Master Jet?" or "What will little Master Jet have for dinner?" came to be regarded as a matter of course in speaking of him.

When the time came for Jet's lawful owner to leave home, there was trouble with the determined little spaniel. He clung resolutely to the mistress he had

chosen, and no bribes would draw him from her side. Even his favourite dainties had no charm for him, when their enjoyment meant leaving the shelter he had taken up. Finally the schoolroom party, of which Jet's friend was the eldest member, clubbed their money together and bought him at his original price. The rules in the house were stringent about pets, but Jet, finding the hours long when his mistress was at lessons, refused to be bound by them. He even made good his place in the drawing room, sacred to the elders. Here he one day found his owner's grandmother in tears on her couch. Springing up to her, he expressed his sympathy with rose-leaf tongue and silky paws in such dainty fashion that from that moment his position was assured.

No dog ever had a stronger sense of fun than Jet. He dearly loved a practical joke, and showed the nicest discrimination in the choice of the pranks he played on the different members of the household. He was a capital jumper, and very quick in his movements, and no sooner did he see one of his older friends lean forward in his chair in the excitement of conversation than a rapid spring would carry him into the space behind the speaker. The instant he had accomplished this he would to all appearance fall into such a ridiculously sound slumber that he was deaf to all blandishments addressed to him. But no sooner had he been lifted from his perch than he was as wide awake as ever, and evidently well pleased with the successful carrying out of his coup.

The trick for the younger ones was of a different

nature, as it was no fun to usurp a place that was instantly ceded to him. A tiny scratch at the door would demand admission to the schoolroom, but when it was thrown open for him, there was no Jet to be seen. A few minutes later the same signal would be made, and always with the same result. His dusky colour and his rapid movements aided him in his flight, but if his victim waited inside the door to catch him, not a sound would be heard until she had resumed her seat. At last Jet's excitement could no longer be controlled, and a bark from his place of concealment would betray his presence. These tricks were entirely of his own devising, but his young owners soon taught him the usual accomplishments, and he would beg or trust to order. But he was sometimes called upon for his performances when he did not feel inclined for them. Then no power on earth would move him. It was no uncommon sight for one of his young instructors to be on her knees, scolding and propping Jet up, in the vain hope of getting a regulation beg from him. Time after time Jet would fall a little backboneless heap on the floor, really a much better piece of acting than the stereotyped trick he was asked for.

His walks on the chain, with his mistress in town, were a model of propriety. But with the youngest member of the schoolroom party, whenever the honour of his guardianship was confided to her, the result was very different. Then mad rushes at fat-legged children, and shrill barks at nervous passers-by came to heighten the pleasures of the walk, and it is to be feared that they

were not altogether displeasing to his small guardian. It was only play, and the young things at either end of the lead had not yet learned to take life seriously.

It was on the occasion of his chosen mistress's first dance that Jet again showed his distinguishing talent. He always loved bright colours and evening dress, and when he saw his mistress in all the glories of her first ball dress, he showed his admiration in the most flattering way by walking backwards in front of her with little yelps of approval. When she left him his owner kissed her thanks to the discerning mite, and whispered to him not to be dull, but to enjoy himself. This injunction Jet proceeded to carry out.

He was left in the dining room, where a meal had been put on the table for the master of the house, who was not expected home till a late hour. When he arrived he received a warm welcome from Jet. Everything looked cosy and inviting to a tired traveller, but it seemed the parlourmaid had been forgetful. Butter and cheese had both been forgotten. True, both cheese and butter dish were on the table, but neither of them had been used. Thinking it too late to disturb the household, the meal was made without them. The next morning the mistress of the house, having been told of the oversight, mentioned it to the parlourmaid. But the maid indignantly denied the imputation. She was certain she had put both butter and cheese ready for the master.

Could Jet know anything about it? It seemed improbable, for neither the meat nor any of the other

dishes on the table had been touched, and these would have been much more to his taste than the missing things. There was not the faintest paw-mark to suggest his having been on the table, and the two empty dishes seemed to say that nothing had been laid on them. Later it was discovered that the cheese was missing from the larder, but nothing explained the mystery until the remains of the nibbled cheese were discovered in a rounded recess in the dining room where the sideboard stood. It had been so cleverly concealed that it only came to light when the sideboard itself was moved. With its discovery Jet's crime was made clear. He had evidently jumped on the table to investigate, and with his usual discrimination refraining from touching what would have proclaimed his guilt at once, he had eaten the butter and cleaned the dish so that no trace of his work was left. Then he must have pushed the cheese from the table, taking care to leave no sign behind, and after finishing his meal on it, put it cleverly out of sight.

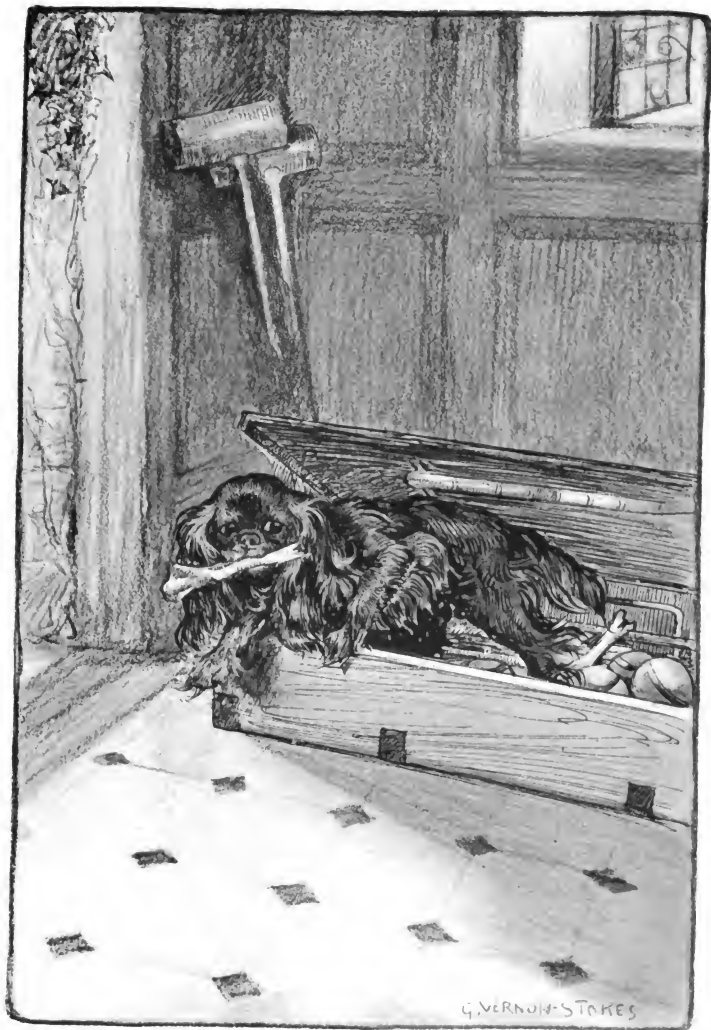
The hold Jet had by this time secured in the family affection was proved by the fact that his mistress's parting injunction to enjoy himself was held to be the cause of the crime, and it was decreed that the delinquent was not to be punished.

It may be easily believed that the kitchen was no place for such a fascinating dog. Visits to the cook were found to injure his digestion, and they were sternly forbidden. The study, however, was on the ground floor, for the house being built on a hill, the windows of the back room opened on to the large garden common to

all the houses of the long row. A visit to the study often gave Jet his opportunity. While his own mistress was in the schoolroom Jet would go to the study with her mother. One morning, having omitted to close the door after her, his temporary guardian found that Jet had left her. Calling to him she saw a little dusky form creep noiselessly from the front kitchen, pass the open door without a sound, and make his way upstairs. A second later an excited and noisy little dog came clattering downstairs, and rushed into the study with every manifestation of joy at having found out where she was. The cleverness of his acting here again saved him from punishment for disobedience to orders.

Jet, as I have said, was fed with great care, and such unwholesome dainties as bones of birds were forbidden him. But it was often noticed that when he came in from a run in the big gardens he had been eating something. One day he was so uncomfortable that, dropping concealment, he came to his mistress for assistance. A fine bone had worked its way into his upper lip. His mistress was puzzled as to how it came there, but concluded that some cat must have taken it into the gardens. A few days later the croquet things were wanted, and as soon as the box was opened, Jet's supply of bones stood revealed. There in a corner was a little hoard of grouse bones.

The box stood in the small space between the top of the kitchen stairs and the door that led into the gardens. The bones must have been taken from the plates as they were brought from the dining room, and the half-open



THE ARTISTIC THIEF

JET

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box that stood invitingly near offered a ready place of concealment. In Jet's many unattended excursions into the gardens he must have visited his store and taken some out for present enjoyment, but never by a sniff as he passed at any other time did he betray their presence. Doubtless he heard with complacency, touched by grief at the loss of his store, the admiration expressed for his talents and his self-restraint.

Only once was Jet surprised in the act. An open larder door and an eager attentive collie, gazing with longing at an upper shelf, surprised him out of his usual attention to details. The larder floor was sunk, and from the top of the unguarded steps it was the work of a moment for Jet to jump on to the opposite shelf. Here he proceeded to lift the wire covering from a couple of ducks, and not having made good his bearings previously, he was discovered busily employed by the kitchen authority, when she returned to close the door against intruders.

At this time it was a much disputed point between the respective owners of the collie and the spaniel as to which dog was the culprit in the matter of stealing toast from the breakfast table before any one was down in the morning. Jet's exploit in the larder was held to settle the question, and he was gently cuffed and sternly spoken to on the subject. But Jet was not of those who suffer wrong patiently. The following morning an imperious little barking creature made his appearance in the kitchen and induced one of the maids to go with him to the dining room. Here the collie was found

helping himself to toast, and it would be hard to say whether Jet or his mistress was the better pleased at the discovery.

Jet's appearance gained him a great deal of attention, and added to his self-importance. His way of receiving any expression of admiration from strangers was quite his own. A blank, unseeing stare of haughty indifference came over him, and just the tip of a pink tongue suggested intentional rudeness if the attentions were too pressing. A quick look of intelligence at his own people that passed like a flash claimed their sympathy in his performance, and in this Jet was rarely disappointed.

As a young and very healthy dog, Jet had very keen senses and a good memory. His knowledge of locality was above the common, and though he travelled much he was never lost, either in town or country. If his mistress lost him, she knew it was wilful behaviour on his part, and that when the welcome call was heard at the door, a repentant mass of silky black hair would soon be asking pardon at her feet. Once, indeed, his owner thought he had strayed. She had taken him with her to stay at a friend's house in a strange part of London, and they arrived at their destination in a thick fog. Almost immediately Jet demanded to be let out, and so insistent was he that at last the front door was opened for him. Straight out into the fog he rushed, and as time passed without his return his mistress gave him up for lost. But Jet, doubtless, had been satisfying a natural curiosity as to the nature of his surroundings, and in due course a calm little dog came back, as if

thick fog and strange houses were a matter of no moment to him.

In the country the pleasures of a walk had nothing sedate about them. Jet hunted the country round, in spite of the drawbacks attached to his long love-locks. Often, when his short nose had to trace the scent, and the pace was hot, his beautiful ears would get under his front paws. But a silent somersault was all that happened ; he paid no attention to the pain, in the eagerness of his pursuit. The larger dogs were always ready to follow up Jet's discoveries, and though when they looked over stones or banks the tiny leader had to jump on the obstacles, he was always to the front.

Jet was always ready to lead his followers into mischief. If he did not fight himself, he liked seeing others fight, and was never tired of having the sheep chased in the park at his suggestion. A young collie was a great ally of his, and Jet was once watched as he collected a brood of young chickens and set the other dog to drive them into the river. At this point his owner intervened, and Jet was hurried away from the Highland farm where his exploit had taken place. Years afterwards, when Jet's happy little life was ended, his mistress was again in the neighbourhood, and heard from the lips of a stranger staying at the farm the history of the little black dog's mischievous performance, which on a former visit he had watched from a window.

When Jet and his mistress first went to live in the country, the latter began to keep chickens. These lived in a stable, and a small hole cut in the door let

them in to nests and safety. There were great cacklings in the mornings, which raised their owner's hopes high, but it was seldom indeed that an egg was found. Jet's mistress, who was new to country occupations and was keenly interested in the success of her chickens, studied books on the subject, and watched her unsatisfactory hens with care. There was never a sign of a broken egg-shell about the place, and she therefore scouted the idea with scorn that Jet should be interested in the matter. One day, however, she called Jet to her when she had in her hand an egg that was to be cut up for her canaries. Jet came running up in answer to the call, but no sooner did he see the egg than he fell on his back, with waving paws in the air, a self-convicted criminal.

The question now was as to how the mischief had been wrought. Many were the theories suggested, but one after another they were all felt to be untenable. A few days afterwards Jet's old friend the collie had to be fastened up, as a disagreeable neighbour had a still more disagreeable gamekeeper, and the latter threatened to shoot all dogs found on his land. This proved to be Jet's undoing.

As soon as he was let out in the morning, Jet made his way to the stable, squeezed his small body through the door, and without destroying the friendly relations between him and the mothers, secured his morning feast of eggs. Leaving no trace of his meal, he was seen to come out, bearing a shell in his mouth, and look round for the collie. He then went back and brought away every remnant of shell that would have borne evidence

against him. But no friendly collie came at his call to eat up the little pile of broken shell and thus bring the enterprise to its usual successful ending. Jet had done his part with all the finish of an accomplished conspirator, but the egg-shells remained as a witness against him. When his mistress paid her usual after-breakfast visit to the chicken yard, Jet showed no disposition to accompany her.

The tiny creature had a brave heart, and before he left his London home he saved the house from being robbed. Along the row of houses ran a parapet that led past some of the bedroom windows, of which Jet's mistress's room was one. While the family were downstairs at dinner, Jet was lying on the bed in this room. A man who came creeping along the parapet stopped at the window and prepared to effect an entrance. But Jet was on the alert, and springing from the bed he barked his loudest, thereby causing the burglar to move on, and in time bringing his family up to see what dire misfortune could have happened to him. But though resolute in doing his duty, Jet had no taste for acting guard, and never again would he be left alone in that room.

He was about two and a half years old when he first went with his family to the seaside. He had not seen the sea since he left his first home at the age of six months, but he greeted the sight of it as that of an old friend. His first performance was to lead a younger but much larger dog into difficulties over the slippery seaweed-covered rocks. To Jet's slight form and active ways these presented no difficulty; but he insisted on

the other dog following him until, the puppy's strength and courage both failing, he came to a standstill in a spot perilously near the advancing waves. Then Jet was satisfied, and hastened back to his friends to tell them their assistance was needed. While he watched the rescue there was an air of self-possessed interest and innocent enjoyment about him that he always displayed on these occasions.

The hour of bathing was not one of unmixed enjoyment for Jet. He had no idea of risking his dainty form in the vast expanse of water, and resisted all invitations to join in his friends' pleasure. But when he saw his mistress plunge into unknown dangers, he no longer hesitated. With a spring and a splash he resolutely faced the peril for himself, and swam out to her assistance. After this, Jet's devotion was not put to the test again.

No one realised that the active little creature had passed the prime of life till an accident brought the sad fact home to his friends. He seemed to do no more than give a passing sniff at a dead rat, but the whiff of strychnine was enough to give him slight spasms and fits, from which it took him long to recover. Never again was Jet to enjoy life with the same irresponsible freedom that had marked his earlier days. When his sight began to weaken, he was very tetchy about its being noticed, for his ardent little spirit could not brook the restraining limits of a semi-invalid existence. Yet he lived to a good old age, and only left his many friends when sixteen summers had brought him the varied joys of which he had known how to make the most.

BOOK II
STUDIES AND STORIES

I

“A continuous chain of small actions, on the thread of character.”

IN reading the life stories of the five dogs whom I have chosen for special notice, we must, I think, be struck with the remarkable effect on each of the particular environment of his life. Is this not the very effect that the circumstances of his early years has on a child? When in later life we meet a man or a woman who has been reared in a home circle of culture and refinement, there are many subtle marks and intangible echoes of those early days that make themselves felt in spite, it may be, of rougher and less elevating conditions of later years. While the human character is individual and marked off as a personal attribute, the mind has responded to the influences of the surroundings in which the most impressionable part of the life was passed.

I believe that it is the same with dogs. The ego, the personal entity that gives to each member of the canine race his individual claim on our humanity, is made akin to us by his response to the mental training we give him. If the dog were nothing more than an automaton, such response would not, and could not, have the strong individual characteristics that bring the dog into such close union with us. The more we

study dog life, and strive with all the disabilities that meet us at every turn to enter into the feelings and probe the motives of the dog's conduct, the more, I am persuaded, we shall recognise the evidence of the sense of a personal entity that marks each dog off from his fellows. It is the individual dog, with his particular gifts of body, mind, and spirit,— the adumbration of the higher powers that in their full expansion are the heritage of the human race,— that claims our sympathy, and establishes his hold on our affections. This, for the true dog-lover, is the keynote to the study of his character, and the only light we can bring to bear on the inner workings of his mind.

It is from this standpoint, therefore, that I would refer to the salient features of the biographies.

The most cursory glance at the life stories of these dogs will show how unfitted each one was to play his part in the surroundings of any other. Bandy, who is perhaps the most remarkable instance of a dog living a corporate life with humans, had a large-hearted outlook that could only have been evolved in a member of a community. In his case the wideness of his sympathies and interests seemed to some extent to limit the range of his home affections. While loving and loyal, without a shadow of doubt, to his owner and his house companions, he had not the clinging, passionate devotion that was the keynote of the life of "The Child of the House." The scope for the latter's powers was smaller, and, his development being thus limited, the force of his nature seemed to find an outlet in the wealth of his affections. With different

training Gubbins's undoubted discrimination of character, and his subtle appreciation of his own rights, might well have been developed at the expense of the overflowing of love that necessarily brought some suffering as well as much joy into his little life. Then there was his innate love of sport, and his natural independence of character, that were repressed rather than brought out by the circumstances of his life. He was, in fact, the home bird, who was equally unfitted for the rougher give-and-take of school life or for the rousing adventures of "A Soldier of Fortune."

Then the fascinating, pleasure-loving Jet could never have brought his skill in theft and mischief to the perfection of a fine art if it had not been for the tacit encouragement his lenient mistress gave him. He was the spoiled darling, whose good looks and taking manners carried him safely through his escapades. With a sterner view of moral discipline in his owner, Jet might have been a more exemplary, but must inevitably have become a much more commonplace, member of his kind.

In Bruce, "The Diplomatist," many years of whose life were passed away from the care of his special friend, we see the independent settlement of his affairs that his position called for. When he had been used to take the first place, not even the loving guardianship of his temporary owners could reconcile him to being second. Though he conformed to circumstances with a good grace, in accordance with his love of decorum, he would choose a home for himself, when for the second time

his master was leaving him. In this he could not have made a better choice. He reigned supreme, and had the most loving care lavished on him, not only for his own sake, but for that of his absent master, who was the eldest and much loved son of the house.

Jack, of fighting memory, was remarkable for the self-restraint and generosity that not all the brutal associations of his early life had been able to kill. Though he had given an intelligent response to his training, and understood that from his first owner's point of view fighting was a business and not a pastime, he took no unholy pleasure in rousing up an antagonist. Rather, as he understood the grim realities of action, he shrank from provoking a combat, from which, even with the honours of war, he would take away many a wound as an unpleasant reminder. In fact, his experience had taught him to look on war from the standpoint of the soldier who knows that he takes his life in his hand every time he goes into action. And Jack had the marks of a true soldier in his relations to his superiors and his fellows. Obedient, staunch to the death, he would fight to the end, but he must have an antagonist worthy of his powers. An amateur was no match for him, and if in wanton play or ungoverned temper the unskilled fighter attacked him, Jack gave him a lesson for his presumption, but tempered his punishment to the powers of resistance arrayed against him. He was loyal to his friends, had a tender sympathy with suffering, and showed his gratitude for a good home in peaceful surroundings by a vigilant guardianship of his mistress.

The character of each dog as we study it stands out in plain relief, as the expression of that inner life which appeals to our own experience at every turn. To me it seems a monstrous thing to suppose that the care for his own life and those committed to his individual guardianship which the dog shows, can be any other than the visible expression of his consciousness of an ego, endowed with powers and duties which only he, in his own person, can perform. That he has a clear idea of responsibility is manifest by his conduct, and why should this be whittled away from its obvious significance till we are asked to believe that the dog's behaviour is to be attributed to quite other motives than those that govern our own actions?

We know the strange and often inexplicable intuition that is shown by a child whose powers are as yet undeveloped in the choice of a friend or guardian. He seems to know by unerring instinct the one, among a number of friends, in whose heart he will find a response to the cravings of his own young affections. He shows his confidence in, and a clinging dependence on, the chosen one that bring their own reward. The same intuition was shown by my own Skye terrier when he was first brought to my house. The friend then staying with me, to whom he was given, is a true dog-lover, and she accepted the care of the shy little stranger with all her accustomed gentleness and consideration. It was to her that Gubbins looked for the first caresses that greeted him in his new home. He was looked upon, as indeed he was, as her property for the time being. She

had no dog of her own with her, and Gubbins slept in her room at night and had all the privileges of a favoured friend.

On the other hand, I had two dogs almost always with me, and from one of them I was constantly receiving the most demonstrative tokens of affection. I refrained studiously from taking notice of Gubbins in the early days, partly from the fear of exciting the jealousy of the older inhabitants of the house, and partly because I did not wish to have my affection enlisted by the wild, shy little mortal, whose life seemed an unending round of rude shocks to his too sensitive nervous system.

Yet underneath all this there were causes at work which could not have been known to Gubbins, and yet which his conduct seemed to show he had appreciated almost at the first glance. His mistress had a favourite dog at home, whose rule could never have been disputed by another. She had nothing to give Gubbins but the temporary care and kindness that his forlorn condition demanded. On the other hand, the dogs I had then were not, and could never have been, more than friends of moderate claims. Only one indeed belonged to me, the other being the bulldog whose tragic outbreak I have recorded elsewhere. My own Basset hound, picturesque and deep-tongued, and pleasant to look on as she was, was one of the few canine idiots I have ever known. She seemed to be absolutely devoid of intelligence, and though on the show bench and elsewhere she would always give me an exuberantly loving welcome

that was very impressive to strangers, I knew that to any one of her friends she would give an equally demonstrative greeting. Even a chance visitor to the house would, as likely as not, be distinguished in the same way. As Rica had no discrimination in her affections, so she had no power of responding to mental training. Every day of the week saw the same lesson of some simple matter of conduct given to her, and each day she would offend in the same way, not from obstinacy or love of wrongdoing, but because all memory of correction had passed completely from her mind. It was one of the funniest things I have ever seen with my dogs, to watch Rica take up her position in the winter close — too close, as she ought to have known from reiterated warnings — to a blazing fire, and there, sitting up with her great wrinkled head nodding in sleep, enjoy the warmth till she threatened to roll over into the fireplace. The blankness that looked out from her clear brown eyes, the lack of the nameless expression that speaks from a dog's every movement and look, were utterly wanting to her, and told their own tale to the onlooker.

Such a dog was not one to engage her owner's affections, and it has always seemed as if Gubbins must have had some strange intuition of the conditions that obtained among his new friends, in attaching himself to me as he did. In spite of my studied aloofness and the presence of my constant canine attendants, he showed a preference for my company from the first, and never rested till he had made good his right to a place in my bedroom. Yet in so doing he was thrown with the

other dogs, whose noisy exuberance of spirits were, in his then state of cowed repression, an obvious trial to his nerves, and he would shrink away terrified into a corner at any outbreak from them. With my friend he would have had his own quiet place in her room, without shocks from stronger nerved companions; and everything seemed to point to his responding with gratitude to the advances she made to him. But Gubbins would have none of them; and as those who have read his life know, he won his future home by the determined selection he made.

While a tender living up to his position as a member of a small home party, lightened by moments of expansion when fun and mischief made a veritable child of him, was the distinguishing characteristic of Gubbins's life, we find the same dominant note of personal character in each of the other dogs' histories. With Bruce it was a strong sense of social obligations and a finished ease of manner in fulfilling them. An independent weighing of cause and effect in the case of his own requirements and in the carrying out of his plans was also seen in him. Of the matter of his independence in his mysterious visit to the railway station to meet his master, when the latter was expected by a train and route he seldom used, I have nothing further to say. I have elsewhere vouched for the truth of the facts as I have given them, but the explanation of his conduct I must leave to wiser heads than mine.

In Bandy a wonderful mastery of, and association of himself with, the complicated machinery of the daily

routine of a large public school is the prevailing note. Times and seasons were known to him in a marvellous way, and in the many interests into which he threw himself with all the ardour of his nature he showed the wonderful development of his mind that was the result of his intimate fellowship with a large body of humans. The strength of his conviction as to his rights as a member of a body of free-born Englishmen is shown as well by his act of vengeance on his master when he thought he was unfairly treated as by the manner of his tragic death. Freedom to the free, was the motto Bandy lived up to in his life, and defended with his latest breath.

Jack, of less subtle mind, had the fearless outlook on life that is characteristic of the good soldier. A stern determination to do his duty, obedience to orders, whether of attack or restraint, and an open-hearted loyalty were the surprising results of a training that might well have left him a brutal exponent of his brutalised owners' methods of training. But here we have a case of a good natural disposition unspoiled by early association with vicious men. As Jack was untouched by the evil of his masters' methods, he, with simple faith in, and obedience rendered to the orders given, escaped the degradation of those who, with the free exercise of higher powers, were responsible for his early exploits.

A dainty enjoyment of the good things of this life, and an irresponsible method of attaining his ends, were the leading traits of Jet's life. His appearance and manners aiding him, he took full advantage of the opportu-

nities the circumstances of his life afforded him for the carrying out of his simple creed. His horizon was limited, and to Jet he himself was the god, whose smile or frown made or unmade the world in which he lived.

II

*“The dogge, a natural, kind, and loving thing,
As witnesseth our histories of old.”*

IF we accept the fact that the powers of intelligence shown by the dog are of the same kind as, though of a lower degree of development than, those that form our own mental processes, we start with a premise that clears many difficulties from our path. But even so, if we would penetrate the secrets that lie behind the engaging variety of his actions, we must take into account many things that cause the dog's outlook on life to be different from our own. We must ever bear in mind that it is only in considering our friend's surroundings as they appear to *him* we can hope to grasp the effect of those surroundings on his mind. We are apt to conclude hastily that, because such and such a thing strikes us in a particular way, our dog will be affected by it in a precisely similar manner. And the delusion is fostered by the broad general characteristics of our mental resemblance to him. But if we would have more than a superficial understanding of our dogs, we must bring a sympathetic comprehension of life as it appears to them, to mark the differences, as well as grasp the affinities, of the mental and moral conditions that are in a general sense common to us both.

Yet with all the difficulties that lie in our path we can write the life history of the dog as we can of no other animal. More sympathetic than the cat, more constantly our companion than the horse, we can study him under conditions that obtain with no other of his kind. From the first days of his puppyhood to the closing hours of his life we can trace the gradual unfolding of his powers and the widening of his knowledge of life. This, too, we can do with but an ordinarily intelligent interest brought to bear on the little life that is at once so near our own, and yet cut off from us by the impassable barrier of want of human speech. "How much he could tell us if he could only speak," a devoted attendant of a little dog used often to say, when in his own way and by his own limited powers of language the intelligent creature had made his friends understand that his surroundings were in some way not suited to the needs of the moment.

It is in the physical conditions of our life that we must seek for the first points of contact with the dog. In both our own and canine life we have, of course, the same foundation of bodily activity in the marvellous machinery of the nervous system. But this bond we have in common with all living creatures, and it has therefore no special value when we are studying our relations with the dog. Above this, we have the power of instinct, or, as it has been called, "material intelligence."

Then we come face to face with a power in the dog that cannot be explained by the wonders of reflex action as we learn them in the study of physiology. The mo-

tive power of the action must be sought in the intangible essence of mind, and not in the material organs of the body. It is when this motive power has passed under the full sway of the mind, and we have advanced from the realm of instinct into the regions where the evidences of higher mental power are before us, that we recognise the dog as our fellow in the comradeship of life. For though in the dog we do not find the more highly differentiated powers of instinct, his inferiority in this respect to insects that come far lower in the scale of life is counterbalanced by his powers of mind, that in their higher expression we claim to be akin to our own. We hail the evidences of disinterested affection, of sympathy, of fortitude, and of trust, as links in the chain that binds our dog friend to us in a close mental and moral fellowship.

When "the one" among all dogs will give up his daily walk—the one delight that never fails—to watch by our sick-bed, or comfort us by his presence in our sorrow, the simple act of self-denial appeals to us as an evidence of the perfect comradeship of disinterested affection.

We do not need to be told of the dark hours that come to us when one whom we love has been taken from us, or of the craving for the companionship that is lost that takes possession of us. Our interest in our daily pursuits is gone, and a blank feeling of desolation saps our energies. When a dog shows grief in the same way, sitting alone and desolate, refusing food and all the joys of his daily life, the link of sympathy is strong

between us, as we recognise that he is afflicted with a sense of loss akin to that which has saddened our own life.

My first dog came to me, and indeed made his place good in my affection, while he was suffering the keenest grief at the loss of his owner. In the many changes of life in India, Jell's mistress was called to join her husband in a distant station and, the heat in the plains still being great, she did not wish to take her dog with her. Knowing that I was wanting a dog, she offered hers to me. But Jell was not prepossessing in appearance, and indeed well deserved the epithet of "thoroughbred mongrel." As I have a predisposition in favour of well-bred dogs, I declined the proffered gift. But on the morning of my friend's departure the large, white, leggy, and bullet-headed terrier — so called — made its appearance in my verandah, with a note explaining his presence. No home had offered for him, and he was thrown on my generosity to provide him with one. This I determined to do elsewhere, as soon as might be, but in the meantime I was confronted with the problem of reconciling Jell to his present quarters, so far at least as to preserve his life. In the first moment of my displeasure at his arrival, I had ordered him off to the compound in the charge of the mehtar who had brought him to me. But I distrusted a native's methods with dogs, and something in the dejected appearance of Jell as he was being led away softened my heart so far that I decided to take charge of him myself.

He lay in my room, crying for hours together. He

would take no interest in anything, showed a fine disregard of all attempts to win his favour, and refused to touch his food. At the end of the second day I began to wonder what I should do with him, and was heartily wishing that he had not been cast on my hands, when I became aware that two soft eyes were watching me from the far corner of the room. There was an expression of dawning confidence in the look, that gave me hope of better things in store. I waited, and in a little time Jell raised his head and sat up, with his gaze still fixed on my face. Presently he rose and came to my side, and made the first advances of friendship. To these he suffered my response with a far from flattering lack of eagerness. Nevertheless, the first step had been taken, and I was admitted to a place in his affections. This place I never forfeited; for Jell, in spite of his want of good looks, did not find another home, but remained my constant and devoted attendant to the day of his death.

With a small terrier named Floss a friend had a similar experience, though this little dog had a far more chequered history in her English life than Jell had in India. Floss came to her future mistress with only an announcement by telegraph that she might be expected on a certain day. The man who sent her promised her history later, and in due course both the terrier and the story of her deeds arrived. First, Floss reached her new home just as the house was being closed for the night. The basket, when opened in the kitchen, disclosed a small terrier with black and

tan head and black spot and fiery eyes, of a most uncompromising expression of countenance. The little thing sat up, glared at the strangers round her, and defended herself with her teeth from all attempts to touch her. At last, in despair, the basket was turned over and Floss rolled on to the floor. She then put her back against the dresser, and showed that she still meant to keep off intruders. All thought of taming her was for the time given up, and her basket being righted, Floss was allowed to take possession of it, and both were then carried up to her new owner's bedroom. As the little thing had been travelling for twenty-four hours, she was offered food and water; but she would have none of them, and continued to sit up straight in her basket, a very forlorn and vigilant little figure. Many times during the night her mistress roused herself to see how Floss was getting on, and always the same watchful and sad-looking terrier gazed back at her, showing by a low growl her displeasure at the interest displayed.

In the morning things were no better. Floss refused all advances made to her, and would neither drink nor eat. Basket and all, she was carried down to the kitchen garden, from which she could not escape. Here she condescended to walk about a little, but whenever she met her mistress's eye she marked her disapproval of the situation by a growl. Carried back to the bedroom, she sat in melancholy wrath for the rest of the day, and was as uncompromising as ever whenever her basket was touched or moved. The last thing at night her



SUSPICION

FLOSS

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owner tried to soften her by turning her out on the foot of her bed; but Floss refused all advances, and only growled at every movement of her companion.

In the morning, when my friend awoke, she found Floss also awake and watching her. Without moving, she said in a low tone, "Floss;" and the dog immediately crawled up the bed and licked her face. Then Floss lay down and submitted to a good deal of stroking and petting; and when breakfast made its appearance she showed a gracious tolerance of things as they were by making a good meal. From the moment when she responded to her name dated Floss's love for her mistress, which seemed to grow and strengthen with every year of her life.

The first use the latter made of the establishment of good relations between them was to attend to some ugly wounds on the face and head that Floss had brought with her. When the promised story of her life came, these wounds were explained. It appeared that the terrier had belonged to a miner in South Wales, and had taken part in badger baiting. It was the custom for the miners to meet on Sunday afternoon for this more than doubtful amusement. Each miner brought a dog, and the performance was to see which of the dogs could bring the badger out of his box in four minutes. But the badger was large and fierce, and one dog after another—bull-terriers among them—tried in vain to draw him. Then one of the miners opened his coat, and brought out the tiny Floss, who was only eighteen months old and weighed ten pounds. In less than four

minutes the game little terrier drew her formidable opponent, and her exploit was so much talked of that she was bought and sent off to a home where good terriers are ever welcome, before the marks of her conflict had healed. Under gentler care Floss developed a touching devotion to her owner, and for many years was one of the reigning household pets in her new home.

How many similar instances of mourning for lost friends occur to us! Every one who knows anything of dogs can recall some touching story that tells of the love that flooded, and the pain of separation that darkened, the dog's life as he passed from the secure confidence of requited affection to the desolate uncertainty of the care of strangers.

We cannot, however, remind ourselves too often that our attempts to understand the workings of the dog's mind, and the explanations that commend themselves to us of the reasons for his methods of action, are all based on our own consciousness of cause and effect. And here we must take into account the difference in the outlook on life between the dog and ourselves. The effects of environment we know count for much with us. Change of scene and surroundings will give us fresh mental vigour as well as renewed bodily activity when both need recuperation. But the change of surroundings that will give to us advantages that go far to prolong our span of life is as nothing compared to the difference that separates our own normal outlook on life from that of the dog. The four-footed friend that trots at our side, or scampers at large in wild enjoy-

ment of strength and freedom, is marked off from us by his mode of locomotion and the position and bearing of his head and body. His outlook is limited by his bodily structure, in spite of his strength of vision and his marvellous sense of smell. In the latter case, indeed, we look up to the dog from a lower plane, for our limited development of the sense of smell tells us but little of the power it gives him. That it not only differs in degree but in quality is shown by the delight with which a well-bred, cleanly house or sporting dog will roll in some evil-smelling refuse that fills us with disgust. The possession of such an organ, at once so different and so much more sensitive than our own, must make for much in the influence of his surroundings on the dog, and thus adds to the many difficulties we have in understanding and entering into his outlook on life.

Doubtless the sense was given him to enable him to hold his own in the battle of life. He retains it in the artificial conditions of domestic life, but in the days when he depended for his supply of food on the success that crowned his efforts in the chase, it was necessary to his existence. Without it he must have fallen a prey to his enemies in the jungle and the forest, instead of turning the tables on superior brute force by the delicacy of his organs and his superior powers of combination.

The traits that have come to our household friend from his wild forebears are often shown even in the most highly domesticated inhabitants of our home. How far these inherited qualities may influence the dog's outlook on the surroundings of his present life, who can say?

As we watch our favourite turn round and round on the hearthrug, and scratch at the unresponsive rug before he curls himself up to sleep, we know that he is doing what his progenitors did in the wilds, when the action had a use that is wanting to it now in securing the comfort of his rest.

A strange habit of the same nature was shown by a fox terrier that formed one of a pack of sporting dogs. This terrier, from the time she took her place in the kennels with the older dogs, was observed to turn round sharply whenever her food was put before her. The action aroused attention, though no one could say at what stage of her puppy life it had been developed. She was watched, and never did she omit the rapid turn round as on a pivot before she tasted her food. Her mistress, who had kept her pack of terriers for years, and who studies the characters of her little kennel friends as but few people do, made inquiries of her keeper, and found that when he fed the dogs, Amora always went through the same little performance as a preliminary to the business of eating. Up to the last day of her life it was continued, but so far as is known none of her children have shown the same peculiarity. Certainly those that I have known in my friends' kennels have not had it, and no one has been able to give a satisfactory explanation of the habit.

A very charming reason for the unusual action was given by a little girl, the niece of the owner of the kennels. The child was delighted with the terrier's performance, and always begged to be allowed to be present at

feeding time, so as to enjoy the sight of Amora's turn. Being of a thoughtful nature, she one day gave the result of her speculations on the matter. "Auntie," she said, with the engaging directness of the youthful thinker, "I know why Amora turns round before her dinner. She means it for her grace." With such a solution of the mystery who would venture to quarrel?

We might well bring the same gentle sympathy to bear on our own dealings with the dog. For we often forget that the patience we give as a matter of course to the as yet untrained intelligence of the child is doubly wanted when we have to do with the dog. Intelligent as the latter is, he never rises to our level of expansion of the powers of mind, and in reading our thoughts into his we must ever remember that the higher paths of reason's play are closed to him.

That the dog has the dawning of a moral sense is clear to me, and the possession brings him near to us on the outskirts of the higher life, of which we alone have full enjoyment. But to give him credit for powers that in their full expansion are denied him is to bring discredit on the wonderful gifts that are undoubtedly his, and for the development of which he is dependent on his intercourse with us. The deeper the sympathetic insight we bring to bear on our study of his mental and bodily activities, the fuller will be his response to our training, and the greater our own delight in his companionship.

III

“La mas racional” — the one that reasons best.

THE nearest approach to the old tribal conditions of the ancestors of the dog we find in kennel life at the present day. Here we have the struggle for mastery, the sense of personal rights, the love and jealousy, sympathy and hate, cleverness and stupidity, that find their counterpart in our own social life, as they did in the communities of wolves and jackals that ranged the forests in bygone days. In a kennel of hounds we have the strongly marked individualities of character that divide off each one from the other, and give endless scope for study to those who have the patience and sympathy to devote to the task. It was in India, where many an early morning ride after jackal lives in my memory, that I first realised this wonderful individuality of hounds. The master of the pack with which I hunted one winter was a friend of mine, and often on non-hunting days the ride with which my day in the plains always began was in company with the master, who made a point of taking his hounds out for exercise himself. I soon came to know the hounds by sight, and heard from the master's lips of their several traits and peculiarities. The knowledge gave me an added pleas-

ure in watching their performances in the field; and what little I have of hound knowledge I owe in the first instance to this study of a scratch pack that was remarkable for neither looks nor symmetry, as these are understood in England to-day. Yet uneven as they were in size, and rough as many were in appearance, there was some of the best foxhound blood of our English kennels in their veins, and to each individual hound the very best of training was given. This was done by a careful study of the capacity, temper, and disposition of each hound in the pack, such as only an enthusiast in the matter of hound work would bring to bear on the subject.

The social life of the ancestors of our dogs was forced upon them by the necessity of protection against common enemies, and the need of mutual assistance in the capture of prey. In this life each member had to find and keep his own allotted place. The competition that is one of the marks by which each member of a community shows the best or worst of which he is capable, and finds his level accordingly, was not absent from the life of the dog's forebears. Each dog must take the place he was fitted for in the common life, and doubtless that assigned to him he often won by fighting for it. For the dog is a quarrelsome animal, and Dr. Watts was not wrong in his natural history when he wrote of the "delight of dogs to bark and bite." We may note, too, that he puts the greater and commoner pleasure, as we still see it exercised to-day, first; but fighting, among animals as among men, is a necessity of existence to

the community while the conditions of life remain what they are.

This quarrelsomeness which we regret in our favourites, and that is a real source of danger in the kennels, is a survival of the old conditions, when each dog tried to work himself up to the position of master or leader of the pack, and, failing this, had perforce to take a lower place. Thus the leader, to whom the rest of the community looked for guidance, would be the strongest or the most capable of the tribe, or one that combined both these characteristics. We have only to watch a dog fight to-day to see that the combatants exercise a certain strategy. No doubt the first dog that learned to double his paws under him, and thus protect a vulnerable part, gained an advantage over a less intelligent, though it might be a heavier-built, rival. For one of the first methods of the canine tactician is to bite through the sensitive paw of his opponent; and the huntsman knows that if fighting in his kennels is not quelled promptly and sternly he will have many of his hounds lamed from this cause.

But even in kennel life, where there is such abundant material for the student of canine character, we only have the old conditions of primeval dog life faintly shadowed. Though to a great extent the dog in the kennels is living a social life among his fellows, the ruler to whom he looks is not a leader in the old sense, but a human master. In his earlier days, too, he is placed more or less in the conditions that obtain with our domestic dogs. When only a few months old he finds a

home, it may be at a farmhouse, or at a neighbouring landowner's, where he becomes the playmate and pet of the children of the house. If a hotel or the local butcher's shop receives him, the puppy makes friends with the men and boys about the place, and often develops a special affection for his temporary master. In any case he lives the life of a free, and for the most part a petted, member of a household; and when he takes his place in the kennels he shows all the symptoms of grief for the good things he has lost and dislike for the restraints of his new life that a pampered boy will when he has his first taste of school discipline. No one who has seen a young hound, frightened, miserable, and homesick, sitting by himself in a corner of what for the time is to him a hated prison, can doubt his suffering. He has indeed an almost comic expression of misery on his naturally rather solemn countenance. He has not yet found his level in his new surroundings; he has lost his old friends and found no one to take their place; the joys of hunting days, which will go far to counterbalance the strictness of kennel discipline, are unknown to him. Henceforth he is to share in the social life of his fellows, in which all are bound by a common interest to a common occupation, broken only by interludes of companionship with man. He has therefore reversed the conditions of his life up to this point, in which companionship with man has been interspersed with interludes of society with other dogs.

He has now to conquer and keep the place in the pack that will hereafter be his by general consent. If

he is masterful and resourceful, he will be deferred to, and, it may be, the warmest corner on the bench will be conceded to him when time and experience have come to aid him in the competition of life. In the matter of food the huntsman's care will see that he gets no more than his due share, but we know how at the trough some hounds have always to be restrained, while others, who as a matter of course are ready to take the second place, have to be encouraged to secure their rights.

This competition, which is an integral part of community life, must, as it seems to me, give to each dog a consciousness of his own personality. His own interests and attainments are a thing apart from those of his fellows. In however dim a degree, he has a sense of personal rights and property, and recognises that a higher position can be won for himself individually by intelligence and courage combined.

But while in each dog will be seen the evidence of his own natural gifts, and he will show affection, sympathy, intelligence, or, on the other hand, will be morose, selfish, or incapable of striking out a line of action for himself, the general character of the pack will receive its impress from the hands of the huntsman. If he is at once firm and sympathetic in the government of the kennel, his hounds will be obedient and affectionate, and in their work will display an eagerness and anxiety to do their best that will be a tribute to the excellence of his rule.

Nowhere have we a more fertile field for tracing the effects of heredity than in a kennel. I am not con-

cerned here with the many interesting questions that arise on the physiological side of the subject, but leaving make, shape, and speed as beyond our scope, we may confine ourselves to the consideration of mental characteristics. These do not always make their appearance at once, for the character of the dog, like that of man, develops with time. Many hounds do not show either their faults or their virtues till their second season. One experienced huntsman, indeed, used to say that he never knew what his hounds were going to do till their third season. While some hounds will enter at once, and never do wrong from the first day they go out cub-hunting, others can scarcely be induced to take an interest in the chase before their second season, while others again are never of any use at all, and do not seem to have any taste for hunting.

But from the first days of their return to the kennel, hounds show that they have a curious sympathy with those who are bound to them by the ties of relationship. Now in the old tribal pack we may suppose that these blood ties would be numerous, and that their recognition would tend to give a coherence to the community life by cementing the bonds of a common affection. It is no uncommon sight with us to see mother and daughter, father and son, running together in one of our packs, and while the old hounds take the lead, the young ones look to them for guidance and are quick to follow their example. This trait is strange when we consider that parents and children have seen nothing of one another since the latter were sent out to walk. The

young ones have had all their early impressions of life, which must have gone far in forming their own mental outlook, apart from their parents' influence. Yet the family tie has not been broken by the separation, though it is not possible that the young hounds at least can remember their elders. In the case of the mother we cannot say how far maternal affection may bridge the gulf. That she remembers her young long after their dependence on her has ceased, seems clear from a case of which I can vouch for the truth. A mother who had been separated from her puppies in the ordinary way would, long after there was a possibility of purely physical reasons coming into play, always trot down to the kennels immediately she was let out, and lick with affection the four little black noses that were thrust between the bars at her approach.

Very strong evidence of the tie being recognised between parents and children is given me by Miss Serrell, who, when her terrier puppies return from walk, never hesitates to put two generations of the same family together. She tells me that the puppies' tricks and gambols, that cannot but be disturbing to the older dogs, will never be resented by the mothers, though no other dogs in the kennels would suffer them. As terriers have the character of being particularly quarrelsome, and certainly require the most judicious management to keep the peace among a number of them, no testimony to the recognition of the family tie could be more convincing. ✓

Then, too, we see the same characteristics, mental and

moral, appearing in members of the same family. How jealously this truth is acted upon by hound breeders, we have only to study the kennel registers to see. A somewhat curious instance of unusual traits of independent action by a litter brother and sister took place in the Blackmore Vale country.

The mother of these hounds was bred by Mr. Merthyr Guest, some ten years before he resigned the Mastership. She had a great influence in the kennels, and in 1894 Rama and her brother Raleigh, "hounds of very marked character," were born to her. The account of their peculiarities I take verbatim as Miss Serrell has given it:¹

"Rama, a bright tan and white with a very intelligent head, was a useful hound in the field, but she had a curious characteristic that was not so much to her credit. No power and no persuasion would induce her to come home with the pack after a day's hunting. She would go to covert in the morning demurely enough, and she hunted in a most businesslike manner, but directly the day's sport was over her good conduct came to an end. The moment the hounds and whippers-in grouped together and the Master gave the word for 'home,' Rama would set off by herself and race up hill and down dale till she was out of sight. No whipper-in could turn her, no horn recall her, and it was not till some two hours after the Master had reached home that she generally made her appearance at Inwood. Sometimes, however,

¹ With Hound and Terrier in the Field, pp. 229 *et seq.*

she would make her way leisurely back to the kennels and sneak in during the evening.

“Such unhoundlike conduct was not to be tolerated, so the order was given for her to be caught and coupled to another hound. She was then forced to trot home with the rest of the pack, but she did so with her stern down and an expression of unspeakable sadness upon her face. She soon showed that she had a soul above such tyranny, for after she had been captured once or twice, it was enough for the whipper-in to dismount and begin unbuckling the couples for her to make off. Indeed so sharp did she become that at last the Master did not dare to give the order for her to be caught, or to allow the jingling of the couples, but he arranged beforehand that she should be secured before the end of the day's sport. It was not long before Rama was on her guard even against this early capture, and with a look at the hunt servants she would turn and gallop off before the last covert was drawn.

“Raleigh, a brother of Rama, was also a peculiar hound, and in his first cub-hunting season showed an extraordinary objection to coming out of covert with the other hounds. He would follow to the side of the covert, and it was very funny to see him peeping out and disappearing again if he saw he was being waited for. Again and again he would do this, until at last, when the coast was clear, he would jump out and go on with the pack as if nothing had happened. Raleigh was very fond of looking into every cottage garden, but he was not such an inveterate cat-hunter as Rama, who would



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RAMA

MR. GUEST'S HOUNDS. 1900

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dash into and through every garden before she could be stopped, and woe betide the cat who was not quick enough to save herself in the nearest apple-tree."

In a neighbouring country in the West, a curious trait was shown by one of the hounds. She would never go to covert with the rest of the pack or return home at night with them. When the work of the day began, she was always up and took her full share with her fellows. But on the way out from kennels in the morning, she always ran by herself at some distance from the others, though not too far off for her to be able to keep the line to the selected covert. The same thing happened as soon as the word for home was given, and the solitary figure, at some few hundred yards on one side or the other of the kennel party, would be seen flashing over the fields and hedges as if the hound was acting scout to the retiring force.

Another hound in the same kennels would only hunt with one of the Masters, who in turn acted as huntsman. With one of the huntsmen this hound would behave in normal fashion and do her work well in the field, but for the other she would not only not work, but she would not go out with the pack when it was in his hands.

Life in the kennels is far from being devoid of evidence of the finer virtues. The sight of a pack of hounds on their benches, each with his head pillowed on one of his fellows, tells of mutual love and trust, and the sympathy and pity with which one hound will lick a sore place on another are not to be mistaken. On the other hand, there are hatreds and enmities, and there

are hounds that can never be trusted together. Something of the old spirit of tribal rule is also shown in the occasional ostracising of some one member of the pack. The hound thus treated as an outcast is not necessarily more stupid or less well inclined than are his judges, so far as can be seen, though I have heard that in one case, at least, the general award of condemnation was justified by unworthy conduct in the field. But, whatever the cause, from the verdict there is no appeal. A hound that has been sentenced by his fellows will have a short life and a bitter one if he does not find another home, for hound justice is rough and demands the death of the accused. In older times the method had its advantages in keeping up the level of the tribal band, for good feeling and good-will among its members were vital to its existence. Nowadays we give the outcast another chance in different surroundings, where the verdict of his former companions is by no means always endorsed. At the same time we may believe that no such verdict is ever given without a cause, with which, could we understand it in all cases, we should be in complete agreement.

IV

“The capacity to understand is as good a proof of vocal intelligence, though in an inferior degree, as the capacity to speak.”

FROM the kennel we will follow the hound into the field. Here he has definite work for which all the events of his life are one long preparation. That he delights in it, no one can doubt who watches him. If indeed there be anything to say against hunting, from the point of view of the fox and the hare, as there certainly is against some of the methods of man used in the chase, to the hound it is pure, unmixed enjoyment. As a lover of animals I hate to think of any unnecessary suffering caused in the hunting field. But when the excitement of the uncertain issue is over, the death, if it comes, is merciful and sudden, and though I have never but once actually seen the end — and then when I was surprised out of power of turning away — I was astounded at the instantaneous despatch of the hunted fox. That every man, and above all every woman, should set their faces sternly against the faintest touch of cruelty, I have no doubt at all. The most brilliant run of the season would be dearly bought if fox and hound were not pitted in fair and open warfare, and every one worthy the name of sportsman should blush to take an unfair advantage of the creature whose wiles

it will tax all the intelligence of his followers, human and canine, to unravel.

Our very soul revolts from the tales of cruel maiming of which we have heard a good deal of late. That these are true of the practice of any but a few scattered countries, I do not believe. But, on the other hand, that they undoubtedly occur in some hunts is beyond question. Sport has to be shown; the followers at all costs must be given that for which they have come out. If hounds do not taste blood, they will become slack, and lose their interest in the chase. The hunt servants come from a class of which some members are incapable of understanding the sufferings of a lower order of life than their own. If they realised the agony of the broken or maimed limb with which the quarry is sometimes sent to make his last gallant bid for life, they would no more give the secret wrench that makes their own success assured than would the man whose wider outlook enables him to grasp the depth of suffering inflicted. In saying this, I would not for a moment imply that all, or nearly all, our hunt servants have the callous indifference to pain that such a course implies. On the contrary, the love of their hounds, so plainly shown both in the kennel and in the field, and their own innate love of all animal life, are a sufficient testimony to the humanity of the great body of those who show us sport. As a rule our huntsmen are of a far higher level of intelligence than others of their own class, or they would never have risen to the place they hold. But the danger comes from those

who have the mental gifts without the moral background. With these the brilliant execution of their own work is everything; the rights of the lower creatures to humane treatment at their hands are non-existent. And this, as I have said, is because they do not, and cannot from their very nature, enter into the feelings of another order of beings.

But as the huntsman and his underlings are the servants of the Master, the responsibility for unsportsmanlike conduct in the field must ultimately rest with him. Not many, when spoken to on such a matter, will give the callous answer, worthy of a stage of civilisation left long ages behind, that one M. F. H. did: "I don't care what they do, so long as they show sport, and don't tell me how they do it." But that such a view can be held, and that a man of such a type may have those under his orders who will be prompt to take advantage of the implied permission, is a direct danger to hunting, and one against which all true lovers of the sport should be on their guard. A careless master, and still more an indifferent one, may bring discredit on the national pastime that gives health and happiness to thousands of its followers, and causes the fox to be treated throughout his life as a favoured partner in the chase instead of as a noxious beast of prey.

About one thing there is no doubt. Any man or woman who continues to hunt in a country where cruelty is practised makes himself or herself responsible for what is done there. The reason of the cruelty

is the desire to show sport, and the only check that can be imposed is that of public opinion. To this, Masters of Hounds and Hunt servants alike are peculiarly sensitive, the reputation of both, and the very livelihood of the latter, depending on it. If then such deeds of cruelty are passed over, or ignored as not being the business of those in whose interests they are done, the future of fox hunting will suffer from a deadly peril. If indeed the hunting field cannot be cleared from the reproach that must cling to it while cruelty in any form is practised, and the fight is not a fair and open one between hounds and their quarry, our many enemies will have a powerful weapon to use against us.

I am indeed far from thinking that Ruskin's advice to gentlemen "to mow their own fields instead of riding over other people's" can be followed. The words could only have been penned by one who was at once ignorant of the health-giving joys of the hunting-field, and of the natural sequence of country occupations. But though I lay myself open to the charge of cruelty from those who only see in hunting a relic of a bygone barbarism, and on the other hand may rouse the anger of those whose tastes I share, by pointing to the dark spots that tarnish the glories of our national pastime, I must e'en take a stand with the hounds in hoping for a continuance of their joy in sport, and with the fox in pleading that a fair and open fight is allowed him.

With the hounds, then, who at least are in no wise

responsible for deeds of darkness done in secret, let us return to the field. The results of beneficent rule in the kennels is seen in their manner of hunting. If the huntsman and his whippers-in have won their confidence and love, the hounds have, beyond their own keenness in the chase, the desire to please those to whom they look as their natural guides and rulers. The hunt servants, and above all the huntsman, take the place of the old tribal leader, whose will was imposed on his followers. We all know how hounds when they have failed to recover the line of their hunted fox, will look up to the huntsman with an inquiring expression of countenance, that says as plainly as any words could tell us, they are asking him to help them: "We have done our part. Now it is your turn to come to our assistance."

And how much the hounds will do for themselves, and how clearly the individual characteristics of each member of the pack is brought out in their common work! The hounds that are deferred to in the kennel will generally take the lead in the chase. Some naturally take the first place, and others as naturally follow. If we glance for a moment at the riders behind them, shall we not see exactly the same thing taking place? The man and woman whose observation is keen, decision prompt, and whose will is fearless, will be seen in front, while those of lesser gifts of courage and insight will follow in their wake. There is, of course, yet another partner in the chase, whose character and powers have to be reckoned with, but,

even so, a bad horse will be at his best, or a good horse at his worst, according to the way in which he is handled. Certain I am that no stupid man or hound will ever lead in a good hunt.

But let us watch the hounds at work. No sooner does one touch the scent than he waves his stern and signals to the others. As he lashes his sides, those who are near enough to see the sign crowd round him; and each one, partly in emulation and partly in sympathy, works hard to find and identify the scent. Then an eager, exultant note comes from one of them, and now is the time when we shall learn much of the character the speaker bears. The other hounds will raise their heads quickly, but if the note comes from one whom they do not trust, they will resume their quest quietly and take no further notice of his call. But if the hound is one who is looked up to and respected, his fellow workers will fly to him from all parts of the covert, and a chorus of eager voices will corroborate his opinion and show that their trust was not misplaced.

They run on close together till once more they lose the scent, and there is a check. Now again we learn much of the dispositions and characters of the workers. The pack spreads out like a fan, and each hound works by and for himself. But not all in the same way. The slack and careless hound will gallop round aimlessly and then wait to see what the others do. The steady, persevering hound will, with a painstaking sense of duty, try every blade of grass. The hound of thoughtful mind will go to all the more likely places first; and the wise

old hound, whose business has been fully mastered, will gallop unhesitatingly back to the place where he last had the scent. How often the rest are put right by such a leader! He gallops back to the gateway, through which he had been swept by the common impulse that will carry the best hound over the line sometimes. But as soon as he has time to think, he pauses. He knows he has not smelt fox since he came through the gate, and he knows, too, that a fox will often turn short under a wall or fence. So he goes back, turns up by the hedge, and hits off the line, and both hounds and huntsmen follow at his call.

Few more wonderful instances of reasoning power are, I suppose, ever shown in the field than by the staghounds when they have brought a wild stag to bay. Though I have never ridden with the Devon and Somerset, some of the most picturesque and thrilling moments of sport I have ever experienced have been with them. The stag, after bounding down the precipitous sides of a rocky combe, will plunge into the quick-flowing stream that divides the wooded depths of the valley. The hounds are close behind, but not within view. As they, too, reach the water, they divide, some following the stream on one side, some on the other, while others take to the bed of the water itself. The huntsman, it may be, has not yet threaded his way between the boulders and thickly planted trees that have impeded his progress. But the hounds work up to their stag, which stands at bay where the current is running strongest. Now the older hounds come to the

front, with the wisdom learned of former encounters. They trot up the bank, past the spot where the stag is standing. Then they take to the water, and are carried almost without effort to him. If they had entered the stream sooner, they could not have reached him, for they were powerless to breast the current; and as the young hounds watch their strategy, they too learn the lesson they will put in practice later. Here, then, we have evidence of the natural lead of superior intelligence, and of the willingness of the younger and less experienced to learn from the example of their elders.

But the foundation of the powers of combination that show such an infinite variety in the field is laid in kennel life. The better the discipline and the greater the influence of the huntsman over his pack, the more readily will they work together. No better or quainter example of this was ever given than that of John Press, whose fame as a successful huntsman spread far and wide from the Blackmore Vale country. Here I will quote again from a book, with which my connection gives me the means of vouching for the absolute truth of its statements. It is Miss Serrell, one of the keenest of sportswomen and hound lovers, who tells the story.¹

“A . . . wonderful instance of perfect kennel discipline was that I once witnessed with terriers and foxhounds in the Blackmore Vale kennels. One day, not long before Press retired, I rode over to the kennels, and being told by the kennelman that Press was

¹ With Hound and Terrier in the Field, pp. 52, 53.

in the orchard with the hounds, I dismounted and went in search of him. The sight that met my eyes as I opened the gate I shall never forget. There was Press in his kennel coat, with only a slim white willow in his hands, surrounded by both packs of hounds, and seated on a low stool with his favourite little hound, Miranda, on his knees, while he was encouraging some nine or ten terriers to scratch at the rat-holes round an old apple-tree. Not one of the hounds ventured to interfere as they stood round watching the terriers' efforts, and it was enough for Press to lift his little stick if one essayed to go too near them. Seating myself on a handy stump, I watched the performance, while the old man related anecdotes of his favourites, and assured me he could never have done what he did with them except for their home training. It was a common saying of his that you could teach more *in* kennel than *out*, and with this opinion I cordially agree.

“Perhaps the most curious part of that orchard scene was to come, for Press after a time rose and passed slowly back to the kennels, with the hounds following. Throwing open one of the doors, he turned, and, eyeing the hounds sternly, he raised his hand, and to my great amusement exclaimed in his gruff voice, ‘Ladies first!’ At this signal every ‘lady,’ with a little wave of her stern, trotted forward and went in; and as soon as all had disappeared the door was shut, not a dog-hound in the meantime offering to follow. As he threw open the other door, Press called out, ‘Now, then, gentlemen!’ and the dog-hounds marched majestically in.”

If slackness prevail in their home, hounds will be as ready to take advantage of it as are our own children. Some hounds are more inclined to mischief than others, but if one breaks out there is danger that all the others may follow. How often, again, is the counterpart seen in our playing-field or classroom. Idleness in all cases is the beginning of vice. Many of us know the story of the wild young hounds that once led a whole pack — and a good one — on the line of a donkey. It is said that for long afterwards the huntsman and whippers-in of these hounds regarded the very word “donkey,” uttered in their presence, as a personal insult.

That discipline must be tempered with affection, the conduct of hounds in the field shows clearly. For a man who is harsh to them, who is too ready with lash and hard words, hounds will have much the same relation that a schoolboy has to the tutor he detests, or the soldier to the officer he does not respect. The main-spring of good work is love, not harshness.

If every one from hunt servants to the master would take their duties in the way that one M. F. H. did, there would be no danger of unnecessary harshness, still less cruelty, being used towards any of our partners of the chase. The Master of whom I am speaking never overlooked a fault of this kind with any of his servants. If a man was too ready with the whip, or in any way too severe in the correction of kennel faults, he was sent away at once, *without a character*. As he was not fitted to have the care of animals, the Master would not help him to another situation. It is only by following such a

line of conduct that unsuitable hunt servants can be kept from jeopardising the fair fame of those to whose good offices every hunting man and woman in the country owe so many of the pleasantest hours of their life.

V

*“But why dost thou compare thee to a dog,
In that for which all men despise a dog?
I will compare thee better to a dog:
Thou art as fair and comely as a dog,
Thou art as true and honest as a dog,
Thou art as kind and liberal as a dog,
Thou art as wise and valiant as a dog.”*

WHILE the foxhound and harrier and their brothers of the chase work in company, and — within the limits allowed by the guiding spirit of the huntsman — under the leadership of one or more of their own kind, in another branch of sport we find the perfection of a dog's individual action in the field. If we watch the early training of the young pointer or setter we can trace the development of the dog's powers of mind under the hand of his instructor. If the latter has the intelligence and the patience necessary for his task, and the ambition to make the most of the opening powers that give to his touch the unerring response of a musical instrument of varied strength and different tones, we shall see this under the most favourable circumstances.

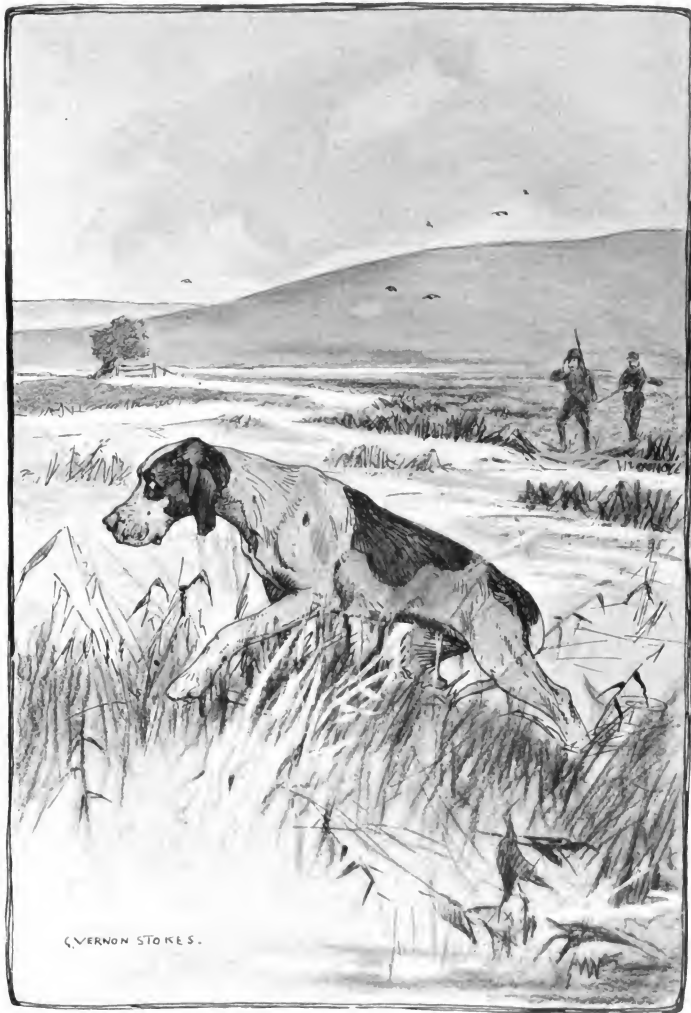
In the first place, the natural characteristics of the young pupil, as they have been shown in puppy games and family intercourse, will be made due allowance for. The puppy of strong, decided character will have different treatment meted out to it from that given to one of timid mind, and, it may be, less robust physique, or

results will show us clearly what is wanting. A harsh word or unrestrained action on the part of the instructor will in a moment turn a bright-eyed and eager dog into a cowed, and, it may be, sullen creature, who has for the time being, at least, lost all interest in the proceedings that promised so well. He must have perfect confidence in the justice of the man in whose hands he is. This confidence is the foundation on which the affection of later years will be built. Without the one it is impossible to have the other. If owners and, above all, keepers only knew it, the way in which their dogs respond to their treatment is the surest index of their own characters. If they are slovenly in their work, the want of thoroughness will surely be reflected in their dogs, and this in spite of any attempts to cover their own defects by unconsidered sternness to their charges. The man who only cares for his dogs as a necessary part of the accessories of a day's shooting will never get more than eye service from them. As he knows nothing of the dog's character, and treats him as if he had no special traits that mark him off as an individual, such a master cannot hope for any response but such as fear of punishment can give him. The dog, if he survives the training given under such circumstances — if, that is to say, he does not fall under the condemnation of being worthless in the field—will only work when directly under his master's eye, and while he knows that chastisement prompt and severe will fall on any failure. In his work, as work, he will take little or no interest; and it is safe to say that such a dog will never show of what he might

have been capable under more discriminating treatment.

The youngest dog that comes under training has the same instinctive knowledge of human character that a child has. Not all, perhaps, would show the nice appreciation of temperament displayed by an older dog that belonged to the father of one of my friends. Shot was a black and white pointer with a long head and ears, and a conformation of head nearer that of a foxhound than of an ordinary dog of his kind. He was a first-rate dog on birds, and conducted himself with the greatest decorum in the field. But one day his high spirits carried him out of his usual self-restraint. He was racing along at such a pace that he dashed into a covey of birds and flushed them. It did not need his master's angry voice to bring home to him a sense of his misdeeds.

As the birds rose, Shot stopped short, his tail went between his legs, and with only a momentary pause he set off wildly to save himself from chastisement. Making straight for a neighbouring bog he waded through it, up to his neck in mud, till he reached a dry spot. Then he sat up and regarded his master serenely, secure in the knowledge that he could not be followed. His owner, a man of quick temper, though much too fond of his dogs to give any of them more than a well-merited reminder not to offend again, was not unnaturally angry at the turn affairs had taken. "Oh, you lop-eared cur, if I could only get at you!" were the words that travelled to Shot's ears, as he sat entrenched in his fastness. He stayed quietly where he was, therefore,



"CONSCIENCE MAKES COWARDS OF US"

SHOT

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till the passing storm had blown over. As soon as his master turned his attention again to the birds, Shot knew he might return safely. He lost no time in leaving his island, and wading back through the mud he took up his duties as if nothing had happened. So well did he work that at the end of the day he received nothing but praise for the excellence of his conduct. The fault had faded from his master's mind, and when it was recalled only excited admiration of the dog's intelligence that had saved him from untoward chastisement. A beating, and still more a savage beating, at the end of a good day's work, would have given Shot a new view of his master's character that would have gone far to destroy the good fellowship existing between them.

But in a puppy, as in a young child, no fault should be overlooked. The great mistake so many commit in training, is in making the necessary correction of minor failings too severe. They are not always careful, either, to make the punishment follow immediately on the fault, but chastise, with a strength measured by their own impatience, the young creature from whose unformed mind all sense of delinquency has passed away. How can a puppy be expected to understand the reason of a harsh rating, or hard blow, for a lack of due response to such an outlandish sound, to untutored ears, as "Toho," when all remembrance has passed in the excitement of watching some later action of his master that calls forth his keenest interest as he tries to fathom its meaning? Still less chance has he in these first essays of the business of life if other dogs are sharing his instructor's attention

with him. He is then being treated as a chattel, and yet expected to give the individual response that only an intelligent being can give. If he does not do like the others at the word of command, and the master's first thought is given to continuing the exercise for those who respond rightly, what chance is there that the young dog will understand the meaning of his correction, after he has followed with fascinated gaze and possibly intelligent co-operation the later parts of the lesson? If the man would only *think*, he would recognise that he was asking from his pupil an effort of mind that is quite beyond his range. It is from the heart sickness caused by the knowledge of terrible acts of vengeance wreaked on defenceless pupils, by thoughtless and cruel masters, that I venture to speak thus plainly. The suffering that is sometimes crowded into the first twelve months of a puppy's life is terrible to think of. And how many good dogs are thus ruined for life, and are condemned as worthless before they have even had a chance of showing their powers! If the owners of shooting dogs would only remember that the dogs which, under judicious treatment, will give the best result as workers are those which, from the possession of the very gifts that give them their value, will understand and resent most keenly any acts of oppression and injustice that cloud their young days, they would save their pockets by getting the services of many a good worker, whose life has been ended by a bullet through his brains.

But if the puppy's training has been carefully and successfully carried out in the privacy that is such an im-

portant factor of success, the considerate and individual care meted out to him does not by any means end here. The dog has learned to obey the various words of command, and so far has responded to his training. But his experience up to this point has been free from conflicting interests. He has concentrated all his attention on the lessons with nothing to distract his mind. But when he takes his place in the field the case is very different. Yet how often do we hear a young dog rated, or see him beaten, for a fault that should have been corrected gently. He has, if he has been wisely treated, finished his education under the very conditions that obtain in the field when the shooting season begins. He has mastered every detail of his work, but how few owners make allowance for the excitement that takes possession of a dog when he first has part in a serious day's shooting! If he is thrown with other dogs, his difficulties are increased tenfold, but supposing that he only accompanies his master for a quiet day among the turnips, and with no companion save a retriever, he knows as well as his owner does that the circumstances of his work are now quite different from all that has gone before. His master is intent on making a good bag, and if the pointer or setter was not capable of understanding the difference between serious business and the previous training foreshadowing it, he would be incapable of giving the intelligent co-operation that is expected of him. He is excited, therefore, and eager, it may well be too eager, to please, and if in the ardour of his own feelings the sportsman has no thought and con-

sideration for his dog, the latter's early training may very likely be spoilt after all.

It is, alas! well known that keepers and their masters will often give an erring dog a punishment with their gun, one of the most brutal forms of chastisement possible. Restraining their savage anger till the dog is at some thirty yards from them, they pepper the poor creature with shot in the hind quarters as he is hurrying forward. From the point of view of common sense, as well as of humane feeling, this is the most futile form in which the anger of the master can show itself. First and foremost, there is the suffering entailed on the dog, for to my own knowledge some animals have lost their lives from the injuries inflicted on them.

And yet what good and faithful work many dogs will give to careless and even cruel owners! A very handsome, upstanding black and white setter, who belonged to a farmer of morose temper, was one of these. The dog was not properly fed, and in spite of his thick coat he excited the commiseration of some people, a part of whose property adjoined the land rented by the farmer. The members of this family were lovers of sport in all its forms, and they often saw the setter at work, and knew that he was particularly staunch on game. One day Prince was following his master about the farm on agricultural interests bent, when, as they passed some heathland, the dog lighted on a covey of partridges. He instantly became rigid, but knowing well that sport was not at the moment the point of interest in his master's mind, he looked round to see if he

was being observed. The master's hand was raised, and Prince obediently dropped. Then the farmer hurried home to fetch his gun. At the end of between twenty and thirty minutes he was back, and found Prince still at his post. At a word, the dog was up, and his master secured a brace of birds. Another time when Prince had been lent to the son of the neighbouring landowner, the dog retained his position for full fifteen minutes before the gun came up. It is sad to think that such a dog should have had more than his share of blows and curses, and but little of the affection that would have made his life happy.

But if the same gentle restraint is about the young dog in the field that has hitherto attended his training, the response he will give to his owner's wishes will be little short of marvellous. For the most striking point about the dog's work in the field is that he carries it out without any physical gain to himself, beyond his enjoyment of the exercise it gives him and the delight the scent of the game affords. The only reward he looks for is one that appeals to his imagination and affection only. While he ranges the field for the hidden game he must have a clear conception in his mind of the results that will follow his successful point. It will bring to his master the pleasure for which he has come out. But here his own share in the work ceases, and it is another dog that will dash in and carry the trophy to his owner. It is well known that many dogs show such a clear appreciation of the respective duties of the various partners in the sport that they will refuse

to do their share if the gun does not account for a satisfactory number of birds. Could anything say more plainly that if their own part of the work is well done they expect equal skill to be shown by their fellow workers?

A setter who showed such nice discrimination belonged to a man who was a first-rate shot. This man had the generosity to lend his dog not infrequently to friends, and it was when the dog was working for an indifferent shot that he showed his disapproval of work to which he was not accustomed. If his temporary master missed two birds running, the setter always turned away and made straight for home. In no case was he ever known to condone such a failure. One miss he would overlook, but two in succession he could not and did not tolerate.

No more cutting reproach can be given to any indifferent sportsman than the silent turning away of a well trained and intelligent dog from the sport in which his master is not taking his due share. And what in many cases is the immediate result of an action on the part of the dog that shows such an amazing appreciation of things as they are? The insult is felt, only to give point to the man's natural exasperation at his own failure. The dog is not made to feel that his exercise of intelligence is understood, but that to please his master he must go on with his work. He is instead rated, or even beaten, for the desire he has shown to give it up, and what wonder if, feeling the injustice of the punishment that has followed his own good service, the dog

turns sulky and refuses to try again. If the man were not so absorbed in his own determination to have sport, good, bad, or indifferent, as to have no thought to give to the dog's point of view, he would pursue a juster course and one more likely to give him the result he desires.

The field work of the pointer is differentiated from that of his near relation, the foxhound, in every essential detail. True, he has the same excitement that is the hound's great joy in the field of hunting up to his game. But even here he has to be taught to seek for his birds with head well in air, instead of keeping his sensitive nose on the ground. For this part of his duty, he has to work out the problem before him entirely without help from his fellows. Then as soon as he signals to his master by the customary point that game is at hand, nothing but a passing glimpse of the birds as they rise comes to reward his work. Instead of the run for a kill that brings the successful chase of the hound to a close, the pointer or setter has to remain content with the knowledge that the physical enjoyment of touching the game has fallen to the retriever, and that the trophy itself has been taken possession of by his master.

We have all heard of the long discussion that from the days of Colonel Thornton's celebrated pointer Dash has been carried on respecting the infusion of foxhound blood into the pointer kennel. With this matter I have no concern, but I am reminded of a very curious instance of hound work that more nearly resembled the pointer

style than that of the foxhound. Yet Druid, the hound in question, was one of pure foxhound blood on both sides. He was a son of Rufford Denmark, and many of his brothers and sisters are to be found in the Hound lists of the late Mr. Merthyr Guest, which lists I have had the privilege of studying. The dam of Druid was Woodbine, a daughter of Mr. Garth's Wildfire, and she strained back to the wonderful hound Ruby (1864), the mother of the Blackmore Vale pack, that was dispersed on Mr. Guest's resignation of the Mastership, in the year 1900. One who hunted with the Blackmore Vale for many years, and was one of the hardest riders of a hard riding field, says of Druid,¹ he "had a curious way of catching a scent. He would stand on his hind legs with his nose high in the air, and sometimes even jump from the ground in his eagerness to catch it." The hound was, this writer adds, "a most reliable hound" in his work.

Another incident in the pointer or setter's duty when he is working with other dogs demands as much intelligent comprehension as his point, and an equal amount of self-control. This is the "back" he is expected to give, immediately one of his companions is at the point. He knows that his fellow is in the enjoyment of the "grateful steam" that is one of the few lawful pleasures he can hope for from the day's sport. Yet he may not move a step towards the spot where the pleasure lies. He must too give up his own anticipations of a similar joy, and wait while others are having the fun. Now, if we think of this for a moment from the dog's

¹ With Hound and Terrier in the Field, by Alys F. Serrell, p. 226.

point of view, we shall see what a high exercise of self-control he must bring to bear on this part of his duty.

This has always seemed to me one of the most surprising results of the effects of training on the higher mental powers of the dog that has ever been achieved. Of course we know that pointers and setters may be taught to retrieve, and a setter may do the work of both pointer and retriever, but here I am only speaking of the special tasks allotted to the former. And with such intelligent co-operation as he is expected to give, has not the dog a right to the considerate and gentle treatment that will alone encourage him to give of his best? I would plead with every sportsman that takes a gun in hand not to cast a slur on his own manhood by unworthy conduct to a faithful worker, to the exercise of whose skill his pleasure owes so much.

From the point of view of the thinker, a nice psychological problem presents itself, as to the powers of the dog's mind that are brought into play during a day's shooting. There is, first of all, an intelligent response to the training that has been given him, when he is left to carry out his work by himself. For though a faint whistle may from time to time come to carry some direction from his master, the exigencies of the shooting field demand that he should be left in the main to his own resources. But far above this in intellectual effort is the imagination that must be brought into play to give him the conception, he undoubtedly has, of the different parts that go to make up the whole of the day's sport. If he did not realise the parts of the work he

does not see, as well as those that are the result of his own exertions, it would be impossible for him to show resentment at the sport not being brought to a successful termination. The report rings out when the birds rise, whether the shot is to bring success or failure. In any further steps, the dog has no share, but the mental picture that is imaged on his brain must not be marred, or he will take the very means to mark his sense of the disturbance that a human might do if he were put into the position of the dog.

A very extraordinary instance of intelligent co-operation with the work of the guns is told me by one who has had a life-long experience in the breeding and training of shooting dogs. In the course of a day's grouse shooting in Caithness, two black pointers were out and working in their usual good style. But one bird could not be found. The keeper was at last joined by the guns in his search, but no efforts could discover the bird the dogs told them was there. When the search was given up in despair, the keeper noticed that only one of his dogs went to his work. The other went back and sitting down regarded her master anxiously. The man saw her take her point and go up to dead. Then she disappeared from view, but instantly reappearing, she drew herself up to her full height with the dead bird in her mouth. Holding it for a moment for her master to see, she then dropped it and sat down beside it. Hurrying up, the keeper found that the bird had crept into a narrow hole in the ground, where the efforts of all the party had been unable to find it.

Leaving thus the more serious aspects of the shooting dog's life, let us turn to an amusing episode in which a retriever seemed to show a sense of humour. Cruiser, a curly coated dog, was one of those good tempered, easy natured creatures that are always ready to give a helping "paw" in anything that is on hand. The mistress of this dog could, on the occasion in question, well have dispensed with his assistance. Among the many animals she gathered round her in her country home was a troop of young ducklings. The aim of these little things' lives was to get into a certain pond, from which, as it had deep walled sides, it was very difficult to get them out. Late one Sunday evening this lady discovered that the gate leading into the field where the pond was situated had been left open, and all the ducklings had made haste to take advantage of their opportunity. Usually when such a catastrophe occurred, half the household were summoned to take part in the work of rescue. But on Sunday evening no one was available, and with Cruiser at her side his mistress took up the business single-handed. With the help of the retriever and a long pole she collected the brood in a corner of the pond near the hatches, and then put the pole across behind them, to keep them from getting back into deep water. She then lay down on the bank, and by stretching her arm down could just reach the truants. Taking one of the fluffy heads gently in her hand, she swung the duckling up to the bank beside her. This she repeated again and again, till every limb ached. The ducklings seemed to be multiplied by tens, and at last

in despair of ever getting them all out, she sat up to rest and count the number she had rescued. A glance showed her the reason of her unending work. As each duckling came up, Cruiser caught it skilfully and gently in his mouth, and carrying it to the side of the pond dropped it delicately in. When his mistress stopped working, his own amusement came to an end, and he too sat down to wait for better times, which in this case at least did not come to him.

VI

*He has not lived in vain, whose magic art
Portrays God's creatures in the nobler part.
He has not lived in vain, whose teaching tends
To human sympathy with our dumb friends.*

A FACT that is brought home to us very early in the house dog's life, in which we see the dawning of a personal sense of responsibility in his mind, is the self-control he learns to exercise. As he responds to the training that is brought to bear on his undeveloped powers, he gives the first faint evidence of a moral sense, the violation of which causes him to feel shame, as well as fear of the consequences of his act.

A wild and wayward little being, he responds with ever increasing facility to the lessons that are to fit him for his position in life. He wrangles with his fellow puppies, and fights with them for a share of the food for which his appetite craves, and in his contests and his play shows to the attentive observer the dawning of the natural characteristics that go to make him a being distinct from all others of his kind. Little by little his innate love of mischief and the curiosity that prompts so many puppy crimes, are curbed and checked by the restraints imposed on him by the nature of his surroundings. He learns that disaster in the form of correction

awaits him if he gives play to his natural cravings, and the dawn of his reasoning faculties is shown in his efforts — by no means always successful — to govern the impulses that his puppy mind learns to realise are not to be indulged in with impunity.

A friend who was living with me in India had two well-bred fox-terrier puppies given to her when they were only a few weeks old. She undertook their training, and had a somewhat lively experience with them. Her Ayah was devoted to the playful little fat balls, but had no more idea of discipline for them than she had for her own children. By some needful lessons their owner had taught them that boots and sponges and other toilet accessories were not to be destroyed with impunity. When the puppies were with her, therefore, they soon left the forbidden things severely alone. During her absence they were not allowed in her bedroom, and if left alone were shut into the safe shelter of an Indian bathroom. But the Ayah was ready to give them anything they wanted, and one day, when they were between two and three months old, she admitted them to their mistress's room, while she went off to her house to dinner.

Not long after their owner returned and found signs of havoc in the shape of a torn up sponge and a sadly mutilated shoe. Not a puppy, however, was to be seen, and the bathroom being empty, the Ayah was summoned to account for their disappearance. Then a search was instituted, and from different places of concealment two frightened and manifestly shame-stricken

little animals were drawn. They were shown the results of their handiwork, and a lesson for future guidance was given them in the form of admonitory finger taps, though their mistress had hard work to preserve even a semblance of gravity, as she looked at their ridiculous little cowering forms. But the puppies had had a lesson, the severest of their young lives, that they did not forget. They learned to respect their owner's belongings even in the freedom of solitude, and the shame they showed when brought face to face with the evidence of their misdeeds bore good fruit in the form of exemplary self-restraint even in the pursuit of mischief. For these puppies had never been beaten, and the dread of a stern word, or the touch of an admonishing finger, was not sufficient to account for their action in hiding themselves from their mistress. They must have had a sense of wrongdoing, mingled with the fear of reproof that showed their training had indeed been satisfactorily begun.

Independently of the love that young dogs show in puppyhood to their owners, their friendship for others of their own kind comes early in their stage of development. A friendship begun in puppyhood will often last through life. An instance of this was seen in two fox terriers, litter brothers, by name Rattler and Royal. These dogs were not sent out to walk, but spent their young days together in their home kennels. Their affection for each other was soon remarked, for contrary to the general conditions obtaining among young terriers, they were never known to fight together. When they arrived

at years of discretion they took their place with the older dogs, in the sporting pack to which they belonged. Here the friendship of their younger days became even more marked. Neither Rattler nor Royal could be induced to go out, even for the delights of hunting, without the other. When they were at work in the field they were always together, and in company they would return. No day was ever too long for the brothers, and they were always to the fore in any work there was on hand. Often when hunting was over, Rattler would manage to slip away from the pack, and taking refuge in some handy covert, start working on his own account. Royal would soon notice his absence, and if not looked after would run back to find the truant. Then the two would have a royal time, and hunt the woods at their own sweet will till exhausted nature could do no more. It was believed that a hearty meal of rabbit not infrequently ended the day's pleasures for them, and then under the shelter of a bramble bush they would curl up together and sleep the sleep of the worn-out hunter.

An instance of strong friendship between an older and a younger dog is seen with two pets, one a very handsome King Charles and the other a fascinating, most alert little Yorkshire terrier, who are members of a household where the dogs take no unimportant place. Roy, the King Charles, was an old and valued friend before the puppy Jack came to keep him company. At the time of the latter's arrival Roy was suffering from a long and painful illness, and as an invalid he claimed and received more than his usual share of



THE INVALID AND HIS NEW FRIEND

ROY AND JACK

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attention from his friends. The care with which Jack was prevented from disturbing the sufferer roused the puppy's keenest interest in him, and it was observed that Roy himself showed no disposition to be offended at the new-comer's presence. Little by little Jack was left free to go to Roy's basket when he pleased, and no sooner was a cry of pain heard from the older dog than the puppy would rush to him and kiss him, and then look round for help for his suffering friend from those present. In return for these attentions Roy allowed Jack to play with his favourite toy without demur, though his friends were ready to protect his plaything from the other, while Roy was too suffering to take part in the games. The invalid would, however, show his disapproval of the too zealous attentions of his guardians by a low growl whenever Jack was deprived of the coveted toy, and from his basket would watch the games of the active puppy with a gentle interest.

Soon further signs of a good understanding between the dogs were shown. Roy, who is the autocrat of the household, spends the night with the cook, an old and valued servant, who has a quite passionate affection for the imperious little beauty. In the morning, the next step of Roy's daily pleasures is a visit to his mistress, who being an invalid has her breakfast in bed. The little spaniel lies on her bed until she gets up, and when he is there, not even his friend Jane is allowed to interfere with him. But one day when Jack arrived in his mistress's arms to pay a visit to the invalid, Roy was all anxiety for him to share his position with him. As this

was the highest mark of favour he could show, it was felt that from henceforth the care in keeping Roy from the pressing attentions of the puppy might be relaxed.

With the exception of my own Skye, Roy has the most varied vocabulary in the way of language that I have ever heard from any dog. He makes his wants and wishes known to his friends with the greatest ease. Being a very determined as well as intelligent little person, it is but seldom that he does not get his own way. He has a large circle of friends and admirers outside his own family, and I think his devoted attendant, Jane, could scarcely be induced to accept an invitation out to tea, if Roy were not included in the party.

In the many severe illnesses that Roy has suffered, his life has undoubtedly been saved by the gentle patience with which he has submitted to remedies. He never resents anything that is done for his future comfort, and will submit quietly to handling that causes him great present pain with an evident appreciation of the reasons that dictate his friends' efforts on his behalf. As Roy in his younger days had no home playfellow, he developed an amusing attachment to self-elected pets. The first object of his young affections as a plaything was a muff, that was shaken, tossed, and rolled about, till its comely proportions were reduced to bare skin. This with unwavering affection was always taken to bed to be slept on, till in an evil hour for him, the cook took the somewhat doubtful looking object in hand. She washed and mended it, with the laudable intention of making it a sweeter bedfellow; but for

Roy its charm had gone, and he discarded it with a finality from which there was no appeal.

Now Roy, being as I have said, a privileged person, always has his chair put for him at the dining-room table, where he sits beside his mistress at mealtime, showing a decorous attention to the business in hand. His plate is before him, and at a certain point, his own portion of the food is put ready for him. Being an imaginative dog, Roy has many little "make-believes" with his playthings, and occasionally the ball that has succeeded the muff in his affections is carried into the dining room and put on the edge of his plate. The first time this happened, it was supposed to have been a mistake on Roy's part, and the ball was removed from its position. But its owner had not brought it there without some unknown purpose in his little mind, and he prepared forthwith to rectify his friend's blunder. Leaving his chair and the food that had just been put before him, he bustled off to recover the lost treasure, and having put it back in its former position he ate his dinner quietly. It is only now and then that the ball is thus honoured, but on these rare occasions its presence is necessary to Roy's comfort, and his sense of the fitness of things must not be outraged by its removal.

Roy's little housemate Jack, though still in his early youth, has already some well marked characteristics. He has a talent for collecting his family and keeping them together in a walk that is worthy of the powers of a sheep dog. His great accomplishment is begging, which he exercises on his own initiative and in a most effective

manner. With him this habit takes the place of language. If he wants anything he sits up immediately on his hind legs, and with a wealth of expression in his eyes waits for his friends to attend to him. As the desired answer is sure to come, Jack's faith in his method is unbounded. A little upright waiting form is not infrequently found in position before a closed door. Though the desired answer may be long in coming, Jack has every confidence that perseverance will win the day.

Between Whankey and Floss, the former a black and tan rough terrier and the latter a fox-terrier, who are both mentioned elsewhere, there existed the closest possible friendship. Though Whankey was an established favourite in her home before Floss arrived, a firm alliance soon sprang up between them. But the good feeling that marked their own relations was not extended to other dogs. No other of the many terriers owned by their mistress would they allow in the house. Even Jubilee, an older dog, who was passing her last years in the shelter of her owner's home, was never permitted to pass the swing door that led from the kitchen regions into the front hall. If she ever appeared in the doorway, Whankey and Floss would be sure to spot her, and advance in warlike attitude, bristles up and uttering warning growls. Jubilee would respond in form, but would in the end give way to the superiority of numbers and withdraw to her own domains.

The two house favourites were always with their mistress, and both slept in her room at night. But each had her own allotted place on bed or chair, and they showed

a nice sense of the social amenities, as a foundation of lasting friendship, by never taking a position belonging to the other. When Whankey died, Floss was inconsolable, and spent her time in looking for her lost friend. After a while she would pass hours together on a certain chair that used to be considered Whankey's property. Here Floss would sit upright with an expression of misery on her little face that often induced her mistress to try and comfort her. But such efforts Floss resented, and she would snap and show marks of anger that she never displayed to her owner under other circumstances. Though Floss lived for some years, she still kept up the old embargo on the presence of other dogs in the house. Several times her mistress brought up some young puppies from the kennels, thinking that Floss would relent in favour of their youth and innocence. But Floss was unbending, and she was so unhappy at their presence that the young things were always sent away. To the end of her life Floss remembered Whankey. If the latter's name was mentioned, she was immediately all attention, and if any one called "Whankey!" in a low voice, Floss would spring up and rush to the door, wagging her tail, and barking to be let out to look for her friend.

The highest form of disinterested affection we find in dogs, as in humans, in the love of a mother for her offspring. A friend, who was in South Africa with her husband during the late war, was at Ladysmith some months after the raising of the siege. She went out to Bulwana, and near the spot from which "Long Tom"

had wrought such havoc among our people, she found a poor half-starved dog and her two puppies. The mother and one of the little things fled at the approach of strangers, but the other puppy, who was too weak to walk, clung to the kindly visitor who was probably the first human being she had ever seen. To leave the little thing in that desolate spot meant death for her, so the lady succeeded in getting down the steep side of the plateau with the puppy in her arms, and carried her all the way back to Ladysmith. Here she had no difficulty in finding a good home for the little stranger, as many people were anxious to have the care of a dog whose birth dated from the time of the siege. Efforts were made to find the starving mother and her other puppy, but these were unavailing. A short time after, however, another visitor to the scene of "Long Tom's" exploits, found the younger dog, but the mother, who had managed to save her offspring, had lost her own life in the struggle.

Another instance of maternal love was given by a black pointer, one of those now known as the Black Prince breed. The dog was a very fine one and was much prized by her owners. In a litter of otherwise healthy puppies this dog had one weakling. The latter she would not allow to be with its stronger brethren. She was seen to carry the little one who was unable to hold her own in the rough and tumble of puppy life into a separate compartment. There she cared for it patiently and affectionately, and if it was put back with the others she instantly removed it from the dangers of

companionship. This, I think, is the most touching example of motherly love in an animal that I have ever heard of. The poor dog's care, however, was unavailing, and when the little sufferer died, she carried the dead body to a neighbouring hedgerow, and there dug a hole and buried it. The last scene of the tragedy was observed by a boy, who had taken the keenest interest in the efforts made to save the puppy's life, and who is now the owner of the celebrated kennels of which the mother was an inmate.

VII

*“ Not hopeless round the calm, sepulchral spot,
A wreath presaging life we twine :
If God be love, what sleeps below was not
Without a touch divine.”*

OF the memory of past events and of recollection of places revisited after the lapse of years, we have many wonderful instances in dog life. Stella, a handsome well-bred fox-terrier, of strange experiences in the wilds of Africa, was a striking example of a memory that survived some thrilling adventures far from the bounds of civilisation. This little dog left her English home when she was only a few months old, and with her new master set sail for Africa. Stella was a smooth terrier with a bright tan head, and throughout life was a fat, comfortable looking little creature.

Stella's evidence of memory of the place where she had spent the early months of her life was shown when she returned from the first of her adventurous journeys. She came home with her master after an absence of rather over a year, and accompanied him on a visit to her former mistress. It was a dark winter's night when the travellers arrived at the station, from which a drive of three miles would take them to the house whither they were bound. The little dog's only preoccupation was to keep with her master, and the first part of

the last stage of their journey by road passed quietly. But as the carriage came within a short distance of the house, Stella grew restless, and showed such anxiety to get out that at last she was put down to run the rest of the way on foot. But neither the darkness, that to humans would have made the choice of a way a matter of difficulty, nor the time that had elapsed since Stella as a puppy had been in the country before, prevented her from recognising her old landmarks and the former conditions of her life. At the entrance to the drive she left the carriage, and, taking a short cut across the park, arrived at the front door and finding her way in, turned into the drawing room, and paying no attention for the moment to those who were waiting for the expected travellers, made straight for the water dish from which she had often quenched her thirst in early youth. Her mistress saw her dash in at the open door, and go as straight for the corner where the dogs' dish always stood, as if it was only yesterday that she had found it there. Stella's unexpected appearance was the signal to the waiting friends that her master was near at hand. In a few minutes the latter drove up, to find that his little favourite had shown her recollection of the scenes and surroundings of her youth, and was there in her old home to add her welcome to those of his other friends.

The so-called "Homing-instinct" of dogs I touch on with diffidence. Of the many truly wonderful instances of this power that we hear of from time to time, few are narrated in a manner to compel conviction of the facts

being quite as they appear to the easy acceptance of the narrator. With these, however, I have nothing to do, though in a few cases I have come across examples of remarkable journeys over unknown countries made by different kinds of dogs. I think it is in such instances that we find evidence of a perfection of one or more of the senses, to which we have no parallel in our own experience. Yet what a strange difference there is in humans, in their power of finding their way when in unbeaten tracks! Here, as we know, a savage, untutored and guiltless of the faintest breath of civilisation, will succeed where the highest efforts of the white man's powers of mind avail nothing. The lynx eye of the native will let nothing escape him. The turning of a leaf from its natural position, the all but imperceptible impress of a foreign body on the sandy soil, will tell him what may save the life of the representatives of a higher civilisation, whose fate is perchance confided to him. The powers of sight and smell, that tell so many things to the Indian as he follows the trail through the trackless forests of North America, and the unerring instincts that will carry a native of Central Africa, or of the desert lands of Asia over the sandy wastes, where to the European the unbroken desert gives no faintest clue to his position, are closer to those we find in our dog friends than any power we possess.

Yet among average men and women of normal intelligence and culture, the greatest possible difference will be found in their "sense of country" as it is often called.

In dogs there is at least as much difference in their power of reaching home. Some will be hopelessly lost within a mile or two, while others will make some wonderful, unaided effort to get back to their friends that is crowned with complete success. It is of hounds that such stories are generally told, and from the manner of their life, and the wide range of their work, this is not surprising. I have never, however, come across any well authenticated instance that will compare with the marvellous tales of common report. It is hard to explain how an unentered hound could have found her way over one hundred and twenty miles of unknown country. Yet this happened to a young dog that was sent by the Master of the Four Burrow Hunt to the kennels of the Devon and Somerset Staghounds. The hound was bred at the Scorrier kennels, and as his working days had not begun he had not learnt the country in the neighbourhood of his home. When he was sent to his new quarters he travelled by cart and train the whole way. On the night of his arrival at Exford he jumped over the kennel wall and disappeared. No one saw anything of him on the journey on which he started, so far as his friends could learn, but ten days later he was back at Scorrier.

A similar instance occurred with another hound that was brought to the Devon and Somerset country to hunt the wild red deer. When the late Master of the Eggesford country gave up his position, his pack was sent by train to Rugby to be sold. Here the Master of the Staghounds bought several couple, which were duly

taken by train to Dulverton, and thence by cart to the kennels that are in the middle of Exmoor. On their arrival one hound escaped, and the next day she turned up at the Eggesford Kennels.

Another instance of the same kind, for the strict accuracy of which I can vouch, is told in Miss Serrell's account of the Blackmore Vale Hounds.¹ "A remarkable instance of the homing instinct was displayed by a hound named Rakish, with whose wonderful feet and legs Mr. Guest was so much struck that he bought her. She came from the South Dorset kennels, of which hunt Mr. Featherstonhaugh Frampton was then the Master. At Moreton station Rakish was put into the Guard's van with a collar and chain on, and she travelled twenty miles in a northeastern direction to Wimborne, and thence twenty-eight miles towards the northwest to Templecombe, her journey ending two and a half miles farther on, at Milborne Port. She was taken out at Milborne Port Station, but no sooner was she on the platform than she snapped her chain and made off. For a day or two she was seen occasionally near the place, but after that was neither seen nor heard of, until Mr. Guest received a letter from Mr. Frampton saying that Rakish had reappeared at her old kennels. Nothing was ever known of the manner in which she found her way home, a distance of twenty-two miles as the crow flies."

The nature of the surroundings of a modern Skye terrier's life do not give him the advantage of the knowledge of country possessed by working hounds.

¹ With Hound and Terrier in the Field, p. 231.

Yet a young Skye, only eight months old, and when taken to London for the first time, found his way from a crowded thoroughfare, across Hyde Park, which to him was unknown ground, to the home to which he had been taken on his arrival from the country. The dog's mistress was staying in a flat at Albert Gate. A day or two after her arrival she took the Skye with her in her carriage, when she went on a shopping expedition. On leaving the carriage in Oxford Street she gave strict orders to her coachman not to let the puppy escape during her absence. The little thing had the brougham to himself, and no sound was heard from him. At last the man got down and opened the door to make sure that his charge was all right. Quick as thought the puppy slipped past him, and dashed off down the crowded pavement in the direction of the Marble Arch. When his mistress heard what had happened, she gave him up for lost. But that evening the house porter found a little waiting figure sitting at the door of the lift, for the lost terrier had found his way back.

A similar instance I know of in connection with a striking looking little dog, who passed many happy years in a good home at Bath. This little creature was a cross between a Maltese and a Pomeranian, and what gave him a very unusual appearance, was that in front he had the points of a Maltese, while behind he had the tightly curled, gaily carried tail and the form of his Pomeranian ancestors. Bobbie was only eight months old when he was lost in one of the crowded

thoroughfares of London. As his then owner was living in a suburb, where he had recently changed houses, it seemed impossible that the little thing should find his way home. Nevertheless, on the following morning when the house was opened, the wanderer was found sitting on the doorstep. All through his life Bobbie was in the habit of going off for walks on his own account, and though at Bath, where his days were mostly spent, he was sometimes seen at a great distance from his home, he always found his way back.

He had many engaging little ways and was very devoted to his mistress, who showered love upon him. He always had a saucer of milk given to him by his owner at afternoon tea. But when she was out and any one else gave him the milk, he would not touch it. A very sad looking little figure would establish itself at a short distance from the saucer, and regard the dainty wistfully. It was not till his mistress returned and he had given her his usual warm welcome that Bobbie would fling himself upon the saucer and drink up the milk. When he wanted anything, Bobbie had a fascinating little way of making his wishes known. Taking up his position close to his mistress, he would sit upright and wave his paws quickly in the air until his wants were attended to. In many other ways he showed that he was a dog of character. It was the custom in his home for one of the maids to go to the post every evening, and it was Bobbie's daily joy to accompany her. But he understood the business on which she went, and not even the delight of the walk would tempt him till he



BOBBIE

THE
COURT

saw that she had the letters in her hand. Yet Bobbie's evening run was considered good for him, and if there were no letters his mistress would put an envelope into the maid's hand, saying, "There are the letters," and Bobbie, satisfied that all was right, would spring up with a bark and rush downstairs with all his usual eagerness.

Pat, a Scotch terrier, once performed a mysterious journey on his own account, and though it has nothing to do with the "homing instinct," well-directed determination, no slight amount of skill, and an intelligent comprehension of the situation were required for its success. Pat's home was in an island off the coast of Argyll, and he was the special favourite of the nursery party. The island is a large one, and it was a fairly long drive from the house to the pier, at which steamers called. Every year the family went South, to spend a time at Bournemouth, or some other of the South-coast watering places. One or two of their dogs went with them, and one year the children pleaded for Pat to be of the selected travellers. But the elders decided against him, and Pat was consequently left behind when the family started. In the steamer the children and nurses took possession of the cabin allotted to them. No sooner had the boat moved off from the pier than a wriggling, apologetic little form came out from a dark corner of the cabin. Pat was greeted with tumultuous affection from his delighted playfellows, but how he had got there no one could say. The men servants had seen nothing of him with the luggage carts, and

it was felt to be impossible that he could have concealed himself in the wagonette. There was, beside, the difficulty of his having boarded the steamer without being seen by any member of the crew or by his own family. Pat's exploit could never be explained, though the success with which he carried it out made him dearer than ever to his young owners.

An instance of a similar kind of determination not to lose sight of his friends was shown by a powerful black lurcher, named Tip. This dog was a cross between a greyhound and a retriever, and belonged to a man whose home was at Fleet, in Hampshire. On the day when the Basingstoke market was held, Tip's master was in the habit of getting a lift in a passing cart, that he might attend the market. His dog always ran under the cart and attended his master while he transacted his business. The return journey the man made by rail, from Basingstoke to Fleet, a distance of some ten or twelve miles. He left his dog to shift for himself when he took his own place in the train. Tip would stand on the platform and watch his master off. Then jumping down on to the line he set off in pursuit of the train. That he never left the line is proved by the fact that he did not come to grief by any train passing the opposite way, and Tip would pass Winchfield, the only intermediate station, without relaxing his speed. He performed the journey in a marvellously short time, and from Fleet Station he made his way to his home on the common, which he reached shortly after his master had arrived.

Some of these performances we must acknowledge to be beyond our range, without the aid of gifts that we feel are our own special prerogatives. If we could put ourselves into a bodily form similar to that of the dog, and at the same time divest ourselves of our higher powers of mind, we should have to acknowledge that some special canine sense was needed to get us out of our difficulties. We cannot set the dog's solution down to mere cleverness, though doubtless the workings of his little mind often go far beyond what we attribute to it. Of simple "cleverness" so called, a small red greyhound was a striking example. The story has more than a flavour of poaching about it, but is an evidence of individual efforts of intelligence on the part of the hero. This dog, whose name was Rover, came into the possession of a friend of mine in a curious way. The lady was staying with her brother, who was a keen sportsman, and from him she heard the history of a poacher in the neighbourhood, who had been giving the keepers a very lively time. The man owned a little red dog, who was an extraordinarily clever night-worker, and the hares were sadly on the decrease in consequence. One evening, after dinner, an urgent message was brought to the master of the house that a man, who would not give his name, implored him to see him. The request was granted, and in a few minutes the servant returned to ask the lady to go out to her brother. Here she found him in conversation with a respectable looking young man, who was holding a small greyhound in a

leash. Turning to her, her brother said, "This man has brought up the little varmint I was telling you about. He wants me to take him, but I tell him that he is no good to me."

In appearance Rover was certainly not the sort of dog to appeal to a shooting man, but the sister's sympathies were soon enlisted. She listened while the dog's owner explained that he had got himself into such serious trouble that he was about to leave the country, and he was so fond of his dog Rover that he wanted to find a good home for him before he left. He added that he did not want anything for the dog, but only to get him into good quarters. My friend being what she was, it was a foregone conclusion that she should offer to take Rover, but she expressed a doubt of such a small creature being able to catch a hare single-handed. This implied slur of his favourite seemed to put the young man out greatly, and he declared that he had never seen the hare who could get away from Rover. The lady's opinion, however, was not shaken, but she took the dog to an empty dog box and fastened him up for the night. The farewell between the dog and his master was very touching, for there was evidently the warmest affection between them. The poor little animal stood whining and tugging at his chain, while his master's footsteps died away in the distance, and it was only when the last sound had faded that he retired disconsolately into his house and curled himself up.

The next morning his new owner went down into

the yard early to see how her dog had fared. To her great astonishment she saw a large hare hanging on the wall above his box, and Rover securely fastened up, but looking very stiff and dirty, came slowly out to greet her. When this was reported to her brother, he was much amused. It seemed that the disbelief shown of the dog's powers had so rankled in the poacher's mind that he had come back in the middle of the night and taken Rover out for the last of their many midnight wanderings. A hare that the dog had caught was left in the yard as a testimony to his prowess.

Rover in due course went home with his mistress, and before long his owner determined to test his powers for herself. Taking Rover with her, she went to a neighbour on whose lands hares were said to be plentiful, to ask permission to try and find one. The permission was granted, but her friend added, "You will never catch one with that little thing." Nothing daunted, however, Rover and his mistress took the field, with the land owner's keeper and his old retriever. Field after field was tried unsuccessfully, and at last the word for home was given and Rover was put on his leash. In the middle of a large stubble field Rover's mistress heard a shout behind her, and, turning, saw the keeper waving his hat frantically, and pointing with his stick to a hare that was coming straight towards her.

Rover spotted it at once, and struggled and strained so violently to get away that it was a matter of some difficulty to release him. Off he started in hot pursuit, and followed his quarry across the field at racing pace,

till the hare began to near the hedge. This the dog, by cutting off a corner cleverly, managed to reach before her, and turned her back. Away they went again the full length of the field, Rover repeating his manœuvre at the end and cutting the hare off from her refuge. Back once more they raced, until the hare finding herself baulked every time she was within reach of her smeuse, grew desperate. The next time Rover tried to intercept her she made a frantic effort to pass him. But Rover was too quick for her, and making his rush, rolled her over and killed her.

His owner and the keeper meanwhile had been rushing up and down the field, with the old retriever at their heels, till they had run themselves to a standstill. They then had perforce to wait and watch the issue. When the long struggle was over, the keeper ran up and picked up the hare, finding poor little Rover panting hard from his exertions lying full length beside her.

As soon as the man had recovered his breath he turned to the lady and gave his view of the situation as follows: "Now, ma'am, don't you ever let that little devil out of your hand. Why, if some o' they poaching chaps were to lay hands on him there would n't be a hare left in the country."

Though Rover's training was open to suspicion from the point of view of the law, there was no doubt of his having responded well to it. He had, moreover, from his own intelligent appreciation of the work he was called on to perform, added just those details that gave it an artistic finish.

VIII

*“The faithful dog, in life the firmest friend,
The first to welcome, foremost to defend ;
Whose honest heart is aye his master’s own,
Who lives, breathes, fights, and dies for him alone.”*

THE sense of the ego in the dog is, I think, clearly shown in the feeling of personal responsibility he exhibits. If we had not the feeling of being responsible in our own persons for the carrying out of duties, often far from attractive in themselves, and, it may be, even repulsive to us, should we put aside our inclinations and sensibilities to face the disagreeables such duties entail, if we could merge our personal responsibility in a general sense of the duties of mankind? It is the consciousness of the individual answer, for or against, that we must each make, that forces us to face the inevitable, as we realise it. In the lesser round of the simpler duties that confront the dog, the same recognition of the claims made on his personal response to them is shown, and should be accepted as coming from the same source.

We cannot study the life story of any dog without finding at least some instance of his recognition of duty as duty. Its carrying out may entail personal discomfort, or even danger, but he goes forward without hesitation or craven fear. In the life of Billy, a small wire-haired

lady fox-terrier, who answered to this incongruous name, several such actions are to be seen. Billy is the very small daughter of well-bred parents, and belongs to a lady whose home is in Ireland. She was originally the property of a little son of the house, whose young life ended in boyhood. His wee dog was very precious to his young master, and during his last illness showed her response to his affection by spending long hours with the sufferer. One of the last requests the dying boy made was that Billy might be allowed to remain indoors at night for the future, instead of being sent to the stables to sleep. Such a petition was, of course, granted; and when her master's short life ended, Billy was lifted from the bed and found the most loving guardians in the mother and sister of her former owner.

In return for the love lavished on her, Billy is a most vigilant little guardian. In her basket she now spends the night in the kitchen. One Sunday evening on going in to take up her position for the night, Billy found a large kettle on the fire boiling over and sending a stream of water on to the floor. The maids being out, there was no one to appeal to in the kitchen regions, so Billy bustled off to the drawing room to her mistress, and by whining and catching hold of her dress and pulling at it she tried to show that all was not right. While her owner was wondering what she meant Billy grew more importunate. Seizing the lady's skirt between her teeth she did her best to pull her mistress up; and then, rushing to the door, she paused and looked round to see if she were being followed. Then her mistress rose and



BILLY

went to see what was the matter. When she reached the kitchen the reason of Billy's call was clear; and the dog, having done her duty, jumped into her basket and curled herself up for the night.

Another time Billy rushed into her mistress's room with such signs of frantic eagerness to be followed that her appeal was responded to immediately. Leading the way into one of the rooms, Billy flew to the hearthrug, where a live coal had fallen from the fire. A large hole was already burnt in the rug, and the carpet was smouldering in most dangerous fashion. Without Billy's summons the consequences must have been serious, for flames were on the point of breaking out.

Yet again Billy came to the rescue; and though on this occasion possible jealousy of the cat concerned in the story may have added to the zest with which she performed her duty, she nevertheless did the obvious and proper thing. Billy was settled for the night, but it was not long before she discovered that a cat had been shut into the larder by mistake, and was making the most of her unwonted opportunities. As usual, she rushed off to bring her mistress to the rescue. As Billy's vigilance was now acknowledged and valued, she had little trouble in persuading her owner to come down. She led the way to the larder and calmly waited. The cat was discovered busy with a plump chicken; and who shall say what feeling of satisfaction came to Billy's soul, while she watched the ignominious flight of the startled thief, to sweeten the sense of a duty successfully carried out?

Not many dogs, even of Billy's unusual beauty, have had such striking testimony paid to their good looks. Billy was in the charge, for the time being, of her young mistress, when an American gentleman was so struck by the dog's appearance that, with many apologies to her guardian for his intrusion, he ventured to ask if she could be persuaded to part with her pet. He would be delighted to give a cheque for £20 in exchange for the dog. The offer was politely refused, and the would-be purchaser then offered a blank cheque, to be filled in by the owner for any sum she pleased, if she would let him have Billy. Touched by the genuine admiration shown for the dog, it was then explained to the enthusiastic American that there were tender memories of a dead brother, to whom Billy had once belonged, that made it impossible to consider the noble offer made for the favourite's transfer.

A very strong sense of duty was shown by Floss, the little terrier of eventful history, of whom I have spoken several times. She delighted in a day's shooting, but looked upon it as her business to mount guard over anything in the shape of dead game. One day she was tested severely. A hare was killed early in the proceedings, and as the guns were going a long way to the next beat, the hare was hung on a tree and left. Not long after Floss was missed, and no one could remember where she had last been seen. Thinking, however, that she had probably run a rabbit to ground and would follow, the guns went on. At the end of the day a beater was told off to fetch the hare. When he reached

the tree there was a little white form keeping guard over the trophy overhead. But Floss did not know the beater, and warned him sharply off her preserves. The man tried persuasion, caresses, and threats in turn, but to no avail. Floss was ready to use all her powers in the defence of her friends' property, and the man went back to tell the tale of his failure. Then one of Floss's friends went to find her and the missing hare. As soon as she saw him Floss ran to meet the new-comer with every mark of pleasure. She watched him take down the hare, and then trotted home contentedly by his side. Not even the sound of the firing that told her she was losing so much of the day's fun had been able to tempt Floss from the path of duty.

A curious sense of the cares of guardianship Floss showed in regard to the many masks and brushes that adorn the walls of her mistress's room. Every night before she curled herself up to sleep, she was observed to sit upright and look round the walls. If one of the usual trophies had been removed from its place, she would jump up and proceed on a tour of inspection through the house to find it. As soon as she discovered it, she barked again and again till some one arrived to see what was wanted. Then she waited till her treasure was restored to its usual place, and immediately this was done she settled herself down for the night. A visitor to the house, who was much struck with Floss's careful guard, used to go into the room at night and pretend to touch some of the furry treasures on the walls. Floss would be up and on the alert in a moment. Flying at the

rash intruder, she showed herself ready to defend her mistress's property till the pretended examination came to an end.

The strongest personal note of another fox-terrier's character was an indomitable will power. What he wanted he would have, if any efforts of his could secure it. A more independent, self-sufficing little person it would be hard to find. Even as a tiny puppy, before he had left his mother, he took the ordering of his young life in his own hands. His future mistress, accompanied by her brother, went to see the litter, of which Tyke was one, in order to choose a puppy for herself. When the strangers came up to the family group, the young things took no notice of them, with the exception of Tyke, who sat up and barked lustily. One of the visitors was so taken with the hostile demonstration of the tiny creature that he exclaimed to his sister, "That's the little beggar for you." To this the lady agreed, and in due time the terrier passed into her possession.

Now Tyke was not perfect from the point of view of beauty. He was spindly in form, and had a tail that curled in reprehensible fashion. Over one eye Tyke had a black patch that was the only touch of colour on his smooth white coat. He soon made his presence felt in his new home, and whenever he did not get what he wanted without delay, he would sit down and, putting his head in the air, give a succession of piercing howls. The noise he made was such that for the sake of peace some one was sure to hurry up to see what was wanted.

Whether it was a door that needed to be opened, or whatever at the moment might disturb the comfort of the puppy, he thus took his own means of ensuring its removal.

From the first he was attached to his mistress, though he gave her brother an almost equal place in his affections. To go out for a day's rabbit shooting with the latter was one of his greatest joys. While he was engaged in his favourite sport, Tyke got a nasty blow on one of his fore legs. He was so severely hurt and the wounded leg had swollen so much, that there was no thought of taking him for the next day's shooting. Tyke, as an invalid, was being taken care of in his mistress's room. But no sooner did he hear the usual preparations for a day among the rabbits being made, than he pushed open the door of the upstairs room, and tore down to the hall in impetuous fashion, as best he could on three legs. But Tyke's enthusiasm cost him dear. As he turned a corner in the staircase in a head-long rush, he missed his footing and rolled down to the bottom of the last flight of steps. On the way he snapped the bone of the injured leg about halfway up.

Tyke's mistress, who was in the hall at the moment, picked him up, and her brother, seeing what had happened, put down his gun and rushed out to the stables to get a horse put into the dog-cart, to carry Tyke off to have his leg set. In his mistress's arms the dog was taken by his two friends to the family doctor, who lived about four miles off. They were sure that the latter would attend to their favourite for them. In this they

were not mistaken. They fortunately found the Doctor at home, and enlisted his sympathy on behalf of the little sufferer. His mistress suggested that Tyke should have chloroform, so while the medical man busied himself in getting ready a bandage, he handed the chloroform and some cotton wool to his amateur assistants. But Tyke seemed insensible to the effects of the anæsthetic, and grew so excited over the attempts to make him take it that the idea was at last abandoned. Tyke's self-control was equal to the demands made on it, and he remained perfectly quiet throughout the operation, gently licking his mistress's hand, as a sign of comprehension and of gratitude for the efforts made in his behalf.

During the time that Tyke was an invalid, he came in for a carriage accident of a somewhat sensational kind. He was so unhappy at being left at home when his friends were out of the house that his mistress generally carried the little thing with her wherever she went, comfortably tucked under her arm. One morning, when a friend had to be driven to the station, the horse, whose business it was to do this work not being available, an old chestnut hunter named Bessie was pressed into the service. The wagonette was to be used and the man was to drive, so the two ladies and Tyke took their places in the back part. The mare did not take kindly to her new duties, but after a good deal of fidgeting about at the start, drew the party safely to the station.

On the return journey, Bessie was startled by a dealer's cart that came rattling up behind her at a great pace. Laying back her ears she started off at a mad

gallop, and the coachman, in his efforts to get a hold on her, pulled one rein harder than the other. Bessie's head being thus turned towards a fence, she made straight for it. Being a capital jumper — as indeed her owner's hunters were required to be — she landed well on the top of a broad bank. But here she was reminded of the unwonted encumbrance that hampered her movements. The two front wheels of the carriage she had carried on to the bank, but the rest of the conveyance remained hopelessly behind. After struggling vainly for a few seconds to keep her footing, Bessie rolled back into the ditch, where carriage, horse, and man were mixed up in hopeless confusion. Tyke and his mistress fortunately had made their escape, for the latter, with the dog in her arms, had, while the mare was striving to balance herself on the bank, taken a flying leap over the closed door into the road, where she landed happily on her feet. Looking round for assistance, she saw that the cart, that had been the cause of the mischief, had followed, and the driver was contemplating the scene of confusion in the ditch. Catching hold of his horse by the head, the lady told the man to go to the assistance of her coachman. At last, hatless, and with his coat nearly torn from his back, but, to his mistress's great relief, without serious injuries, the coachman was extricated from the débris. Then more people arrived on the scene, and the poor mare was got up. She, too, had, in a marvellous way, escaped further injury than some cuts about the head, but the carriage looked like a huge spilt box of matches.

It was not long before the bone of Tyke's leg joined, and when the last bandage was taken off it was seen that the injured leg was as straight as the other. His love for a day's shooting was as keen as ever, and his attachment to his owner's brother was so marked that the former was always afraid her dog would be carried off by him. When a visit of her brother's was coming to an end, she determined, therefore, to leave Tyke at home when she drove down to the station on the morning of his departure. The dog was left shut into her bedroom, and the journey to the station passed without incident. But the dog-cart had only just turned homewards when Tyke's mistress caught sight of a small creature tearing down the hill in front of her and clearly bound for the station. She knew it must be Tyke, so flinging the reins on the horse's neck she jumped down just in time to catch the fugitive. He was promptly put into the dog-cart and driven home, and for once Tyke's efforts to get his own way were defeated. A maid servant was, of course, responsible for his release. When she opened the door of the bedroom Tyke slipped past her, and, finding the front door open, he had made straight for the station, covering the three miles in less time than the horse had taken.

To one of the neighbouring country houses, situated some three miles off across the fields, Tyke was a constant visitor. He had often gone over there from his home for a day's shooting, and this was a performance after Tyke's own heart. It was not long before he took to making visits there on his own account, for he found

the time dull at home on the days when his mistress was hunting. Tyke would consequently make his way over, and then sit down and howl at the front door until he was let in. The gentleman to whom he specially attached himself on his visits was in the habit of having a late breakfast before he started for a day's shooting. Such an arrangement suited Tyke to perfection. He could see his mistress off on a hunting morning, and still be able to reach the house in time to share in the breakfast and start in good order for the day's work. This over, Tyke would return home with his temporary companion, and there, curling himself up in front of the fire, he would rest peacefully for some hours till he had slept off his fatigue. As soon as he woke, he considered it time to return home, and announced his wishes in the usual manner. The prolonged and continuous howls that echoed over the house, if he found himself shut in, made his friends glad to clear the way for him. But all were fond of the strange little creature, and one very wet night they determined to keep him with them till the morning. Tyke seemed to acquiesce in the proposed arrangement, and the household retired to bed. But after a time Tyke came to other conclusions, and lifted up his voice in such piercing fashion that at last the butler came down and opened the front door for him. At four o'clock in the morning his mistress was roused from sleep by Tyke's well-known calls under her window. In the quiet night air the shrill summons was enough to rouse the household, and she therefore got up obediently and let him in. Tyke must have taken

an optimistic view of the general complaisance of humans, as he curled himself up in his accustomed place for the remaining hours of the night.

He combated successfully arrangements that were not to his mind when another day's shooting was in question. His shooting friend was going with a party after pheasants, and Tyke, when he paid one of his usual morning visits, found that after breakfast he was no longer wanted. He was, indeed, handed over to the care of his friend the butler, who, fastening a lead of string to his collar, gave him into the charge of the local postman. The latter was going as far as the village, about a mile from Tyke's home, and the butler — with memories of Tyke's past exploits in his mind — declared that he was well able to find his way home from the village. The postman undertook the charge, and trudged off, holding the string carefully. The dog was no trouble to lead, and after a time his guardian paid no more attention to him. Great was his horror, therefore, on arriving at the village where the dog was to be set free, to find only a collar trailing on the ground behind him. Tyke as usual had taken his own means to carry out his wishes, and having adroitly popped his head out of his collar, he returned forthwith to the house from which he had been sent.

The troubles of the postman however did not end here. His was a slow working and a conscientious mind. He was in possession of a dog collar, on which was inscribed the name of the lost dog's owner. This he understood was felony, and in much perturbation of



"ARE THEY COMING?"

TYKE

mind he made his way to the house of one of the churchwardens and told his fears. He gave the collar into the custody of this respectable guardian, and begged him to assure Tyke's mistress of his innocence in the matter.

It needed very little to make Tyke understand any proposed arrangements for the day, and to take his measures accordingly. At last his friends had to be very careful what they said before him. He was lying one morning asleep before the fire, in the room in which his mistress was sitting, when the latter's brother came in with a letter in his hand. "I have been asked to shoot at S. to-day," he observed to his sister. "Will you drive me over?" "Yes," was the answer, "but Tyke must not go."

Tyke, who had started up all attention when the visitor entered the room, slipped out instead of resuming his old place, as soon as he found what was going to happen. When the dog-cart came round and his two friends got in there was no sign of him. But when they reached the end of the long drive, across which a public road runs, they caught sight of Tyke's head peeping out from the bushes on the top of the bank facing them. Directly he saw that he was noticed, and having satisfied himself that his friends were really coming, Tyke scampered off across the fields, paying no heed to the calls that followed him. When his mistress arrived at S., there was a sedate looking little dog sitting by the front door waiting for her.

Tyke's life was a long and a merry one. It ended peacefully, for one morning it was a little lifeless form that his friends found lying in his basket.

IX

“There can be no question at all that the dog is capable of a kind of fidelity, which presents all the characteristics of loyal and passionate devotion. When that is the case . . . there appear to be the germs of true moral and spiritual quality.”

IN the obedience that we claim and receive in such full measure from our dogs, an element of thoughtful discrimination is often shown in the response they give to our orders. Instead of following directions blindly they display a nice sense of the possibilities of the situation when all does not turn out as expected. In his behaviour a collie, who had been trained as a sheep dog, showed a power of reasoning that would have done credit to any human. The dog had gone to Scotland with his master, who was living at the time at Holyrood, where he filled the post of equerry to his relation, the High Commissioner of the day. On going into a large shop in one of the principal thoroughfares in Edinburgh, his owner told the collie to wait outside the shop door for him. The dog lay down obediently, and time passed without the reappearance of his master. The latter had indeed forgotten his dog, and had gone out by a door on the other side of the building. At length the collie, feeling that all was not right, got up and trotted back to his master's rooms. Here he was seen by the valet, but he would not allow any one to touch him, and hav-

ing satisfied himself that his master was not there, went back to his place in front of the shop door. Business detained his owner till the evening, and when at length he went home, he heard from his man of the dog's visit, and remembered that the poor collie had been told to wait for him at the shop. Calling a cab, he drove off to the place where he had left him and found the dog obediently waiting for his return.

It is evident that when the dog realised that his master's visit had been unduly prolonged, he thought that he might have been forgotten, and therefore took the obvious course of one possessed of reasoning power, of going to see if his owner had returned home. But he was mindful of his trust, and finding that his master had not gone back without him, he was satisfied that the order given him must be carried out to the letter. A more intelligent appreciation of the circumstances in which he was placed it would be hard to find.

Another and a wonderful instance of reasoning power in carrying out an order was shown by a collie, who was one of the performers in the sheep-dog trials held some years ago at the Alexandra Palace. A great crowd had gathered to watch the proceedings, and each dog had to single out three sheep from the flock, and drive them to a hillside about half a mile distant. On the hill was the pen into which he was to drive them. One fine collie had three wild and frightened sheep in charge, and for a long time he tried in vain to round them into the pen. They refused to face the opening, and again and again scattered in wild confusion whenever the collie

tried to drive them in. The spectators watched his efforts with breathless interest. Suddenly the collie dropped as if exhausted, and lay with his back to the sheep, who were standing some little distance from the opening into the pen. He was panting with his exertions, and as he lay prone on the ground he seemed to have given up the game and to take no further interest in his charges. But the onlookers saw that every now and again he worked his body slowly backwards along the ground, the movement being so gentle that the sheep did not take alarm at it, though they moved gradually further away from him and consequently nearer to the pen. When the oft repeated manœuvre had brought them sufficiently near, the dog sprang to his feet and, twisting round with a shrill bark, drove the sheep with a sudden rush inside. A chorus of cheers showed the spectators' appreciation of the clever way in which he had surmounted the difficulty. No man could have shown more patience in compassing the desired end, or have taken a more subtle method of overcoming opposition.

A clear evidence of reasoning power was the source of great delight to the many friends of a little dog called Nanky Poo. The name shows that the little favourite had foreign blood in her veins, and though Nanky Poo could not boast of pure descent, her mother was a Pekinese spaniel. The daughter was black, with white front and toes. She had a head that did credit to her mother's side of the family, had a tail that curled over her back, and was too long in

the leg in proportion to her size. But in spite of all blemishes in appearance, Nanky Poo was as fascinating a little specimen of her kind as any dog-lover need wish to know. In her country home, the spaniel used to have her basket in the front hall, which was used as a sitting room during the summer months. Here Nanky Poo was shut in, during her owner's absence from the house. She was too small and too precious to be allowed to meet the possible dangers of woods and fields without a guardian at hand to protect her. But if she was left alone long, Nanky Poo found the time tedious, and whenever the front bell rang, and the man came to open it for the expected visitors, she would slip past him and make her escape. It sometimes happened that when the summons was answered no one was found waiting at the door, nor was any one to be seen in the drive. When it became of frequent occurrence for the man to be summoned on a fruitless errand, some of the household determined to solve the mystery, and, unknown to Nanky Poo, kept a watch upon her through the glass door. When the little thing got tired of solitude she was seen to get out of her basket and go to the wall on one side of the hall. Here a dainty paw was lifted to the bell wire that ran round the wall but a few inches from the ground. Nanky Poo pressed the wire down in business-like fashion, and when she was satisfied that she had brought about the desired result, she ran to the door that communicated with the house and took up her station in front

of it. With her head on one side, she sat listening intently for the sound of approaching footsteps, and by the time the servant arrived she was ready to take advantage of her chance of liberty. Nanky Poo had a short but happy life, with a mistress who was devoted to her.

A high form of intellectual development must be allowed to those dogs who are always ready in an emergency to help themselves out of a difficulty, or in any other way to conform to the unexpected requirements of the moment. Such power has been shown by Bobbins, one of the old Scotch bobtail cattle dogs, throughout her life. Bobbins is a most fascinating dog, both in appearance and manner, and is of a gentle, loving nature to her friends. She is a blue grey with tan markings, and has a wonderful coat that resists the most inclement of weather. Though Bobbins came from her home in Lundy Island at an early age, and with her present owner has had none of the work in guarding sheep or cattle that is the ordinary portion of her kind, she still shows a keen appreciation of the duties to which she was bred.

Not long ago Bobbins was with her mistress in the fields when they came upon some men at work. One of the men was trying to prevent some heifers from forcing their way through a gate, that led into the field. Her mistress called to Bobbins to go to the man's assistance. Just as the dog reached him the heifers charged through, and for a moment Bobbins's mistress feared her dog would be killed in the mad



BOBBINS

THE
JOHN CREGAR
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rush of the young things. Bobbins was quick to see her danger, and threw herself flat on the ground. One of the heifers who was coming straight at her jumped over her prostrate form. No sooner had she passed than Bobbins was on her feet, and, heading the rushing heifers, turned them, and drove them safely through the gate.

Another story that shows Bobbins's readiness to adapt her methods to the needs of the moment is told by Miss Serrell, and once again I will quote from her.¹ Bobbins was giving her assistance in the work of driving a refractory bull, which refused to answer to the dog's repeated jumps at his head. Changing her tactics, Bobbins suddenly ran behind him, "seized him by the tail, and hung on so persistently that she was swung in the air, as the bull whirled round in his efforts to get at her. Failing to dislodge her, the animal at last took fright and beat a precipitate retreat." The bull apparently nursed a sense of his wrongs, and one day charged Bobbins unexpectedly, and all but caught her. The dog only escaped "by turning head over heels and rolling cleverly to one side." Then she proceeded to take her revenge for the unprovoked onslaught. Before the bull had time to turn, Bobbins was snapping at his heels, and perhaps fearing a second attack on his tail, the creature made off, and for the future he and Bobbins preserved an attitude of armed neutrality.

It is of Bobbins that the delicious story is told of

¹ With Hound and Terrier in the Field, p. 193.

a judge who, not being acquainted with the breed to which the dog belonged, put her down as "a bearded collie." When his attention was drawn to the fact that the so-called collie had no tail, the worried judge made a reply that deserves to be immortal. "If she has not a tail, she ought to have one." Needless to say that with such shortcomings Bobbins carried off no award of merit from the show.

Another member of the wonderful dog family that Bobbins's mistress gathers round her is a pure white smooth fox-terrier named Roy. This dog is a son of Racer's, who was a distinguished member of the sporting pack, whose exploits on land and water their owner has recounted. Roy has the sporting instincts that marked his sire, and nothing in the way of vermin comes amiss to him either above or under ground. But he recognises the limitations of what is lawful in the chase, and respects the inhabitants of the home poultry yard. Yet even they contribute to the pleasures of life for him. As soon as he is let out for his morning run, Roy dashes down the kennel steps and through the yard, scattering the game fowls in all directions as he makes for the gate leading into the fields. The more the birds fly and scream, the better pleased is he with this beginning of the morning's joys, but he has too keen a sense of duty to offer to touch them.

In the summer months it is no unusual thing to see a number of ordinary barn-door fowls scattered among the home game-chicks. The former are bought by the

owner of the place from the cottagers round, who are afraid to keep them for fear of their falling a prey to prowling foxes, and thus spoiling their season's return. The first time Roy found such unaccustomed mongrels among the dark brown aristocrats of the yard, his duty appeared to him in a pleasanter light than usual. It was clear that such nondescript sort of animals could have no right there, and his mistress was apprised of something unusual going on by the sound of a great commotion in the yard. Hurrying from the kennels to see what was the matter, she met Roy with one of the strange birds in his mouth. She stooped to take it from him, and restrain him from further depredations. But Roy had no idea of wasting time in the delightful occupation that duty for once opened out to him. Dropping the chick, he scampered back before his mistress could secure him. Another trophy of the chase was brought and laid at her feet, and this time Roy was caught and a lead slipped on as the surest means of curbing his enthusiasm. Roy was now clearly puzzled. His mistress was angry, and told him sternly he was not to meddle with the new-comers. Yet, as he understood things, these were intruders, and had no more right to a place in the yard than from an æsthetic point of view they added to its appearance. He stood looking wistfully up into his mistress's face, his stern carried low, but wagging it gently, as he always does when he is found fault with. Poor Roy, the aspect of the day had indeed changed, and the problem that confronted him was hard to solve. He had tried to do

his duty in clearing his own ground of unauthorised trespassers, and he was being scolded for his pains. It was hard indeed that such an unwontedly delightful duty should not be appreciated by his usually discerning mistress. But though the reasons that dictated her conduct were beyond him, he understood the order given. For the future, the homely creatures must be allowed to join in the general rush that signalised his rapid passage across the yard, and he never again attempted to touch them. The carrying out of his personal responsibility in guarding his mistress's property must have seemed beset with unknown dangers to him from that time.

The duty attached to his position as guardian of his home also presents itself sometimes in attractive form to a thorough-bred mongrel named Boy. This dog is, in his home circle, said to be a Russian poodle. In colour he is white with black markings, and has a silky, curly coat and tail. He has a round head, in which there is plenty of room for brains, and a pair of very intelligent eyes. Belonging to his owners is an old and very fat Dalmatian who answers to the name of Tip. The latter is not allowed in the house, but is always finding means of ignoring the prohibition. Boy, whose own position is assured, feels called on to resent the intrusion. As soon as he catches sight of Tip on forbidden ground, he flies to tell his mistress what has happened. Then comes Boy's full sense of virtue rewarded. While Tip is stealing away dejectedly from the coveted comforts of the house, Boy shows his delight



BOY

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in the situation by dancing about in glee, and letting off a series of joyous barks.

Boy is a great ratter, and with his first exploit in this line is connected an early foreshadowing of the serious views as to guardianship he now holds. In this case untold joys were found that proved too strong to be resisted. Boy was only a few months old when his mistress shut him up in a room into which a rat was known to find its way. In due course the rat appeared, and Boy, yielding to his hereditary instincts, fought and eventually killed it. But he knew nothing of the life history of the strange creature whose span of existence he had ended. Was it not a pet of the mistress whose belongings he was bound to guard? When his owner came in to see how things had fared, she was met by a shame-faced little creature, who crawled to her feet and begged forgiveness for the crime he believed he had committed. Since then Boy has learned much about rats in general, and suffers no qualms when he has laid low one of their mischievous tribe.

X

*“To come to speech they have it questionless,
Although we understand it not so well,
They bark as good old Saxon as may be,
And that in more variety than we.”*

A NATURAL freak among dogs is Bettina Corona, of high sounding title. This small creature contains in her tiny form as many blemishes from a show point of view as any terrier — so called — that has ever lived. In weight she is only eight pounds, and in her photograph can be seen the bandy fore legs, the prick ears, the woolly curling coat, and altogether ridiculous tail that go to make up her physical attractions. But a lion's heart is in that small body, and she is a sports-woman to the core, while a more fascinating little will-o'-the-wisp bundle of mercurial attractions it would be hard to find.

Bettina Corona was born in the Coronation year of King Edward VII, and her pedigree is of the longest. Her sire is one of the greatest champions of the kennel-world, and was sent to America at a very high price. But in compassion to her high relations, let us draw a veil over her family history, and concern ourselves only with her very interesting little person.

She is very compact and sturdily built, and has such a powerful jaw and rare set of teeth as to make her a

very formidable creature to give offence to. Her curly coat is of quite extraordinary thickness, and resembles that of a sheep. So luxuriant is its growth that like a sheep she has to be shorn in the course of the summer, or Bettina with her active ways would be in danger of her life. Bettina's time of beauty then is in the winter, when she is a mass of woolly curls from the tip of her aggressive little nose to the end of her gaily carried stern.

The amount of digging that Betty can get through is surprising, and in the orchard, where she spends a part of each day, she passes hours digging for field mice. Nothing indeed comes amiss to her in the way of game. She has followed a rabbit through all the turns and twists of a very large earth, and either killed or bolted it. Even cockchafers and stag beetles do not come amiss, for want of larger prey, and these she crunches up with a terrible finality. Her greatest enemies are, however, cats, and she will literally go through fire and water to reach them. Amongst her many feline foes is a fine long-haired tabby, half as big again as herself, who rejoices in the name of Jim. Now Jim is a great poacher, and one morning Betty lighted on him as he was returning from a midnight prow. Jim was carrying a young rabbit, from which he evidently contemplated making his breakfast. But Betty had other views, and after a very noisy, skirmishing sort of fight, succeeded in getting possession of it. She then marched triumphantly into the house, carrying the prize, and making herself as big and fussy over it as she possibly could.

Another time she did not come off so well, as she rashly caught Jim by the tail as he was vanishing through the stable door. Swinging round on her, Jim fixed his claws on each side of her head, and seized one of her ears with his teeth. But Betty was game, and refused to release her hold. Fortunately the coachman was at hand to come to her aid, and with the stable broom tried to get in between them. The commotion soon drew her mistress to the spot, and she made frantic grabs at the struggling Betty. At length, Betty was seized by the neck and pulled off, and her mistress fled with her, while Betty fought and yelled to get back to the fray. Jim being now perfectly infuriated turned on the coachman, but the broom being well handled, he was finally swept out of the stable and the door closed. It was a very long time before the other combatant calmed down, and Betty spent the rest of the morning rushing about wildly and hunting for the enemy.

When Bettina emerges from the seclusion of the wired-in orchard, she has a long lead attached to her collar, as this is the only way of keeping her out of mischief. Her constant endeavour is to jerk the lead out of the hand of her captor, and one day, having escaped from her mistress's vigilance by this means, she rushed headlong into a cottage. The scene that followed defies description. A black and white cat sat in peaceful enjoyment by the fire, and near by was an infant slumbering in its cradle. Betty flung herself with her usual impetuosity on the cat, and the terrified animal, in its efforts to escape, sprang into and out of



BETTINA CORONA

the cradle as a first effort. Betty cleared the cradle in a flying leap, and, pinning the victim on the far side, a fierce fight began. The chairs and other articles of furniture were sent flying in all directions, as Betty's lead wound itself round them in her mad struggles. The mistress of the house, brought hurriedly from her domestic duties, seized a chair as being the handiest weapon, and with it uplifted rushed on the fighters, while three terrified children clung screaming to her skirts. At this juncture, Betty's owner appeared on the scene, and making a snatch at the uplifted chair with one hand, she succeeded in grasping Betty's lead with the other, and swung the delinquent off her feet. Half choking, she was forced to release her hold of the cat, and poor puss straightway fled up the staircase into safety.

The startled woman received compensation for her fright and trouble, and, as Betty was borne off she turned her attention to the baby, who, disturbed from its sleep, had been doing its best to add to the general confusion.

Bettina's great delight is to escape into the woods, where she will stay in a very ecstasy of hunting till she is captured and brought back. She and the two other house dogs, Bobbins a Scotch bobtail, and Bosky a beautiful wire-haired fox-terrier, all make a mad rush for the dining room as soon as the gong sounds for luncheon. Betty generally wins the race, but one day when she had been excited by the constant yapping of a dog in a distant covert, she turned at the foot of the stairs and, rushing through the open door that led to

the kitchen regions, tore through the back premises and disappeared to freedom and hunting. The butler waiting by the dining-room door saw her turn, and knowing her proclivities and the care with which she was guarded, rushed after her. The cook, too, had seen her flight from the kitchen, and joined in the chase. But Betty was disappearing like a flash of greased lightning down the drive, and pursuit on foot was clearly useless. The man jumped on his bicycle, and pursued the fugitive alone.

At the end of the carriage drive, Betty, finding herself hard pressed, turned out of the road and scrambling through the hedge, made at top speed across the arable field that lay between her and the covert whither she was bound. The going was heavy, and the man soon found himself in difficulties as he sped on foot after her. Happily there was a plough at work in the field, squeaking loudly as is the way of Dorset ploughs — for what Dorset ploughman does not scorn to oil his shares? Bettina was immediately all attention, and hurrying up to see what strange animal was making the noise, the ploughman promptly put his foot on her lead, and stopping his horses waited for her panting pursuer to come up. A very snappish and disappointed little creature was then carried back to the house.

Yet Betty is very good-tempered with the dogs she knows, and romps and plays merrily with them. Her greatest favourite is Bobbins, and with her she has endless games. So strong is she that the tiny

thing will jump up at her friend's head, and dragging her over on her back will hold her down and pretend to worry her. She can lift the larger bobtail completely off the ground, and all her tricks the other takes in good part. They are often to be seen curled up together, with Betty's head pillowed on her friend's back.

An instance of good memory Bettina once showed in connection with a dog of my own. This dog had been on a visit with me to Betty's home, and as the poor dog was ill at the time, the volatile Betty and her pressing attentions were too much for him. The two dogs had consequently been kept much apart, with the result that the aim and object of Betty's existence was to get to him, and he roused her keenest interest. Some five months afterwards I was there again, but without my dog. When I came into the house I met Betty, and she rushed at me in her usual impetuous way. Scarcely staying, however, for my pat of greeting, she tore upstairs to the bedroom that I had occupied on my previous visit, and searched every corner of it to see if my dog was there. For several days she insisted on renewing her search from time to time, as she clearly thought the dog was being kept from her as he had been before. The instant linking in her little mind of the expected presence of the dog with my own appearance showed that Betty's memory is enduring.

Another practical joke among dogs was one with whom a friend had a bowing acquaintance in a Midland

town, where she was keeping house for a brother. This dog lived in a long street of suburban houses tenanted by workmen. He was a pretty little dog, with a fine silky coat and a sharp nose, a cross probably between a small spaniel and a black Pomeranian. He used to have great games with the children in the street where he lived, the favourite form of amusement being for the children to try and secure something—a stick or cap—that the dog held. The way the little thing's eyes sparkled as he proved more than a match for many of his playmates, was as effective as any laugh. His popularity was evidently great, and my friend, who often passed by his house, never saw him anything but furry and jocose and on the best of terms with his surroundings. On one occasion, indeed, he was found doing a little bullying on his own account, though not without provocation. A child, whose face and appearance were far from prepossessing, always went down the street in terror of his life. A stone, thrown in wanton mischief at the dog, had roused the latter's ire, and no sooner did the child appear in sight than a little black imp, barking wildly, would rush out and, circling madly round his enemy, disappear, only to pop out from some unexpected corner and renew the attack further on.

When the muzzling mania was abroad, the lady was anxious about the fate of her little friend. It was evident that his owner was away all day, and that the dog took his amusement at will from the doorstep.

She was glad to see him as merry hearted as ever and not a little amused to find that the new regulations were so far understood by him that he preferred a policeman to any other playmate. He delighted in presenting his unmuzzled face, and being chased, and somehow, possibly because the policemen were not entirely untouched by the joke, he was a much hunted but never caught dog. But in time the imp himself needed more excitement, and then came discreet visits to the police station. It was summer, and the doors stood invitingly open, and it was no uncommon sight for a little black unmuzzled head to come peeping round the doorpost, and a shrill, impertinent bark to dare the inmates to the chase. As the police station was at some distance from the dog's home, it seemed as if he was drawn there by the knowledge that a spice of real danger heightened the enjoyment of the game.

Not so irresponsible a member of the canine race, or one who did violence by her appearance to the feelings of well-bred relatives, was a beautiful fox-terrier named Venus. Yet more than once this terrier showed a strong and apparently unfounded dislike to strangers. Venus was a hound-marked dog, with tan head and black-marked body, and she was of a playful and confiding nature that endeared her to a large circle of friends. She always accepted any acquaintance of her mistress, and though in some cases she only showed the tolerance that the laws of hospitality and good manners demanded, to others she extended a warmer welcome. In all cases she seemed to make up her mind about a

stranger at the first glance. One day a guest arrived to luncheon, and Venus was as usual curled up in a favourite position in the drawing room. The noise of the opening door roused her, and after a momentary look at the stranger, who was advancing to greet her hostess, Venus sprang to the ground and rushing to the visitor, jumped up and caught her firmly by the sleeve. Fortunately the little teeth only met in the sleeve itself, but the lady was terrified and shaking Venus off, she exclaimed that she hated dogs and they were never to be trusted. Venus's mistress was utterly taken aback at the onslaught, for such a thing had never happened before. She captured the little criminal promptly and sent her off to be shut up until her visitor should have left the house. After many apologies calm was restored, and the party adjourned to the dining room.

But the maids of the household had not heard of Venus's disgrace, and one of them going into the room where she was, set her at liberty. The tiny feet instantly pattered downstairs and made their way to the dining room. Through the open door the dog sped unnoticed by any of the party, and, singling out her former victim, made straight for her and again fastened on to her arm. The second offence was worse than the first, and the frightened visitor was only reassured when her hostess returned with the key of the door of the room into which she had locked the dog.

The strangest thing about the occurrence was that Venus had never seen the lady before, and the only explanation of her conduct seemed to be that a glance

told her the stranger was to be regarded as an enemy, inasmuch as she had no love for dogs. It is certain that we poor humans would save ourselves much suffering and many painful disillusiones if we had the same intuitive knowledge of those who, under the amenities of social usage, secretly regard us with disfavour.

The second time that Venus put her mistress to shame, she had more apparent ground for her action. In this case she was in a strange house, where she was visiting with her mistress. A lady entered the drawing room, who was perfectly unknown to the terrier, though she was on terms of intimacy with the members of the household. As soon as the usual greetings were over, the visitor turned her attention to the dog. Standing in front of the couch where Venus lay curled up, she exclaimed in a teasing voice, "Do you call that thing a terrier?" and laughed in a manner clearly insulting to a well-bred dog.

Venus lay quietly watching her, but her eyes glowed like two little balls of fire, and as the laugh ended she made one spring, and, fastening her teeth in the visitor's dress, shook and worried it with every appearance of anger. The offender was borne off in disgrace and was shut up in her owner's bedroom, there to reflect on her misdeeds. Some days later the same lady came to the house again, and no sooner was she inside the door than with a rush Venus was upon her, and worrying her dress in the way she had done before.

The gentle, amiable nature of the dog made these onslaughts all the more remarkable, for the delicate

marks of her attention she bestowed on her friends were such as endeared her to them. To any one who was admitted to her favour—and to others she simply showed a well-bred indifference—she would carry a tiny stick, or failing that, or any small article she could find about the room, she would abstract a small piece of coal from the coal box, and going up to the selected person, would offer it, with every appearance of conferring a favour. Should any one, however, attempt to take the not always tempting morsel from her, she would refuse to part with it, and intimate that her playful condescension was not to be imposed on.

Venus had a way of extending the love she felt for her mistress to some of her belongings that occasionally led to embarrassment. Whenever the dog was left at home during her owner's absence, she always searched for a pair of old slippers sacred to the use of the bedroom, and made use of one of them for a pillow. If she grew tired of staying in one room, Venus would carry her prize downstairs and, putting it down in front of the drawing-room fire, curl up on it and await her mistress's return. One day, when the latter came home late from hunting, she was told that some friends were awaiting her in the drawing room. On entering the room, she saw to her dismay a pair of dilapidated slippers occupying a prominent position in front of the fire, and Venus in high spirits doing the honours. As a mark of special favour she had offered one of the slippers to a lady who was a great friend of hers, and who was thoroughly enjoying the joke.

Her owner could not account for the anger she showed to the two strangers who received such startling marks of her disfavour. She must often have been in the society of other people who were not to be counted among dog-lovers, and she never, except in these two instances, swerved from the usual dignified indifference she extended to all who were not admitted to the circle of her friends.

XI

“ To snarl, and bite, and play the dog.”

THESE words are typical of our master poet's attitude towards the dog. Treachery, cunning, and quarrelsomeness are the traits he dwells on when he mentions dogs, and we search his plays in vain for any trace of his appreciation of the noble gifts and heroic virtues that bind the dog so closely to those who love him. At most we find such guarded praise as that given by Shallow in "The Merry Wives of Windsor," where he says of Master Page's greyhound, "Sir, he's a good dog and a faire dog, can there be more said? He is good and faire." Or again, when one of the sporting dogs, who always receive the kindest treatment at his hands, is made the means of a sarcastic thrust of comparison with one of a higher species. This occurs in the "Two Gentlemen of Verona," when Launce declares in praise of his mistress, "She hath more qualities than a water-spaniel, which is much in a bare Christian."

We can but feel that a poet who could paint the most delicate shades of moral feeling, with the same master hand that plumbs the darkest depths of the human heart, might have done what no other writer of any time could do for us in the delineation of the dog's mind, if only he had brought his sympathetic interest to bear on it. But a dog for Shakespeare was only one

of the lower animals, whose evil qualities outweighed his better gifts, and who was at most an uncertain, if not a questionable companion.

The story of the bet made between Lord Nugent and Sir Henry Holland¹ shows how difficult it has always been to believe in the limitations of the poet in this respect. Lord Nugent, who was recognised as the greatest Shakespearean scholar of his day, declared that throughout Shakespeare's writings no passage could be found "commending directly or indirectly the moral qualities of the dog." Sir Henry Holland demurred to the statement, but after a year's search was fain to acknowledge its truth, and to pay the bet of a guinea which he had been confident of winning. In all our reverence for and delight in Shakespeare, we feel that his want of appreciation of the dog is one of those weak spots in the armour of genius that shows its possessors to be, after all, but of the same clay as ourselves.

Yet there are dark spots in the histories of our favourites, though in many cases these are attributable to defects in early training, or to harsh treatment. Some too are caused by illness, or by abnormal conditions of brain and nerve, of which we can only guess the existence.

My own household was once the scene of a terrible act of vengeance by a bulldog, who is said to have the unamiable trait of nursing injuries for a long time. Lion was confided to me by a friend, and remained with

¹ Recollections of My past Life, by Sir Henry Holland, p. 254.

me for some three months. He was gentle and friendly with me from the first, and was on good terms with my other dogs — I then had a Skye and a Basset hound — and with every one in the house. As he had been used to sleeping indoors, he continued to do so, and never showed the slightest ill temper with any one. My cook was devoted to all the dogs, and as she fed them and often played with them in the garden, they were on the best of terms with her. She was very good tempered, and could be trusted implicitly to be kind to them. She could never, however, be made to see that it was unwise to play with the dogs when they were busy with a bone, and was rather proud of the fact that they would never resent it if she teased them by taking their bone from them and throwing it to a distance, or otherwise interfering with their enjoyment. Lion seemed of such a gentle nature, in spite of his ferocious appearance, that I had no special fear with regard to him, though I often told Mason that I wished the dogs to be left severely alone, to the enjoyment of their daily treat.

One evening when I returned home, I heard that Lion had been growling at the cook, and having taken up a position outside the kitchen door, he refused to allow her to pass him. I went into my study and called the dog by name, and he immediately trotted round the house and came in at the glass doors. He came up to me for his usual caress after I had been away, but I saw that his eyes were red, and had a fierce light in them that I had never seen a trace of before. I noticed, too, that he regarded my friend, who had come in with

me, with such an unfriendly look, that I exclaimed, "Helen, I think you had better leave me alone with him." This, however, my friend refused to do, as she thought Lion meant mischief.

I was on the point of telling the dog to come with me into the garden, when I saw the cook cross the lawn to fetch something from the kitchen garden, which Lion's hostile demeanour had prevented her from doing earlier. I exclaimed, "How foolish of Mason not to keep away," and the words were not out of my mouth, when Lion caught sight of her, and the heavy brindled form at my feet shot through the air silently from the study steps. To my horror, the next second I saw him hanging by his teeth to the upper part of Mason's arm. The small, slight form of the cook tottered, and then fell on to the grass, and the deadly teeth were so near her throat that I trembled lest she should be killed. Not a sound marred the peaceful stillness of that summer evening, but the horror of the silent tragedy I shall never forget. Calling to my friend to get assistance I rushed into the garden, while Mason's terror lent her strength to struggle to her feet, and stagger towards me, with the enormous brute still hanging to her arm. Lion's eyes glared, and my terror was increased as I thought that he had gone mad. He had no collar on, and my efforts to choke him off were quite ineffectual. As I struggled with him, I remember wondering where he would seize me when he left his hold of cook, for I knew I had not strength to hold him.

The moments seemed hours as they passed. Again

Mason fell, and once more staggered up, but nothing slackened the deadly grip in which she was held. Happily she did not faint, and the brute did not attack her throat. Would no one ever come to our assistance? Just as a hum of voices told me that help was at hand, Lion's teeth relaxed, he fell from his terrible perch, and to my infinite relief he walked away and lay down, without taking any further notice of either of us.

The poor sufferer was very plucky, but after first aid had been rendered, it was found necessary to take her to a hospital where she could have the best advice and nursing that could be given her. Slowly she got over the shock, and struggled back to health and the use of her arm, and at the end of two months a visit to the seaside quite set her up, and she was able to return to me.

Lion, of course, was no longer in the house. He had been left in possession of the garden, while Mason was being attended to, and it was not till past midnight that I was free to think about him. In the meantime, his master had been summoned, and before venturing into the garden we examined Lion's appearance with a strong light from the kitchen window. There was no trace of excitement about him, and he seemed to have recovered his normal calm. He wagged his tail when he was spoken to, and came up under the window when called. I had sternly refused the offer to kill him, made by those who had come to my help in the first instance, as I felt I must know if the poor cook was at least safe from the horrors that might have followed Lion's mauling, if he proved to be mad.

At the midnight conference held over him we decided to shut him into a stable, and keep him under supervision till we could be sure on this point. As there was likely to be trouble with the stable door, of which a decrepit lock often defied the best efforts of those who did not understand its eccentricities, I insisted on going to open it, while the dog's master kept his attention on the culprit. Lion came up to us quietly when we went out, and allowed his master to pat him, but the weird horror of that short walk in the dead of night, with the pattering feet behind me, is a thing not to be forgotten. Would one of those deadly springs suddenly overpower us? But the tragedies of the day were over, and Lion in the course of a few days found a new master, who was undismayed by the gruesome record of his misdeeds, with which he was made fully acquainted. His new owner found him gentle and affectionate, as I had done, but he watched him carefully, and some fifteen months later, when he thought he saw signs of excitement about him, I believe Lion's life came to an end.

Whether some playful teasing had roused Lion's anger against his friend the cook, and thus led to his terrible act of vengeance, I never knew. Mason always declared she had done nothing but play with him and the other dogs, as she always did when she was free in the afternoon. To all my questions as to whether she had taken a bone from him, I could get nothing but an assurance that she had been very careful since I had warned her, and thus no direct explanation of the disaster was ever forthcoming. I inquired diligently for details of Lion's earlier

life; but here again I could learn nothing of any value. He had changed hands frequently, and the experiences of his early days were shrouded in obscurity. I may admit that I have never since then had anything to do with bulldogs, and that among dogs, the bulldog is the only one I cannot regard with favour. The terrors of my experience with Lion have prejudiced me against all others of his kind.

Jealousy is often shown by dogs, but when this comes from the strength of their affections, which can brook no rival in their owner's hearts, is it to be counted among their bad qualities? We must here take into account the comparatively low standard of the dog's moral development, in the answer we give. Certain it is, that in the crimes to which jealousy often leads dogs, a sense of shame for the misdemeanour into which the force of their feelings has hurried them is almost always shown.

A clear instance of this was given by a Skye terrier, the object of whose dislike was a kitten. The Skye's master was a man who possessed that strange power over animals that is only given to the few even among those who love them. He was, too, a scrupulously truthful person, and neither particularly imaginative nor of a philosophical turn of mind, so that any story that came from his lips is worthy of credence. Buzz, the Skye, was for a long time the only indoor pet in this household. Then a kitten was introduced by the mistress, and Buzz's master took some notice of the new arrival. Buzz, though a perfect little gentleman in his behaviour to

the kitten, showed every sign of being distressed by her presence. He would creep away under cover of the furniture and was generally very depressed, but as he never showed the least inclination to touch the kitten, it was thought he would soon be reconciled to her.

One day the kitten disappeared, and all search for it was unavailing. It was noticed that Buzz seemed more dejected than ever, instead of rejoicing at her departure. On the following morning, when the master of the house went out for his smoke and stroll round the garden after breakfast, Buzz went with him as usual. Instead of displaying his accustomed vivacity, however, he attracted attention by the depressed fashion in which he crawled along at his master's side. At last he showed signs of interest, and made his master understand that he wanted him to follow him. He then led the way to a rose bush, and flinging himself impetuously on the bed, poor Buzz began to dig, looking up from time to time to make sure that his master was close beside him. At last the dead body of the kitten came to light. Buzz then left his work, and rolling over on his back, waved four fat paws in the air, in the fascinating way these terriers generally ask for pardon.

It was concluded that Buzz had killed the kitten and hidden the sign of his crime, and his conduct gave ground for the conviction. It might be, however, that the little intruder had been the victim of an accident, and that a servant was responsible both for that and the burial, but in any case the dog showed plainly that he knew what had happened, and could not rest till he had

told his master. The simple action of asking pardon when he discovered the body seemed to point to his having had a share in the tragedy. Who shall say that the sense of shame Buzz showed at his own or another's misdeed was not a clear evidence of the moral sense that is the guide of our own actions?

Another and more remarkable instance of the effects of jealousy on a dog, I will take from that mine of good stories contained in Miss Serrell's book.¹ Whankey, the hero of the story, was a black and tan wire-haired terrier, a dog of such beauty that she was pronounced to be faultless in make and shape. She was too of a singularly engaging and affectionate disposition. To her mistress her attachment was very great, and as Miss Serrell says, "She could never tolerate anything for which I showed affection."

"At one time," the narrator goes on, "I kept a large head of poultry which Whankey looked on with great disdain. She would never go near them, and her anger knew no bounds when once, being pressed for room, I had a trip of young game chicks brought up and cooped on the lawn.

"All went well for a time, Whankey affecting to ignore their presence. One very precocious young cockerel, however, soon took to leaving the others and marching up the steps of the verandah in front of the drawing-room windows. One day he ventured to come close and look into the room, when Whankey was instantly on the alert and growled angrily at the intrusion. Growing

¹ With Hound and Terrier in the Field, pp. 182 *et seq.*

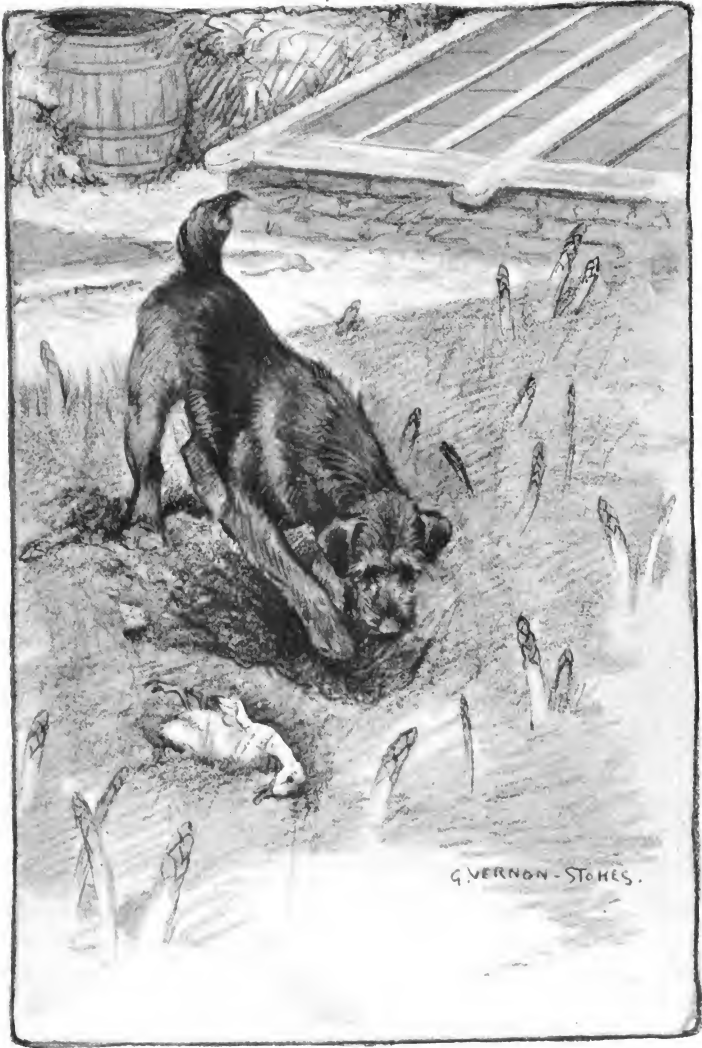
bolder as he came to know the verandah better, the cockerel at last walked through the window into the room where I was sitting at the time. Whankey showed such anger at his audacity that I was glad to throw the bird some crumbs and get him back on to the lawn, and as Whankey then quieted down no more was thought about the matter.

“The following day, when I returned from a drive, I found Whankey in her usual place in the drawing room with the window open, and noticing some earth on her nose and paws, I said to her, ‘What have you been burying, Whankey?’ On this, instead of greeting me, she got up and walked out of the room. In the evening when the chicks were penned in their coop there was a hue and cry; one was missing, and this turned out to be the little pert cockerel. A few days afterwards his body was found buried under the shrubs at the far end of the garden, and of course there were all sorts of conjectures as to the manner of his death. Some were of opinion that a stray cat had done it, but the mystery was not cleared up till many months later. . . .

“The following spring I had seven dark-coloured ducklings brought up from the farm and put on the lawn, together with five very nice white ones, which, as they were about the same age as mine, I bought to go with them. I had the white ones wired in when they were first brought home till they should get accustomed to their quarters, and every day after luncheon I used to take some scraps out and feed them. This proceeding excited Whankey’s jealousy to the highest pitch, and

she used to walk round the wire with her bristles up, and growling savagely. One Sunday morning before I started for church I opened the wire and left all the ducks to run about together, and Whankey was as usual in the drawing room with the window open. On my return a tragic tale was unfolded. The gardener had met Whankey carrying a dead white duckling in her mouth, and he had watched her go with it to the asparagus bed, lay it down, and proceed to dig a hole. The gardener picked up the duck and brought it into the house, and Whankey immediately went indoors and ensconced herself in my bedroom. I went to the lawn to see what had happened, and there found the seven dark ducklings all huddled together and looking very frightened, and not a white one to be seen. Further search showed that all the latter had been killed and buried in different parts of the asparagus bed, and there was no doubt but that Whankey was the culprit, not only in the matter of the ducklings, but in that of the cockerel the year before."

The extraordinary thing about this performance was, as Miss Serrell points out, that the terrier picked out only those ducklings of which her mistress had taken special notice in order to reconcile them to their new home. She must have killed each of the detested rivals separately, and then carried the body a considerable distance from the front lawn to the middle of the kitchen garden, and there concealed the evidence of the crime. In fact, it was clear that Whankey had had an active morning's work before her mistress returned from church,



A SUNDAY MORNING'S WORK

WHANKEY

THE
JOHN CRERAR
LIBRARY.

and that the little brain had not been idle was proved by the perfectly planned scheme of vengeance.

Whankey did not show any touching sorrow for her crime, and perhaps considered that the end of clearing rivals from her path justified the means she used. In fact, she could not be considered as a repentant sinner, though she never liked to hear her exploit alluded to. If any one said to her, "Whankey, where are the white ducks?" she "would always get up and walk away growling."

The growls would seem to show an unrepentant frame of mind to the end. She wished the subject to be forgotten, but the cockerel and the ducklings were beyond the power of annoying her. The price we are content to pay for a great relief is sometimes a large one.

XII

*“For know that in the soul
Are many lesser faculties that serve
Reason as chief. Among these, Fancy next
His office holds. Of all external things,
Which the five watchful senses represent,
He forms imaginations, airy shapes;
Which Reason joining or disjoining, forms
All that we affirm, or what deny,
And call our knowledge.”*

WHILE a dog is clearly incapable of any appreciation of a picture as a work of art, the presentation of a man or animal will appeal to him as that of a solid figure. Here we are brought face to face with the limitations of the dog's mind that is unable to follow our own powers on to the higher planes of their development. Yet that he is far from being devoid of imagination, his behaviour when he is brought face to face with his own reflection in a looking-glass will show. My own Skye was clearly puzzled when as a young dog he first saw himself in a looking-glass that was let into the door of a sideboard. He sat down and gazed earnestly at the quaint little face looking at him from the glass. Then he got up and moved nearer, wagging his tail in pleasure at meeting with a companion of whose appearance he seemed to approve. Bounding a little to one side he showed that he was ready for a game, and waited for the other to come and join in the fun. When no

response came to his invitation his tail dropped, and at a little distance he sat down again and renewed his attentive survey of the figure facing him. A sense of something that he could not fathom apparently oppressed him, and presently he got up and came and lay down at my feet, sure that no unknown danger would be allowed to follow him there. He made many attempts during the next few days to persuade the unresponsive little dog to come and share his play, and as the reflection of his moving form confronted him, he would give a joyous bark at having at last roused the other into life. But with all his efforts he could not find the barking, jumping little figure, and at last one of his rushes brought his nose in sharp contact with the glass. This evidently gave him a shock, and after drawing back for a moment and scanning the strange thing curiously, he advanced, and putting out his tongue touched the glass with its tip. Now there was no doubt that something uncanny was before him, and with every manifestation of terror he fled to me for protection. He avoided the glass in future, and if put down in front of it would refuse to look at it, and would shrink away, frightened, from the thing he could not understand.

With her King Charles, a friend had a similar experience. In this case the dog discovered his reflection in a long cheval glass on the floor of his mistress's bedroom. For some time he gambolled about in front of it, but at last, wanting to find the dog who refused to come out to him, he ran behind the glass to see where he was. Finding a blank space where his senses told

him the waiting figure ought to be, his whole demeanour changed. He was frightened, and all his eagerness for play leaving him, he became limp and depressed and went to his mistress for protection. Nothing would ever induce him to look into a glass again, and even in the safe shelter of his owner's arms he would cower down and hide his face against her shoulder when he was invited to admire his own reflection.

In the same way, as soon as a dog has discovered that a picture is really a flat surface, and that the figure he sees there has no solid form, the thing loses all attraction for him. When an excellent painting of the master of the house was brought home, where a poodle and a collie were the household pets, both dogs recognised it at once. They jumped about in great excitement, and invited their owner to take them for the walk they always associated with his appearance among them from his study. When no response came, and they were not allowed to jump up with the usual marks of excitement, the picture had no more interest for them than a scented soap plum has after the first taste for an inquiring child.

In a house where a Blenheim spaniel lived, she could not bear to be taken into the dining room where the walls were hung round with family pictures. Some of these ancestral portraits were of stern appearance, and for one of them the children of the house had a great dread, saying that its eyes followed them about the room. When the spaniel was some eight or nine months old she first made acquaintance with the por-

traits. She showed every symptom of terror as she gazed at them, and singled out the children's special dread for her fiercest growls of disapproval.

Whether an unusual degree of imagination, or a love of fun pure and simple, was the cause of very unusual conduct in a bull-terrier, I will leave others to decide. Possibly both imagination and a fondness of practical jokes were at the root of this strange creature's love of dressing up. Such a trait is not unusual in poodles, who have a special aptitude for tricks of all kinds, but I have never heard of another bull-terrier with the same taste. This dog delighted in showing off, and the greater the laughter he excited, the better pleased he was with his performance. His favourite articles of attire were a bonnet and cloak, under which his grim face and broad shoulders were very effective. During one of his exhibitions to a group of admiring friends, whose laughter came as a pleasing evidence of success, he suddenly saw a strange dog strolling over his private grounds. With a fierce growl he sprang after the intruder. The latter, hearing the growl, turned in the direction from whence it came, but the strange sight that met his gaze was too much for his nerves. What could this large bonnet and fluttering cape over the little flying legs mean? With a howl of terror the stranger fled, and the terrier returned complacently to take up his performance at the point at which it had broken off.

A strange mixture of imaginative power and common sense was the distinguishing mark of a Blenheim

spaniel, named Sylvia. In birth and appearance Sylvia was an undoubted aristocrat, and in character she was haughty to the verge of snobbishness. From her early youth she showed a detestation of poverty in any form. She would never go into a cottage if she could help it, and her family declared that she showed much greater pleasure in starting for a drive in a brougham or Victoria than in a humbler pony cart.

Sylvia had a strong will in her fascinating, tiny form. If she did not understand the reason of an order given to her, she would oppose it with all her strength. So excited would she become, if the attempt to exact obedience was persisted in, that it seemed as if a fit would be the consequence of perseverance in correction, and the little culprit usually had her own way. But she was not a disobedient dog on the whole. It was only when the meaning of the correction was not clear to her that she would die rather than give in to it. The easiest available means of punishment for such acts of insubordination was to shut her up in the travelling basket, in which she had arrived at her new home, till she had recovered her normal state.

When a journey with her mistress was in prospect, the latter regretted the use to which the travelling basket had been put. The probable effect on Sylvia of attempting to put her in, when no disciplinary effort was needed, was discussed in the family, and when the time came for the attempt to be made, her mistress gave herself a clear hour for the coming struggle.

The basket was brought out and stood in the big

dark panelled hall, and in low spirits her mistress called Sylvia to her side. But Sylvia had realised that it would not do to run the risk of being left behind, so throwing aside all past associations with the basket as a place of correction, she disconcerted her mistress by running up and jumping straight into it. Even then she wished to see the arrangements for her departure complete, and would not be satisfied till the lid was fastened down and she was left safely secured till the time of the start arrived. It was not for a little dog possessed of common sense to indulge in tantrums, when such unknown joys were at stake.

When travelling, Sylvia showed a similar self-restraint and appreciation of the situation of the moment. She would be taken out of her basket, and allowed to roam the railway carriage or amuse herself at the window. But it was only necessary for her mistress to whisper to her, "It is the next station, Sylvie," and she would instantly jump into her own special travelling carriage, so as to be ready to accompany her party when they left the train. So effective was the behaviour of this little red and white silken coated beauty that strangers were much impressed by her sweetness and intelligence. A fellow traveller once said to Sylvia's mistress that he would willingly give twenty pounds down for so sweet-tempered a dog, as he wanted her to console a little Blenheim widower that he had at home. The bereaved one went every day to howl at the grave of his lost love, but such a vision of beauty and amiability as Sylvia could not fail to comfort him. As the latter's mistress

refused the offer, she had visions of her "sweet" dog bustling and snapping at the little widower, till she had reduced him to the state of submission her imperious nature demanded from her associates.

Sylvia was taught many of the usual tricks in her young days, but she was by no means ready to show off whenever she was wanted to. If her mistress called on her for a performance, which the little thing foresaw might be a longer one than she felt ready for, she would dash up when called, throw herself down, and do "dead dog" for a second, jump up and thrust first one paw and then the other into her owner's hand, stand for a passing moment in trust attitude, then snap up an imaginary biscuit and run away. After this no further calls could be made on her complaisance by sensible folk.

In later life Sylvia turned instructor to her adoring family. She devised a trick of her own for their benefit. When she wanted anything to be done for her she lay down in a conspicuous position and did "dead dog." It was for her friends to find out what she required. One thing after another was suggested, but there was no movement from the little waiting form, till at last the right guess was made. Then Sylvia sprang to her feet with a shrill bark, and demanded the instant carrying out of the suggestion.

There was a strain of sentiment in Sylvia that showed itself in a passionate affection for all young things. Babies, children, and even young hares were equal objects of adoration to her. Though all the early part of her life was passed in the country, Sylvia took to town

pleasures as if born to them. The tiny thing often went to concerts and other entertainments safely perched in her mistress's arms. She never broke the rules of the strictest decorum. No bark or fussiness disturbed the even calm of her manner, or the haughty indifference she showed to the presence of strangers. Her special delight was to be taken to one of the large confectioners, when tea was in question for her friends. Here, seated on a chair at one of the small tables, Sylvia's eyes shone with delight when a sponge cake was put in front of her, and she proceeded to make her own dainty meal in a way that was sure to give her the respectful admiration and attention her soul loved. On the occasions when she was left at home, the maids declared that Sylvia would not take her milk unless it was brought to her in the drawing room.

The extremity of passion into which Sylvia would throw herself on occasions was counterbalanced by a surprising tenderness for, and comprehension of, sickness or suffering in any form among her special friends. No dog could be more fascinating in the gentle sympathy she displayed than the little Blenheim. Her eyes had a wealth of tenderness in them, while with the daintiest caresses she made her little efforts at consolation. When the health of her mistress's mother was failing, she singled her out for special attentions. One of the ways in which she showed her affection for the invalid was very charming. Taking up a position at her feet, Sylvia would hold her feathery little paws firmly in front of her, and wait to be asked to "give a paw." To some

the invitation would be refused, while others had one paw daintily extended to them, her own mistress coming in for no more attention at this time than any one else. But directly the invalid asked gently for the favour she would thrust both paws into her hand with an effusion of manner that never failed to give pleasure to the sufferer.

But such soft moments only came to lighten the contrast of her ordinary demeanour. To the end of her life she was passionate and headstrong, and in her care of her mistress she was stern and unbending. I have had more than one mark of resentment from her, when I unwarily came up to take leave of her owner while she had Sylvia in her arms. Her mistress might not be touched in her presence, and to the rule Sylvia made no exception. In illness she was almost impossible to manage, for she would fight against remedies like a wild animal. When an injury to her leg required the attention of the veterinary surgeon, her doctor never escaped from a dressing of the wounded member without at least one bite to remind him of the occasion. There is no doubt that Sylvia's great personal beauty carried her over many rough places, where a less favoured dog would have come to grief.

XIII

"A dog is the only thing on this earth that loves you more than he loves himself."

AMONG the higher gifts of the dog that culminate in the devotion to his owner that is an adumbration of the religious sense in ourselves, the discrimination between right and wrong takes an important place. If the dog succumbs to sudden temptation it does not need an expression of anger or even the presence of his owner to make him feel shame at his lapse from virtue. Those who can have no fear of harsh or hasty correction will show it to the full as much as others to whom the unconsidered blow is one of the daily experiences of their life. While the effects of past training must of course account for much in the dog's attitude, it is not possible that in the unusual circumstance or unforeseen emergency that has put the dog in the way of temptation, such training can be the only cause of the moral sense he shows. It is because he has failed in the performance of one of the simple virtues that bound his knowledge of ethics that he feels shame for his failure.

I was much struck with a sense of right and wrong *as such* that a wire-haired fox-terrier, named Bosky, showed. This little dog is a charming pet, gentle, affectionate, and dainty in her ways, but not even by her best friends can she be said to shine in intelligence. Her beau-

tiful form and her show points have indeed been secured by much inbreeding, and it is to this that Bosky owes a nervous temperament that entirely unfits her for any of the rougher give and take of life. If a cat even looks at her round a corner she is paralyzed with fright, and if she comes across one at closer quarters she will scream herself almost into a fit with terror. Even in her home, where she is a favourite with all the household, Bosky will never leave the safe shelter of her mistress's room, whenever the latter is absent. If any one comes in at the front door while her owner is out, a little white head will be seen peeping through the railing halfway down the stairs, but unless Bosky is sure her mistress is there she will go no further, and will fly back to her usual shelter if any one comes up to speak to her.

Yet this little dog, whose brain power is of the smallest, has a clear idea of right and wrong. It is the custom of the maid to take a cup of Benger's food to her mistress's bedroom after the latter has gone up to bed. Bosky, who by that time is already in the place where she passes the night, always has a few spoonfuls given her in the saucer as soon as her mistress has finished. One day when I was staying in the house, my hostess came with me to my room and stayed talking for some time. In the meantime the maid had put the cup in her room as usual, and then gone away. When my friend was leaving me, a startled scream from Bosky echoed through the silent house as soon as my bedroom door was opened. The little thing had been lying on the mat outside, and directly her mistress appeared she opened



BOSKY

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her lips with a cry of terror, and fled downstairs into the darkness of the front hall.

When her mistress entered her room she saw what had happened. The tempting cup had been standing on a table beside the bed. Its contents had long since grown cold, and Bosky had taken her share from the top of the cup instead of waiting for her usual portion. But repentance had followed swiftly on the crime, and she fled from the room and took up her station at my door, to put herself out of reach of further temptation. The most striking point about her conduct was that, though nothing but a few words of reproach came as a punishment for her theft, Bosky would never again be left alone in the room with the cup of Bengier. She generally came with her mistress into my room; but if she had gone straight to bed when we came upstairs, she would always jump up when the maid came in with the cup, and take refuge by my door.

Such conduct seems to show, as I have said, an appreciation of wrong-doing as being contrary to the line of conduct that ought to be followed. For, though in this particular case the dog could not have feared punishment at the hands of her mistress, she yet showed undoubted terror at her theft being found out. It is hard to know what thought could have been present in her mind. When we see a little street Arab instinctively lift his arm across his face to ward off a possible blow at any unexpected or sudden word from a stranger, the action tells us a pitiful tale of the child's experience. But if in the dog there is no such individual

experience to cause his fright, may not the sense of impending misfortune following a lapse from virtue be an instance of tribal memory? In the history of his forbears, punishment has followed swiftly on wrong-doing. Has it become an instinct of the race that this should be so?

Even this, however, does not explain the sense of wrong-doing that is at the root of his conduct. In the case of the terrier, she might well have looked on a portion of her mistress's food as being her right; for she knew she had it given to her unfailingly. Yet she recognised that she might not take it herself, and the enjoyment of the coveted dainty was soon clouded by a sense of guilt.

From my own point of view, and with a full recognition of the part that training and tribal memory may play in the ordering of the dog's conduct, I think that such an instance shows the dawning of a moral sense that gives the dog the very highest claims to humane and considerate treatment at our hands. Although to some this will appear too high a line to take, we can but feel that whatever the solution may be, it brings us face to face with something in the dog's mind that causes him to act in a manner altogether worthy of a human.

And when we turn to the passionate devotion a dog is capable of, we again find things that are hard to fathom. The most striking case, in some ways, that I have met with is that of a clever little cross-bred terrier. This little dog, Jimmy by name, belonged to one of the

daughters of the house, where the father was a confirmed invalid and the mother in delicate health. The latter took little notice of the dog, though she was kind and gentle to him, as she was to all animals. When the master of the house died suddenly his widow was quite broken down with grief, and nothing that her daughters or her medical attendant could do would rouse her from the state of collapse into which she fell. In her fragile state it seemed that the shock would kill her. But Jimmy was struck by her suffering, and he showed such passionate distress at her misery that the gentle sufferer gained self-control as she strove to comfort him.

From that time, during the remaining years of her life, Jimmy never left her. He would even turn on his mistress if she offered to remove him from her mother's side. When his chosen friend was confined to her bed, as she often was for weeks at a time, Jimmy would not be separated from her, and if he found the bedroom door shut against him, he would fling himself against it and beat it with his paws in a fury, till it was opened. Then, after only one day when the invalid was not able to take her usual place in her family circle, she died, and Jimmy seemed instantly to recognise what had happened. He was still faithful to his visits to her room in the days that followed, but instead of demanding admittance he would lie down and quietly wait to be let in. When he was admitted there was no mad rush to the bed, but he crept in and took his place with the watchers beside the coffin. What happened during those silent watches, I must give in the simple words of

Jimmy's mistress. "As I used to sit with Jimmy on my knee in the darkened room, he seemed to be following something I could not see with wistful eyes. Naturally you will think it was a fly on the wall, or some such thing that Jimmy's gaze was following. But I assure you, I tried every test I could think of, and there was nothing. Yet the awe-stricken look in Jimmy's eyes as they gazed out over the room, I can never forget. How much I would have given to see what he saw!"

What made Jimmy's conduct the more remarkable was that he had never before been known to keep quiet for any length of time together. He was an active, excitable little dog, full of strength and movement, and giving play to his enjoyment of life with noisy exuberance of spirits. But after the death of his chosen friend he fretted silently and with such faithful memory that his mistress at one time feared she would lose him. In time, however, he turned to her for consolation, and the loving care that had always been his was now intensified by the memory of his love for one whom his owner mourned deeply.¹

¹ While writing this book, I have been struck by the curious faith of the Gilyaks, one of the tribes to be found on that dark spot on the face of the earth, the Island of Sakhalin. Mr. Charles Hawes, in his book, *In the Uttermost East*, says that the Gilyaks believe that the spirits of the dead hold communication with their living relatives. They may come to give counsel, or to warn of impending misfortune. No human eye can see them, nor can the senses of the living detect their presence. Only to dogs is it given to know of their approach, and this knowledge they show by a peculiar howling. Mr. Hawes, who in normal health was, as his book shows, a man of strong common sense and iron nerves, as any visitor to Sakhalin needs to be, thus tells of his experi-



JIMMY

The following instance of a dog's devotion I take from the charming appreciation of the late Lord Lytton that has recently been brought out by his daughter, Lady Betty Balfour.¹ The charm of the story, as told by the dog's master, is the cause of my breaking through the rule I have followed in this book, of only giving anecdotes that I have collected at first hand.

The hero of the story was a Pyrenean dog named Goblin, who was Lord Lytton's constant companion during the last years of his life. Only a few months before our ambassador died at his post in Paris, he took a short holiday on the seacoast of the North of France. With him, of course, went Goblin, and his master, in a letter to a friend, gives the following account of an incident that touched him deeply.

"I must tell you that Goblin has an invincible dread and horror of water. Never yet have I been able, by any persuasion or threat, to induce him to dip his paw

ence. "My conversion took place . . . on the Okhotsk coast, where my interpreter and I lay awake one night in the tent of an Orõtchon. . . . At about 2 A. M. a low howl began, echoed and varied by thirty or forty other members of the canine race, a low peculiar cry of pain growing into a long, drawn-out wail, rising and swelling until at last it ended in almost a scream." "An unholy, ill-omened proceeding which surely nought earthly could account for," is Mr. Hawes' reflection on the occurrence, but he adds, "perhaps the fact that we were ill with ptomaine poisoning may have predisposed us to thoughts of *Inligh-vo*" (a village in the centre of the earth to which the spirits of the departed go). It is curious to note that in the beliefs of these wild people, the spirits of the murdered and suicides fly to *tho* (heaven) direct, without a preliminary sojourn in the happy hunting grounds of *Inligh-vo*.

¹ Personal and Literary Letters of Robert, 1st Earl of Lytton, edited by Lady Betty Balfour.

into lake or river, sea or pond. Well yesterday, as soon as I got here, I went to take a bath in the sea, and I took Goblin with me. As the bathing place is just in front of the hotel, I made sure when I got into the sea he would either find his way home or else wait for me on the beach, and I did not concern myself about him. The tide was flowing in, and I was therefore able to swim out some distance from shore without risk of being drifted too far by the tide. When I was already a good way out and had just turned my face landwards to swim back, imagine my surprise to perceive that the faithful beast was swimming out to me in a very fussy, floppy style. He, too, was already some way from shore, but he made slow progress against the waves, though his poor little paws beat them with desperate rapidity. He was panting and snorting loudly, and there was a look of unutterable anguish in his yellow eyes, which were all the while fixed steadily on me. He had evidently fancied I was going to be drowned, and that it was his duty to save me or perish with me, or else that I was meanly and cruelly abandoning him and at any risk he would not be left behind. This moral agony had conquered his physical horror of the water, as Aaron's rod swallowed up those of Pharaoh's magicians, and affection had cast out fear.

“ Now, three weeks before leaving Paris, I had dreamt a bad dream which made a great impression on me, and in my dream I had seen Goblin drowned. Suddenly the thought rushed upon me that this bad dream was about to be fulfilled, and I think that in that moment my own

fears became greater than Goblin's. I made for him as fast as I could, took him in my arms, and holding him before me like a baby, swam back with him till we were in shallow water again.

"Ever since he has been in tearing spirits, cocks his tail higher than before, and is evidently proud of his exploit, which appears to have greatly raised him in his own opinion, as it has certainly done in mine; I believe he is persuaded that he saved my life. However, when I went to bathe again this morning, I took Todd, my valet, with me, and whether it was Todd's reassuring presence, or the certainty he had acquired from yesterday's experience, that I should presently return, I can't say. But this time nothing would induce Goblin to go after me again into the water. Every time I called to him, or Todd urged or coaxed him forward, he shook his head knowingly, as if to say 'No, no; I am not to be taken in a second time. I see through your tricks now!'"

The faithful dog, we read, "long survived his master and was a beloved friend to the family."

Noble Goblin. He loved and enjoyed his life, but was ready to sacrifice it in his master's service, or to save himself from the deeper horror of long years to be spent without him.

Once again I break through my rule to give an old, old version of the story that in modern form tells of the dying service of Gelert to his master. Who has not been touched by the simple recital of the dog's devotion, that was so misjudged by man?

It is in the Folk Tales of the Himalayas¹ that we find the far-off echo of Gelert's story, which still lives among the fireside legends of the hill tribes of Northern India. These stories were, as Mrs. Dracott tells us, taken down as they were told to her by the Paharee women, and she gives them as nearly as possible in the words of the narrators. The temple built on the slopes of those far-off, snow-capped mountains, keeps alive in the hearts of the simple village folk the history of a dog's fidelity that met with bitter injustice at the hands of his owner.

"About eleven miles from Raipur, near the village of Jagasar, is a temple built to the memory of a faithful dog of the Bunjara species, and this is the story of how it came to be built.

"Many years ago a Bunjara Naik, or headman of the class of Bunjaras, or wandering traders, owed money to a 'Marwari,' or money-lender at Raipur.

"When pressed for payment, the Bunjara, who was then standing near the Marwari's shop, said, 'Here is my gold necklace, and here is my faithful dog; keep both till I return to my camping ground near Jagasar, and fetch you the money.'

"The necklace and the dog were then left as security, and the man went his way.

"That night the Marwari's shop was broken into by thieves, and many valuables stolen, among them the golden necklace; but before the thieves could get

¹ Simla Village Tales, by Alice Elizabeth Dracott.

clear away with their stolen property, the dog got up and barked and leaped about, and made so much noise that the Marwari and his men got up, caught the thieves, and recovered the property, which was of considerable worth.

“The Marwari was very pleased, and out of gratitude for what the dog had done determined to cancel and forgive the debt of his master, the Bunjara. So he wrote a paper to cancel it, tied it to the dog’s neck, and let it go, saying, ‘Carry the tidings to your owner.’

“Early next morning the dog trotted off, and was nearing the camping ground which was his home, when the Bunjara saw him, and, very displeased, he took a stick and struck the poor dog across the head, saying, ‘You brute, you could not remain even twenty-four hours with the Marwari, though my honour was at stake.’

“The blow killed the dog on the spot, and as he fell the Bunjara noticed the slip of paper round his neck, and on reading it found what joyful news his dog had brought to him. Not only was the debt forgiven, but the reason for it was also stated on the paper.

“The grief of the Bunjara was great, for in spite of his hasty temper he loved his dog, as all Bunjaras do. He repented his hasty act, and wept most bitterly over his favourite, vowing that he would try and expiate his deed by building a temple to the faithful dog’s memory with the money he had recovered.

“The small temple now standing on the spot where this took place testifies to the fulfilment of that vow,

and a small dog carved in stone indicates why the Dog Temple was built.

“To this day it is deeply revered by all the villagers around, and the story of that faithful dog is often repeated to show how intelligent and true a dog can be.”

Yes; faithful, true, loving to the death, understanding our moods and sorrows, and sympathetic in all the troubles as well as the joys of life, the dog has proved himself to be. Shall not our recognition of his many virtues be at least on a plane with the simple faith in his powers of heart and mind that the little hill temple is a witness to, among the untutored natives of the wild tribes of Northern India?

XIV

“Are we devils? Are we men?”

*Sweet St. Francis of Assisi, would that he were here again!
He that in his Catholic wholeness used to call the very flowers
Sisters, Brothers — and the beasts whose pains are hardly less than
ours.”*

IF the foregoing studies of dog life make clear the right of a dog to be treated as a being whose powers of mind are nearly akin to our own, how should this affect our behaviour towards him? Not to pamper him, assuredly, and thus check the free exercise of his higher powers and qualities and encourage the selfishness and greed, the germs of which are to be found as well in canine as in human nature. The dog has his own place in the natural order of things, and our aim should be to give to the higher and better part of his nature the fullest development and training our powers enable us to do. When we hear of a lonely woman whose sole friend was her dog taking her own life in despair at her companion being reft from her, and brought to an untimely end, we pity her in that her views of life had been warped and distorted by the dreary loneliness of her lot. But apart from such an extreme example of putting our faithful little friend on a platform to which he has no right, there are many who might take to heart with advantage, both to themselves and to the animals

under their care, the quaint indictment of an old writer: "These dogges are . . . pretty, proper and fyne, and sought for to satisfie the delicatenesse of daintie dames' . . . wills, instruments of folly for them to play and dally withal, and tryfle away the treasure of time, to withdraw their mindes from more commendable exercises and to content their corrupted concupiscences with vain disport (a selly shift to shunne yrcksome ydlenesse)." As the book from which these words are taken is said to be the earliest one on dogs written in the English language, it shows that it is no new thing with us for women to err on the side of foolish spoiling of the intelligent creatures who are worthy of a better fate.

It is often asserted that animals as a body have no "rights," properly so called, that must be taken into consideration in our dealings with them. Such a dictum, as it is often understood, I would combat with every means in my power. But here there must be a clear understanding of what we mean by the word "rights." It cannot, I think, be better expressed than in the following lines, written by a member of that body who has been unjustly accused of not giving its support to the protection of animals from cruel and unfair treatment: "It is true that they [animals] have not human rights; but as there is in them a nature demanding a treatment quite above that accorded to wood or iron, plants and shrubs (as St. Francis says), so it is reasonable to claim for them rights — animal rights."

And what are the "animal rights" that the dog, as a fellow citizen of the animal world, can claim at

our hands? Not the cramping restrictions of excessive and foolish fondness, but a temperate and, above all, humane appreciation of the fact that his span of life is given him from the same source as our own. Whence it comes and whither it goes are questions that all the science of the world, so far, can do no more than speculate upon. As Christians, the faith that is in us is not shaken by the difficulties that confront us, when we think of the beginning and end of our life on the earth; but we know that the gift of life carries with it grave responsibilities and duties, for the due performance of which we are each personally accountable. But our duties and responsibilities towards our fellow men do not limit the ties that bind us. The same laws that govern our intercourse with our fellows govern also, in their degree, our relations with the animal world.

The dog, who is brought nearer to us in the intimate relations of our home than any other animal except the cat, suffers most from any failure of duty on our part. For the ordering of his whole life from puppyhood to old age, and from dawn to dark of each day as it comes, is subject to the influence we bring to bear on it. If we fail to bring an intelligent comprehension of his wants and of his powers of mind and body to act on the surroundings we give him, we lessen his joy in life, or bring untold suffering upon him, in proportion to our own failure in our duties towards him.

What, then, can be said of those who bring wanton

cruelty to bear on the sensitive body and delicate mental organisation that make him a trusted friend and companion of the human race? The dog-fights, of which I have spoken in an earlier part of the book, are now happily objects of horror and disgust to all but the hopelessly brutal minded. But much, I fear, still remains to be done in bringing the force of the law to bear on those who offend in secret, and with but a partial recognition of the enormities they perpetrate.

Of the far worse horrors of vivisection I am not happily here called on to deal, with more than a passing notice. Whatever science may have to say to excuse them, the scenes of the vivisectioning room are too dark and horror-striking to be reproduced for general reading. We know that some eminent members of the medical profession have pronounced against their value to the spread of scientific knowledge. We may hope, then, that such pronouncement of undoubted authorities may have due and speedy effect in the general recognition of dogs and other animals to the right to be spared all unnecessary suffering.

The highest claim a dog possesses to the full recognition of his rights — animal rights — to consideration at our hands, is, from my point of view at least, his possession of the dawning of a moral sense. Such a power of discrimination between right and wrong, and the consequent results of a feeling of satisfaction and elation, or of shame and regret, as he gives way to behaviour that contravenes his sense of

moral rectitude, or in spite of temptation refuses to listen to the suggestion of passion or appetite, is, or so it appears to me, proved abundantly by a sympathetic study of the dog's actions. A striking instance of such conscious choice was shown by the little Bosky¹ when she first fell from the paths of honesty in the presence of a tempting dainty, then fled from the scene of her lapse from virtue and from her beloved mistress's presence; and still more when she refused to allow herself to be put in the way of temptation a second time. The Skye² showed unmistakable shame and sorrow when he brought to light the kitten's dead body. The fox-terrier pups³ in their Indian home had an appreciation more or less clear of their infant enormities in the matter of destroying their guardian's property, and every dog-lover from his own experience can recall some instance of the same nature.

We have seen that in the primitive tribal conditions of the dog's ancestors, the sympathy, that is the foundation on which all community life rests, must have been present in those members of the old-world packs, or the very existence of the tribes, as such, would have been imperilled. Sympathy with their fellows gave to each member of the tribe an appreciation of the needs of his fellow members as well as of his own. Such needs must be respected and cared for, and in the simple give

¹ See p. 243

² See p. 228

³ See p. 164

and take of the rough life of the wandering packs, we find, I think, the first faint foreshadowing of the moral sense that reaches its highest expression in the animal world, in our dog friend as he is to-day. In saying this I do not for a moment claim for our dog more than the very simplest ideas of duty, as they appear to him in his relations to his owner and to his fellow dogs, or other animals, for of the conception of ethics in the abstract he is clearly incapable. To make such a claim for him would be to place him on our own level in the possession of mental and moral gifts.

The simplest expression of the knowledge of right and wrong presupposes no inconsiderable power of memory and of reflection. Of both these I believe the dog to show himself capable. If he is not, no faintest adumbration of the moral sense can be his. For before any ethical appreciation can be shown there must be not merely the memory of a past event, but a power of reflection on the many converging lines of presentment to his mind, not only as these affect some person or thing outside himself, but as they impress his own consciousness. Such an effort of mind, aided by his affections and other powers that may be brought into play by the circumstances of the case, give to the dog the sense of right or wrong-doing that he displays in his consequent actions. In such simple manifestations of the moral sense, shame and the fear of detection, or on the other hand self-gratulation and elation, may be expected to play their part, though without obscuring the true ethical consciousness that lies at the root of the

expression of feeling. As the dog's mind knows no higher form of devotion than that excited by his faulty owner, why should we quarrel with the crude evidences of a moral feeling our presence excites in him? Before we played the part of deity to him, he recognised his duties to his fellows, and in his own manner and degree lived up to the responsibilities the circumstances of his life demanded. The fuller blossoming of the possibilities of life for him came with the companionship of man, and with us it lies to bring these to a full fruition, or to starve them into a premature blight.

From the earliest times men who have taken a view of their responsibilities that is not limited to their own kind, have lifted their voice with no uncertain sound to plead with their fellow men for a more humane regard for animal life. In the dangerous exhibitions of the Roman Circus it was men who risked their lives for the passing gratification of their fellows. These games were followed in a later age by the bull fights that still linger to the disgrace of the civilised nations who enjoy them. In the old times St. Augustine, St. Chrysostom, and others were eloquent in their denunciation of the gladiatorial combats, and soon after the middle of the sixteenth century Pope Pius V forbade the faithful in any land to take part in or attend the bull baiting that was then a favourite form of amusement. The Pope declared such exhibitions to be "contrary to Christian duty and charity," and if any in defiance of his command should lose their lives in

contending with "bulls or other beasts," they were to be "deprived of Christian burial."

We may be thankful that in later times such teaching has been given by the authorities of the Church in England, in America, and in every Christian country in the world. Among the Catholic dignitaries, who in our own country have taken a leading part in inculcating a due respect for animal rights, Cardinal Manning came prominently forward. In one of his many addresses on the subject, he says: —

"It is perfectly true that . . . the lower animals are not susceptible to those moral obligations which we owe to one another; but we owe a seven-fold obligation to the Creator of those animals. Our obligation and moral duty is to Him who made them, and if we wish to know the limit of the broad outline of our obligation, I say at once it is *His* nature and His perfections, and among those perfections one is most profoundly that of eternal mercy. . . . And, in giving a dominion over His creatures to man, He gave it subject to the condition that it should be used in conformity to His own perfections, which is His own law, and, therefore, our law."

Archbishop Bagshawe in speaking on the subject, said: "We have the duty to imitate the Creator; but the Creator is infinite Mercy, and to cultivate in ourselves habits of cruelty, when He is infinite Mercy, is assuredly not fulfilling that duty." In another land, an eminent Cardinal has asserted, that "*Peccatum est crudelitas etiam in bestias ponit actionem dissonam a fine et ordine Creatoris.*" (Cruelty to animals is a mortal

sin, because it is contrary to the purpose and rule of the Creator.) From another Catholic theologian come the words “. . . in animals there is a something—call it right or call it claim—which is an intrinsic bar to cruelty, and renders that cruelty a sin. In other words, there is a real objective counterpart to the acknowledged sin of cruelty to animals and that is to be found in the animal’s nature. . . . That animals are meant, in the Providential order of things, to educate both the thought and affection of man, is proved by the fact that they have that influence. The wrong treatment of them must produce a distorted character, as experience shows. No one will deny that great and habitual cruelty in a child towards animals is rightly looked on everywhere as a very bad augury, and is a proof of a depraved disposition.”

From the pen of one whose historical studies have brought him a world-wide reputation—the Right Rev. Abbot Gasquet—we learn that early in the fifteenth century, when the art of printing was still in its infancy, a book was brought out that, among other duties, inculcated that of kindness to animals. The book was called “Dives et Pauper,” and was announced as being “a compendious treatise . . . fructuously treating upon the Ten Commandments.” To quote from the modernised form in which the Abbot gives the passages, we find the following: “For God that made all, hath care of it all, and he will take vengeance upon all that misuse His creatures.” And again, “. . . so men should have thought for birds and beasts, and not harm them

without cause, in taking regard that they are God's creatures."

And since those far-off days Englishmen and Americans, of all ranks and various professions, have been ready to urge the rights of our dumb friends to consideration and humane treatment at the hands of all. The eloquent words of Canon Wilberforce, from the pulpit in Westminster Abbey and elsewhere, have in stirring tones brought these duties home to large bodies of attentive listeners. The terrors of vivisection have been the theme of his pen in articles contributed to our monthly press; and in one of them, that appeared in the *New Review* in the year 1893, he asks the stern question, "What victory over diseases known to be fatal can scientific experts point to as the result of vivisection?" "Meanwhile," the writer adds, "evidence accumulates that untold sufferings have been inflicted upon the human race from the erroneous conclusions adduced from experiments on animals." Could any darker picture be drawn of suffering on the part of those who are powerless in the hands of man, and its hideous reflection on the members of the race who are responsible for it?

But it is vain to attempt to give complete instances of those who have done their best to bring the fuller light of a more perfect understanding on the true relationship of man towards the lower animals. Their name is legion, even without going beyond the bounds of our English-speaking land. Poets, churchmen, men of science and of literature, have all contributed to the

noble work of rousing their fellow men to a fuller realisation of their duties towards their dumb friends. From France, from Spain, from Italy, and from Austria and other countries, earnest voices have been raised in the same cause.

Few Englishmen have done more good work in the study of the habits, dispositions, and nature of animals, than Dr. Lauder Lindsay. In his most interesting work on "Mind in the Lower Animals" we find the following passage, which it would be well if the young of the rising generation were taught to appreciate.

"At least those animals with whom we have most to do, think and feel as we do; are effected by the same influences, moral or physical; succumb to the same diseases, mental or bodily; are elevated or degraded in the social scale, according to our treatment; may become virtuous and useful, or vicious and dangerous, just as we are appreciative, sympathetic, kindly disposed towards them."

If such teaching were given to those who are starting on their way through life, we might look for a rich harvest of appreciative and kindly treatment for our dog friend and his companions, in the years that are to come.

That loving heart, that patient soul,
Had they indeed no longer span
To run their course and reach their goal
And teach their homily to man?
That liquid, melancholy eye
From whose *pathetic* soul-fed springs

Seemed surging the Virgilan cry,
The sense of tears in mortal things.
That steadfast, mournful strain, consoled
By spirits gloriously gay,
And temper of heroic mould—
What!— was *four* years their whole short day?

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